

University of St. Michael's College



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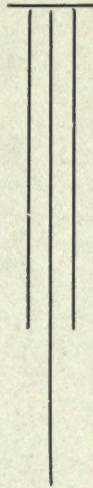
Jan 1946

To

Our Beloved Archbishop
Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, A.A.

Named Cardinal by His Holiness
Pope Pius the Twelfth

we dedicate this New Year issue
of
Loretto Rainbow



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LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

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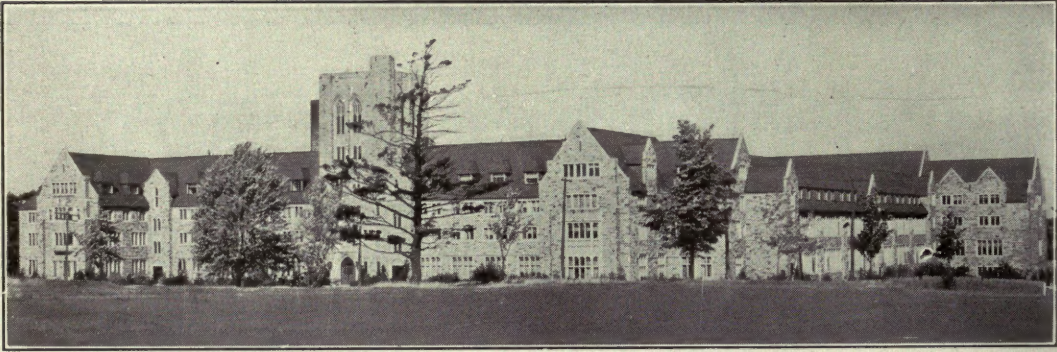
The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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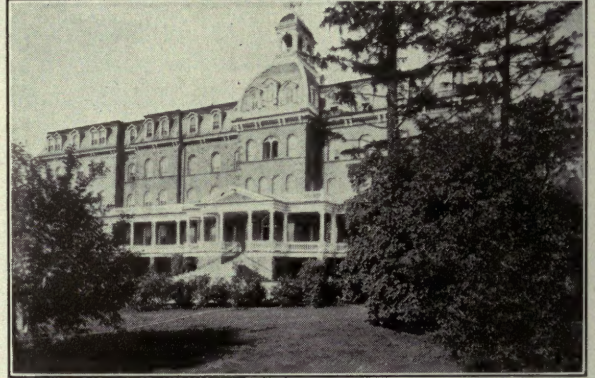
Institute of the Blessed Virgin



Loretto Abbey (of the Holy Family), founded 1847. Armour Heights, Toronto. Mother House and Novitiate of the I.B.V.M. in America. School for resident and non-resident pupils. Complete course from Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation, University of Toronto. Music, Art, Commercial Subjects, Athletics, etc. Convents, 15. Separate and Parochial Schools, 29.



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



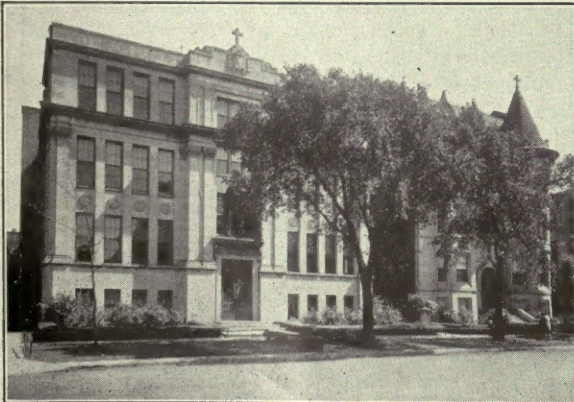
Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.

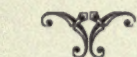


Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects. Accredited to the University of Michigan.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Commercial Subjects.

Mary, in America — 1847-1946



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



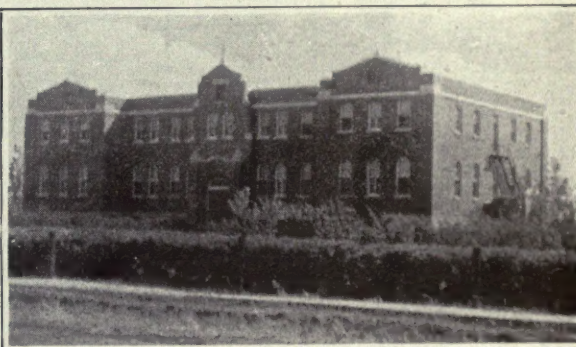
Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Social Service, Sodality, etc.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work. Social Work. Music.



And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace
with God and men.

—ST. LUKE II, 52

LORETTO



RAINBOW

Vol. LII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1946

No. 3

New Year Parade — 1946

Now, at the gateway of the young New Year,
 The air is charged with songs of Faith and Hope;
 And opportunity finds fuller scope,
 As Confidence comes moving from the rear;
 While, visioned as some stately, mobile coach,
 We sense the essence of our dreams approach.

Forlorn, limps WAR, his armour dangling down;
 His sword all twisted, blunt; its lustre fled;
 Beaten, dispirited, he hangs his head;
 Torn are his trappings, broken is his crown.
 PEACE, on white palfrey — banner floating wide,
 Closes the cortege, with a smile of pride!

FREDERICK B. FENTON



In Loretto Rainbow of almost eleven years ago appeared this picture of Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, D.D., as he stepped out on a platform in Northern Ontario when travelling from his late archiepiscopal see of Regina, Saskatchewan, to assume his new responsibilities as Archbishop of Toronto. Characteristically he has made friends with this little lad who had come to watch the train go by.



Courtesy of
The Toronto Star

To His
Eminence
have come
congratulatory
dispatches from
far and near.

A Little Boy's Reberie

It could have happened so—indeed, it might!
As dreams are by the angels sent, it seems;
And very little boys may dream true dreams:
“When I am big I’ll be an Acolyte.
“A Deacon, then, and some day, too, a priest;
And if I’m very good—a Monsignor,
Who knows? When God holds worlds, real
worlds secure
To give. From tangled stars He once
released—
“One, for Bethlehem. Yet a Bishopric
Seems too high, save two miracles be wrought,
One for it and one for the Arch,” he thought.
“Dear Lord, I feel somewhat dizzy and sick.”
And as he visioned the Cardinal’s height,
Came saving sleep, and the blanket of Night.

Lucile B—

A Young Priest Prays

And it came to pass on alien plains,
As vision deepened, burdens multiplied.
Burdens, shared by His Brother Crucified,
Were victories to hold the western reins
For God, in the toiling, foiling far West.
“And some Tomorrow, when His Spirit
reigns
O’er the prairies, I shall fly, if He deigns,
Homing starward to the long Promised Rest.”

So ends the dream of our Parsifal,
In whom Pius XII finds a Cardinal.

Lucile B——

After 100 Years — A Jesuit Seminary

By B. W. CONNOLLY, S.J.

(Article 1. The Jameson Period 1837-1844)

History can be interesting or boring. Much depends on the way it is presented, but much more depends on the facts themselves. An account of excavations in south-western Peru is not likely to hold our interest for very many

by Robert Sympson Jameson, early in January, 1837.

The early years of the house's history are woven into the story of Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. Mr. Jameson was born at Westmoreland in 1798, his wife Anna Murphy, daughter of an



pages, but the story of our own house spells interest from the outset. And when part of the house is over one hundred years old, then its story is indeed history, and human interest history at its best. For our own convenience, we can divide the story into four parts, or periods, based on the names of the occupants. These will be (1) The Jameson Period, from 1837 to 1844, (2) The Widder Period, from 1844 to 1865, (3) The Loretto period, from 1867 to 1930, and (4) The Jesuit Period from 1930 up to the present time. This present article embraces only the first period.

The history of all Canada is the story of forts and wars, the story of forts growing into towns, the story of towns becoming cities. Toronto is no exception to this, and Old Fort York, the nucleus from which it grew, is still standing. Less than a mile east of this fort, along the shores of Lake Ontario, was an old military reserve, called Government Common. Five acres of the eastern portion of this reserve were fenced off for the first time as private property

Irish miniature-portrait painter, was born in Dublin in 1794. The two were engaged in 1820, but it was soon broken off. Five years later, after a chance meeting, the engagement was renewed and they were married. Mr. Jameson practised law, first in London for the next four years, and then in the West Indies, on the island of Dominica. In the year 1833 he was sent to Canada as attorney-general. When he left for Canada, Mrs. Jameson accepted the position of governess to a family in Germany.

In the course of the next three years, Mr. Jameson tried to get his wife to come out to Canada to live with him, and Mrs. Jameson in her turn, sought every possible excuse to remain in Europe. Whether her love for him had cooled, or whether she had never loved him, it would be hard to say, but it took a formal demand from Mr. Jameson to make her come. She sailed from England early in September, 1836, and arrived in New York in November. No one met her, and she had to make the whole trip to Toronto alone. The reception here was

as cold as the weather at that time of year and Mr. Jameson's attitude did not reassure her. They were to live with Justice Hagerman, at the corner of Wellington and Simcoe Streets, till their own house was finished.

In March she was able to write, "About a week ago, we removed into a new house, our present residence has never been inhabited, and it is not quite finished, it will be very pleasant, no doubt, when it is not so cold and comfortless. We are surrounded by a garden of some extent, or rather what will be a garden at some future time; at present it is a bleak waste of snow. The site though now so dreary, must be charming in Summer, for we command at one glance the entrance to the bay, the King's pier (At the foot of Bathurst), the light house, and beyond, the whole expanse of the Lake to the Niagara shore." The house to which she refers, is but a very insignificant portion of the Seminary as it now stands. It includes what is at present the small parlour, and half of the large one. It was a small two story house with a pointed roof, and was placed roughly in the middle of the property. She might have told us that the front door faced Brock Street, and that four large windows on the ground floor afforded an excellent view of Lake Ontario to the South, beyond which lay the island which made it difficult to see much of the Niagara shore.

It is interesting to note in passing, how these boundaries have changed since the time the Jamesons built this first unit of our Seminary. The portion of Spadina between Queen Street and the Bay was known as Brock Street. In 1910 that part too was changed to Spadina. The present name is based on an Indian word meaning "a sudden elevation of land." The reference is to the hill just north of Davenport. Ontario Terrace was so called because the Lake at that time came right up to its banks; it is now known as Front Street. Market Street had been changed to Wellington Place before the house was built, and after 1910 was known as Wellington Street.

From the first days in the new house, Mrs. Jameson saw that she was never going to be happy; her husband was cold, aloof and dictatorial, while she on her part remained quite independent. Mr. Jameson's health was already undermined by drink; indeed, this was the cause of his death at the comparatively early age of 56. Mrs. Jameson loathed Toronto, from the day she first picked her way through the mud to their temporary house. In a letter to friends in England she describes Toronto as,

"A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church (St. James) without tower or steeple; some government buildings built of staring red brick in the most tasteless and vulgar style imaginable." On yet another occasion she called it,—“A fifth rate provincial town, with all the pretensions of a capital city.”

It is a matter of some conjecture just when she made up her mind to leave; most likely she never intended to stay at all. In the spring of 1837, she started off alone on a tour of the western portion of the province. She visited Hamilton, Niagara, London and Detroit. From there she went up Lake Huron to Sault St. Marie, and down through Penetanguishene to Toronto, and reached her home in the middle of August. The only thing that kept her in Toronto, was the arranging for an allowance of three hundred pounds. When this was completed, she sailed from New York in the Autumn. Mr. Jameson wrote to her just before she sailed, and said that it was,—“An arrangement which I am compelled to believe is best calculated for your happiness, and which therefore I cannot but approve.”

She arrived back in London in the spring of 1838, just when society was in a ferment with the excitement of a coronation. The rest of her life was spent in writing and travelling in England, and on the continent. One of her twenty-two books was completed shortly after she arrived back in England; this was “Winter studies and Summer rambles in Canada.” It is this book that furnishes much of the information of her life and travels during the short time she was in Canada. When dealing with Toronto, her picture is always tinted in shades of gray, due no doubt to her unhappy life there. Elsewhere her descriptions are very fine nature studies.

Among the circle of her friends from now till her death she could number many familiar names. She was intimately acquainted with Ottilie von Goethe, daughter-in-law of the great poet; she was a very close friend of Lady Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning; she received frequent visits from W. M. Thackeray, H. W. Longfellow, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and Thomas Carlyle. Besides, she was included among numerous members of the court of the Grand Duke Ernest Augustus.

Meanwhile, back in Canada, Mr. Jameson had been appointed Vice-Chancellor for the court of Equity, which appointment took place the very day Mrs. Jameson left for Europe. However he was becoming less and less cap-

able of handling the affairs of such an office. It is possible that evidence of his mental derangement may have had something to do with the shake-up in the organization of the court. He was retained as Vice-Chancellor, but retired in 1850, just four years before his death. Shortly before he died he persuaded his wife to give up her allowance of three hundred pounds to enable him to invest it, so he told her, in property that would be of value to her after his death. When the will was made public, neither Mrs. Jameson, nor her husband's family was included.

From the available facts this is what must have happened; in 1844 unknown to his wife, Mr. Jameson had given over the property as far as he could without her consent, to Mr. Frederick Widder. At that time Mr. Widder was Chief Commissioner for the Canada Company, and records in the city Registry office state that he came into possession of the property July 4th, 1844, on payment of two thousand pounds. Another entry, dated December 30th, 1846, records the completion of the deal, when Mr. Widder came into full possession of the estate. Thus closed the first chapter of the house's one hundred and seven years of history. These first occupants lived together in the house just four months.

Article 2. The Widder Period 1844-1867

This is the second in a series of articles on the history of the Toronto Jesuit Seminary. In the first article, we outlined the entire treatment, dividing the house's hundred-year story into four periods according to ownership. We then dealt intensively with the first or JAMESON Period, from January 5th, 1837, to July 4th, 1844. The Jamesons, you may recall, built the house but lived together in it a mere four months. Mrs. Jameson returned to Europe after less than a year's stay in Toronto, while Mr. Jameson lived on alone in the house till 1844. With that year, the WIDDER Period begins.

The house had passed into the hands of new owners. Details of the transaction are not described, and the cold official records simply state that the grant was made July 4th, 1844, on payment of £2000.

Frederick Widder, born in 1801, at Austin Friars, London, England, was the eldest in a family of eight. His father was Anthony Ignatius Widder, born about 1770. This middle name Ignatius was possibly a token of respect for the Austrian Bishop Ignatius of Munich. However, the relation between Widder senior and the Bishop was far more than merely nom-

inal: the Bishop educated Frederick's father, and teacher and pupil enjoyed a lasting valued friendship.

In 1838, Frederick came to Canada as one of the two commissioners of the Canada Company resident in this country. This Canada Company was incorporated in 1826 as a land company to boost immigration to Upper Canada. The main offices in Toronto were at 202 King Street East, corner of Frederick Street. Mr. Widder was second commissioner for the company from 1839 to 1852, and chief commissioner from 1852 to 1865. An interesting little pamphlet written by him while in office is still on file at the Ontario Archives in Toronto. This "Catechism for Intending Immigrants" describes the country, points out the opportunities for settlement, and gives data on soil conditions, climate, and many other details of Toronto and vicinity.

Between the years 1830 and 1833, Frederick Widder married Elizabeth Moore, born in England in 1809. Through her father, Sir Henry Moore, she was connected with English Royalty, just as Frederick was connected with Austro-Bavarian Royalty through his. Elizabeth seems to have been a very remarkable person who had clearcut and freely expressed views on everything and everybody. Several children were born to the Widders in Toronto; at least two died in infancy, while two others—Blanche and Jane—lived in Toronto for some years.

True to Widder family tradition, the Toronto home was called "Lyndhurst," a name that was associated with the estate for some years to come. Shortly after their arrival, the Widders enlarged their home; so Lyndhurst now meant the original Jameson house, plus a westward extension of the ground floor, and two new stories with a tower on the southwest corner. The two very ornate pillars in the present large parlour divide the older portion from the addition; and on each floor above this, the uneven floor level clearly shows the added portion.

A large stained-glass window was installed beside the main stairway, just north of the main entrance. This window contains the Widder crest and the motto "Nusquam Meta Mihi." traditionally rendered as "Nothing daunts me." The crest shows a Ram rampant on a field of azure, with a star in the three corners of the shield. It is remarkable how this crest answers the description of Austria's "Golden Fleece":

"The Order of the Golden Fleece, Austria's highest decoration, was a small gold

ram (Widder is German for 'ram'), suspended from a starry flintstone, emitting flames, topped by a jewel-studded chain. It was the most exalted and exclusive order in the world, and was founded in Bruges, in the year 1459."

The EVENING TELEGRAM, in an 1882 or 1883 number, gives a brief glimpse of life at Lyndhurst:

"Away back, about 1845, Mr. Frederick Widder, Commissioner of the Canada Company, took up his residence on the north side of Front Street, west of Brock. Mr. and Mrs. Widder were most hospitable people, and their drawing-room was the centre of social attractions from the mid-forties till the early sixties. The older generation yet living will remember the balls, the dinner parties, and other social events that made Lyndhurst most popular. The entrance to the residence was on Wellington Place, and the grounds extended south to Front Street. In 1865 (1867), the building was sold to Loretto Abbey, on the resignation of Mr. Widder from the Canada Co. Mr. Widder had arranged to leave for England in January of 1865."

Indeed, many of these social events drew people from as far away as Detroit. One of the most outstanding of these events was the private ball held in honour of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, when he visited Toronto from September 8th to 12th, 1860.

During these twenty years, Toronto grew so much that the house built outside the city limits (Peter Street) was now nestled in the fashionable residential district that was spreading westward along the lakeshore. This too was the time when railroads were going through the most rapid development in their entire history. Mr. Widder was keenly interested in this progress; in fact, he was a director of "The City of Toronto and Lake Huron Railway" which served much of the land held by the Canada Company. No doubt this interest was appreciated, and it seems to have been rewarded: for a station (no longer in use) some 30 miles west of Sarnia, on the present C.N.R. main line, bore the name "Widder."

Many factors must be kept in mind to appreciate the position of the Widders in those still rather remote days. Both husband and wife were connected with Royalty, and kingly boughs in the family tree meant much more then than today. And apart from lineage, a

rather high social standing was assured anyone who held a government position or an important post like the Commissionership of the Canada Company. Also there was the growing custom of exchange-visits between the "Colony" and the Old Country; and a trip to Europe or a visit from a European notable always spelt prestige. Most of these visitors came to Canada to hunt or fish, while others came just to see this growing Dominion. These visits frequently meant a stay at the Widder home, and furnished an occasion for the Widder social functions which attracted guests from miles around. Thus it is not surprising that the house which was to become Loretto Abbey was more than slightly highlighted with glitter and pageantry. Indeed Lyndhurst was a house of fame.

After the Royal visit in 1860, the Widders did not stay very long at Lyndhurst; the very next year they were back in England, to visit their family and friends in London and Sussex. Several of Frederick's letters written in England are on file in the Province of Ontario Archives at Toronto, because of their connection with the Canada Company. We learn from these letters that Mr. Widder and his daughter Jane arrived at Boston on the Europa, October 18th, 1862, and returned to Toronto where they stayed not at Lyndhurst but at a hotel named "Rosin House."

Mr. Widder, now 61 years of age, was about to withdraw from public life, and return to England for good. His wife was back in Toronto in 1863, but not for long. She went to live with her daughter in Montreal, and on Wednesday, November 23rd, 1864, the editorial page of the Toronto paper THE GLOBE, announced her death in Montreal. Mr. Widder himself was practically an invalid, and within three months he too died in Montreal while en route to England. He had resigned as Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company, leaving the Honourable William Beverley Robinson in charge. Mr. Widder died on February 1st, 1865; three days earlier, the CANADA GAZETTE carried a proclamation that the house was to be sold by public auction at the Sheriff's office, at noon Saturday, May 12th, 1866. As far as we know, a Mr. Gordon was the only prospective buyer. He felt sure he would get the place, and he even went to England to buy furniture, and to contact one of the persons holding a large share of the Lyndhurst mortgage. However, no action was taken, and the GAZETTE for July 21st carried a second notice setting the sale for September 29th, 1866. Again no ac-

tion was taken, and the official records state that Loretto took possession in September, 1867, following negotiations that had been going on since March 8th, 1867.

It is surprising that the house did not sell readily, since in its beautiful garden setting it was one of the finest homes in or around Toronto, and was at that time far from the city's industrial section. However, trains were already at the back door: in 1853, the first steam engine was operating from the site of today's Union Station, and in 1857 a line was opened to Guelph. The Great Western Railway station was located where today the southern end of the Bathurst Street bridge passes Old Fort York. The shoreline directly south of the estate was at an average of 250 feet from Ontario Terrace (Front Street), while the shops and roundhouse would now be under the north end of the Spadina bridge. Those were the surroundings of the historic house at the end of the Widder Period.

Article III — The LORETTO Period; the JESUIT Period

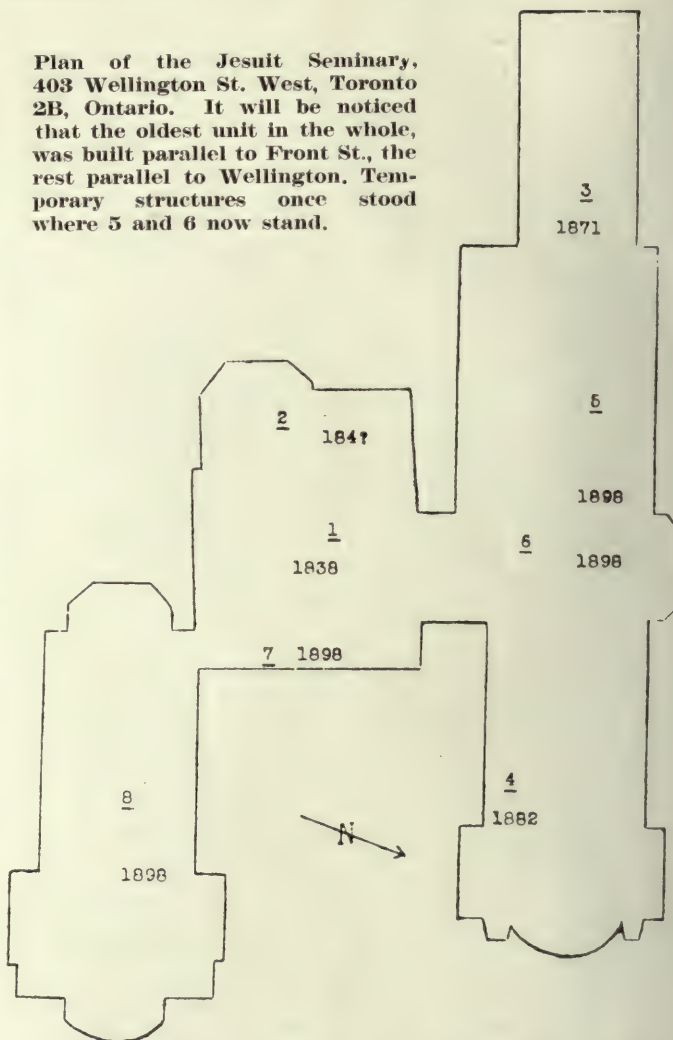
This is the third and last in a series of three articles dealing with the history of the Jesuit Seminary in Toronto. There were four general divisions to the work: first, the JAMESON Period, from 1837 to 1844; second, the WIDDER Period, from 1844 to 1865; third, the LORETTO Period, from 1867 to 1930; fourth, the JESUIT Period, from 1930 to 1945.

In dealing with the third and fourth periods, it is not our intention to present a history either of Loretto or of the Jesuits. Good ones can easily be found elsewhere. Our main interest therefore is with the buildings in these last two periods. The first two periods dealt both with the buildings and with the occupants.

This much should be said however,—Loretto is the oldest Catholic educational institution in Toronto. The first house was opened on Duke St., September 24th, 1847. In 1849, it was moved to Simcoe St. at Wellington, three years later to Bathurst St., ten years later to Bond St. Finally, on September the 8th, 1867, Archbishop Lynch said the first Mass in the main parlour of the former Widder home, and Lyndhurst became Loretto Abbey.

The guiding figure during these early years of Loretto was Mother Teresa Dease, foundress

Plan of the Jesuit Seminary, 403 Wellington St. West, Toronto 2B, Ontario. It will be noticed that the oldest unit in the whole, was built parallel to Front St., the rest parallel to Wellington. Temporary structures once stood where 5 and 6 now stand.



and superior of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. She first heard of the coming sale of the Widder home from a friend of the Bathurst St. Convent, and inquired about it at once. The location was ideal, as everyone knew, the grounds were spacious, and though the house was one of the most fashionable of its time, it was hardly the ideal convent, either from the point of view of size or design.

After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Widder, the property was leased to a Mrs. Gordon, who lived there with her son and daughter. It was purchased by the nuns at a Chancery sale, February 6th, 1867. The CANADA GAZETTE carried an advertisement of the sale, first on January 27th, 1866, and again on July 21st, of that same year. During all this time, no direct move was made to purchase the property, other than the lease of Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Gordon

fully intended to buy the house, and at the time of the sale, he was in England buying furniture suitable for a house such as Lyndhurst. Had he been in Toronto, he would have bid stiffly to acquire the property. His wife tried her best to prevent any sale, and at first refused to allow the nuns to see the house, as she was quite sure her husband intended to buy it. When this delay proved inadequate, she provided another. Under no condition would the sale be made unless the carpets on the main floor, and certain other furnishings were purchased too. Mother Dease readily consented to meet this new device, and after much negotiation, the purchase was finally completed.

Archbishop Lynch wished the Widder stained-glass window to remain in its place in the front hall, "A token," he said, "of the Victory of Religion over the world." This window, on the east side of the main stair-well, contained the Widder coat-of-arms, and the motto "Nusquam Meta Mihi;" the traditional family translation reading: Nothing Daunts Me. This window still stands within arm's reach of the altar in a chapel sometimes used as the Seminary's winter chapel, and has far greater significance in its present surroundings than it ever had before. The details of this window were described in the previous article.

Within four years, the first addition to the former Widder home was made. This was a temporary wing, and stood where the present wing number 6 stands (see diagram.) It contained a chapel, examination hall, and recreation hall, and ran north from the old house, towards Wellington St. Part of that addition stands today, part was demolished as will be seen later, to make way for wing numbers 5, 6 and 3. This addition was a three-story building of white brick construction. Its principal function in Loretto Abbey was to provide space for music lessons in individual rooms on the first two floors, and sleeping accommodation on the 3rd floor. In the basement under this wing was located the laundry. This wing is used at present for layman retreats held at the Seminary, in connection with the Catholic Men's Retreat Association. It was renovated some years ago for this work, and has accommodation for 24 men, and a chapel large enough for a few more.

The second permanent addition to the Abbey was wing number 4. The first sod for this wing was turned on July 4th, 1882, and within two weeks the work had reached the top of the first story. There are many interesting explanations given for the use of both red and white

brick in the exterior of this building. It was begun in red, inside and out, and had reached the first story when His Grace Archbishop Lynch visited, and expressed disapproval of this material for the interior of the chapel. From this point on, the construction is in white brick, at least on the outside. It was too late to do anything about the first story, and there is record of the nuns 'tinting' the walls of the chapel, shortly after it was opened. To make the two colours still more visible on the outside, red paint was applied a few years ago to the red brick portion of the exterior. As has been said, the ground floor of this wing was used as a chapel, though in the plans, the chapel was to be located on the top floor. On April 27, 1885, Reverend F. Rooney of St. Mary's parish erected the stations of the cross, "Where," to quote the Loretto Annals, "owing to the unfinished appearance of the red brick walls, Reverend Mother had deferred placing them properly."

The most extensive additions and alterations to the Abbey began in 1897, and finished with the arrangement as it still stands today. At this time, the temporary wing running north from the old house was demolished to make way for wing numbers 5 and 6, both of 5 stories, addition number 7 of 4 stories, and the large chapel to the south-east. The architect for this work was Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, whose name is inscribed on a leaded-glass window on the north side of wing 6 (second floor). The builders were Messrs. Wicket Bros., and the carpentering was done by John Hannaford. The chapel commemorates the first 50 years of Loretto in Toronto, 1847-1897. A few words about this chapel should prove interesting; the first quotation is from a newspaper dated April 27, 1899, and reads in part:

The interior of the new chapel is a beautiful picture. A row of solid pillars reaching to the roof far above on either side of the main aisle gives a classic countenance. The floor of the Sanctuary is fitted with highly polished straight-backed pews, not crowded together, but leaving room for the processional. The interior of the new chapel is furnished in white and gold. The ceiling is curved and set with a hundred electric candles. The purity of the decorations, the beauty of the workmanship, the excellence of the architecture cannot be rivalled by any church in Toronto.

The following description is taken from a program of the "Grand Jubilee Concert" on the

occasion of the opening of the new buildings. It was held on Wednesday, June 14th, 1899:—

The chapel building's exterior is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and makes a very handsome and imposing appearance, the centre dome being one hundred feet high. The interior is extremely rich in architectural features. The architect has designed it somewhat in the form of a miniature cathedral, with nave aisles, and transept; the intersection and the chancels being crowned with a very strongly designed dome. The style is a severe Roman classic adaptation of both the Corinthian and Ionic orders, the former being placed throughout the transepts and chancel, while the Ionic pilasters divide and enrich the nave and aisles. The main altar differs from the chapel, being executed in Italian Renaissance. It is 36 feet high, and between the decorated shafts is an arch which contains the splendid oil painting of the Holy Family by Wyly Grier. This is a masterpiece of mural decoration. Above this are two bas-relief angels holding scrolls.

The following is a translation of the inscription on the corner-stone of this new chapel:—

On the third day of November, 1897, the Most Reverend John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, blessed and laid the corner-stone of a chapel that is to be erected on this spot to the honour and glory of God, and the Holy Family.

As has been said, this new chapel was only one of four wings erected at this time; these are indicated on the diagram as numbers 5, 6, 7, 8. A few words about 6, 7 and 8 will conclude the story of the building of the present structure. Wing number 5 contained the majority of the classrooms, while in its basement were located the dining-rooms and two gymnasias. Wing number 6 serves as a connecting link for three of the eight wings, and as a convenient way to bring together the uneven floor levels of the various wings. Number 7 was an extension eastward of the old house. Outside, it helped to bring some unity in architecture to the three wings about the front door. The lower hall of this wing provided access to the chapel and concert hall. The grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes on the second floor was used in the reception of candidates into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here, they made

their first act of consecration. The little chapel retains its name today, and has been referred to as being within arm's reach of the Widder stained-glass window. The third and fourth floors of this wing are divided into small rooms, occupied at present by philosophers. Wing number 8, the chapel and concert hall—remains unchanged, save that the house library for the seminary now occupies the west half of the concert hall.

The corner-stone for the new Loretto Abbey Armour Heights was laid on Sunday, May 22, 1927, and school was opened on September 11, 1928. The old Abbey was used for the next year as a novitiate and administration headquarters, and the transfer to the Society of Jesus was completed Friday, June 27th, 1930.

The old Loretto Abbey officially became the JESUIT SEMINARY at 5 p.m., Monday, June 30th, when the last of the nuns presented the first of the Jesuits with the large key to the front door. When Mass was said next day it was said in the 'Jesuit Seminary Chapel.' Hence there has been no interruption in daily Mass at the house since September 7th, 1867, 78 years ago. Today, there is an average of 35 to 40 Masses in the house every day.

A word then about the 15 years of the Jesuit Period. Under its first Rector, the late Father W. Doyle, S.J., the philosophy classes began in September of 1930. During the first summer, 1930, some alterations were made in the house, for Seminary use. Of the Original staff, appointed that year, three men are still stationed here. In order of arrival, these are Brother Peter Bela, S.J., Father J. Keating, S.J., and Father T. J. Lally, S.J.

In 1943, to the faculty of Philosophy was added that of Theology. Additional rooms were required, and extra altars were built for the large number of daily Masses. The top floor of wing number 4, originally intended for a chapel,—though never used as one,—was made over to provide 8 rooms and 7 altars. The top floor of wing number 5 was made over to provide 6 extra rooms, and several large rooms on the fourth floor were divided to accommodate the 100 men stationed here this year.

As far as the exterior is concerned, the building looks much as it did at the turn of the century, after due allowance has been made for the one hundred and eighty seasons that have elapsed. Its onetime beauty has been dulled and streaked with soot from the 'yards' south of the house, and it is now flanked on three sides by factories and office buildings. This corner of the Old Military Reserve has

changed a good deal since Mr. Jameson first fenced off his 15 acres just west of Brock (Spadina), at the corner of Ontario Terrace (Front St.) That was before Confederation, before the telephone or telegraph, before railroads. The founding of the City and that of the Archdiocese of Toronto date back to 1834 and 1842 respectively.

The lake that used to lap against the banks

of Ontario Terrace has been pushed back by reclaimed land, to make way for the railroads' right-of-way to Toronto's Union Station; and few other landmarks remain to show the Military Reserve of 100 years ago. Within two years, Loretto will mark the anniversary of its first 100 years in Toronto; and with that, the newest wing of the seminary—the chapel—will celebrate its fiftieth birthday.

Ave Maria

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

Home to his elm the black crow wings,
Dusk brings the close of day.
Hark! 'tis the Angelus that rings
From yonder convent gray!
A thrill of joy the toiler feels,
The children cease from play,
The weary housewife humbly kneels,
And maids to Mary pray.

Ave Maria! Mother mild!
For help to thee we plead.
Sweet Mother of the Holy Child,
Assist us in our need!

Three times a day with triple note
Peals out Our Lady's bell,
And faint and far its echoes float
O'er listening hill and dell.
Three several times the silvery chimes
To earth and heaven tell
The mystic word that Mary heard
From lips of Gabriel.

Hail, Mary, hail! With thee the Lord
Hath found a dwelling place!
In life, in death, at every breath
Bestow on us thy grace!

It is the hushed and holy hour
That brings from toil release;
Men feel a breath of heavenly pow'r
Steal o'er their hearts in peace.
The dusk seems filled with wing and plume
Of angels hovering near,
And thro' the dim empurpling gloom
The bells ring sweet and clear.

Hail, full of grace; The Lord's with thee!
'Mong women blest art thou!
O, shield us in adversity
At thy dear feet who bow!

The convent darkens on the hill,
The fields are dark below;
The bells are mute, their music still
And fades the sunset's glow.
To Mary turn fond hearts, and yearn
In tender, trusting love,
As thro' the dusk the candles burn
And stars beam out above.

Ave Maria! Mother Maid!
Of thy maternal pow'r,
Protect us by thy love and aid
In life, and at death's hour!



First Century's Growth of a Great Republic

1776 - 1876

Beginning with the signing of the Declaration of Independence and ending with the Centennial Commemoration in Philadelphia, the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, the canvas of national life unrolled to the world the history of a Republic which for rapidity of growth, financial prosperity, and successful enterprise, stands without a parallel. Beside it, the glories of Babylon and Greece grow dim, and the rise and fall of the Roman Empire cease to be a marvel.

That its influence on the ages to come will be even more lasting than those of Ancient Greece and Rome is beyond question, for in its destinies are mapped the interests of liberty and civilization to the end of time.

In 1776 when the American Colonies assumed the right of self-government, and formed themselves into a union, they numbered but thirteen feeble states, and three million inhabitants occupying that small and familiar strip of territory lined on one side by the Atlantic Ocean—on the other, by the Alleghany Ridge. In 1800 the Indians were still torturing white men to death on the banks of the Miami River; and as late as 1822, Ohio represented our "Far West." At the end of the century, 1876, our boundaries were watered by the Atlantic and the great Pacific; the Gulf of Mexico, and the Arctic Ocean; our country sweeping in hemispheric magnitude from the mountain crests of eternal snows to the region of perpetual bloom, and cradling in her arms 40,000,000 free, intelligent and powerful citizens.

The mere assertion of such facts as these would read like a fairy tale were it not accompanied by the history of the trials and triumphs of the noble founders of our Great Republic.

The turbid waters of the Revolution had hardly subsided when another problem presented itself to every patriot's mind. The existing form of government was no longer adequate to the requirements of the time, and it was evident to all that it must soon be swept away. The question of a substitute, however, was most vexatious, and called forth all the diplomacy and patriotism of our early law-makers.

Balmes says: "The mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold an extraordinary man in reserve for every great crisis

of society," and nowhere has this been more fully verified than at this period of the history of the United States.

It was the great crisis of the forming of our Constitution that brought forth such men as Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Morris, Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, John and Samuel Adams, and others, who nobly did their part.

Not with rustle of silk, or waving plumes, or click of spurs was our Constitution drawn up Great and generous men, by their patriotism, their wisdom and their courage, laid the foundation upon which was to be erected the noble edifice of our Great Republic.

In the progress of American developments there were four great wars that shook the Republic to its very core. They, above all other events, have moulded and determined the quality and character of our civilization.

The War of Independence—that fierce and noble struggle that gave us birth—left its impress on the men of the time, and no doubt did more to form the character of the American people than any of the three that followed.

The war of 1812, sometimes styled "our war of dignity," made the nations of the world recognize us as one of themselves; and know that we were no longer a handful of brave patriots fighting for freedom, but a nation contending for her rights.

The Mexican War might well be called our first war of acquisition, since it added two more stars to our "spangled banner." In it Alamo, Buena Vista, Monterey, and Chapultepec, shed their luster on America's arms; and the entrance of Scott into the halls of Montezuma, as conqueror of the enemy's chief city, was the first instance of a foreign capital entered by the army of the United States.

Wars have grafted constructions on the constitutions of every nation, and so, our Civil War, that deplorable "War of Brothers," forcibly and forever construed and interpreted our Constitution. It was in itself no question of moral right or wrong that was involved in that awful problem, it was a question of the true spirit and interpretation of the constitutional contract, and the meaning of the Union. The question of moral right and wrong can enter

only to test the sincerity or insincerity of the adversary of the respective views. If both were sincere, then both were patriotic, and one was right and one was wrong. The South fought so gloriously, and so bravely for what she felt were her rights, we can but think that Providence intervened to save a nation's cause, and preserve a great Republic—and glad are we, Americans, that our country, our whole country, took up again its zodiacal pathway onward and upward to the summit of its sunlit history.

Nor do we regret these struggles, since they have given us a noble heritage of names of undying greatness, immortal heirlooms which but for the crucible of these great events to give them fiery birth would never have existed: A Washington, a Barry, a Scott, a Johnson, a Grant and a Lee. . . . "But these are not the only ones. Posterity shall know them all. . . . Brass and marble shall show them to the remotest ages. In beholding them shall the friend of freedom feel his heart palpitate with joy Under the bust of one of them has been written 'He wrested thunder from the heavens, and the scepter from tyrants.' Of the last of this eulogy shall all of them partake."

"There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame."

"In the land they loved they have sunk to
rest,
And their fame burns bright on each free-
man's breast."

After the Revolution the American people, being cut off from foreign resources, were obliged to depend upon their own industry and ingenuity to furnish articles required in the usual occupations of life. How well their inventive faculties supplied these wants, the cotton gin, the first steamboat and the telegraph, testify. A popular rhyme in England at the time referred to the invention of the telegraph by Morse as—

"That steed called Lightning (say the Fates)
Is used in the United States:
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse;
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse."

One of the most important events in our national progress was the finding of gold in California. No modern event has been the cause

of so much romance in real life. No branch or sphere of trade, though perfected by long experience, has called into employment so many of its means and instrumentalities of diversified human industry, and commercial intercourse; indeed, nothing within the memory of man, except the achievements of steam and the electric telegraph, approach so nearly to magic as the discovery of gold on the shores of the Pacific, and that, too, in the soil of a territory which, by conquest and purchase, had but just fallen, like fruit golden-ripe, into the lap of the Great Republic.

Gold places were marked in certain portions of California long before the discovery just mentioned, but the change wrought by this discovery in 1845 caused California to be admitted as a state two years later, and increased the population from 30,000 to 600,000 in ten years. The importance of the gold mines in California, whose richness is not yet exhausted, can hardly be overestimated. It is not surprising that clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, clerks, and traders left their counting rooms, their workshops, their benches, and their pulpits, to seek their fortunes in this Eldorado of the west.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;" the celebrated line of Bishop Berkley is too gratifying to national vanity not to be often quoted; and if we look on it in the nature of a prediction, the completion of it not being limited to any particular time, to disprove it would be difficult. Had the good bishop, however, substituted "freedom" for "empire" it would already be fully justified by experience in the United States. In the Old World national pride feeds itself with the record of battles and conquests—battles which proved nothing and settled nothing; conquests which shifted boundaries on the map, and put one head instead of another on coins which the people paid to tax gatherers; but wherever the American may travel in his homeland he finds, churches, schools, and colleges recording the history of his country in terms more eloquent than was ever written the slaughter of a battle, or the glory of a conquest.

"No nation can prosper if the education of its people be neglected," said George Washington. The readiness with which the American people voluntarily taxed themselves that the blessings of intellectual culture might be free to all; the unparalleled munificence of private gifts and bequests for the founding of educational institutions; the architectural splendor of our modern school buildings, which are

to be found in every city, town, or village, and even dotting the hills and valleys of this vast commonwealth, are all evidences that the advice of the Father of our country has not been unheeded. In 1800 there were but twenty-five colleges in the United States; during the succeeding seventy-six years, the number increased nearly fifteen times, ranking the United States foremost among the educated countries of the world.

But among the phenomena that marked the growth of the First Century there is not one more interesting, more significant, or indeed, more paradoxical than the development of Catholicism. At the time we cast off English rule, Catholics numbered only about one per cent of the population—thirty or forty thousand in a total of three millions. In 1876 they had increased to nearly two per cent of the population of some forty millions. At the beginning of the century we had one Catholic Bishop, at its close, sixty-six Bishops and Archbishops, and a Cardinal. New York, founded by Protestant merchants, and grown to be the legitimate pride of Anglo-Saxon power, was, after Paris and Vienna, the largest Catholic city in the world. Under the shadow of the Constitution, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence, the Catholic Church has grown and flourished in this great republic, nor have her sons been ungrateful for the protection received. Second only to their religion is their patriotism, as is shown by the statistics which reveal the truth that Catholics have furnished more than their due proportion of soldiers for the defence of this country.

A noted writer has said, "Our country is only the place where Providence has placed us to do the most good we can for humanity;" and, indeed, it would seem that this was the principle that actuated our forefathers in the

American Church. "With Catholicism," says M. Brunetière, "began also toleration and religious liberty in America," and he adds, "It is the Catholic Church that has overcome the modern tendency in this country, to inculcate one religion for the poor and another for the millionaire."

As Catholics, we may well be proud of the progress the Church has made during our First Century; although it can not surprise us. As silently as the temple of Solomon, rose our Church during the first century in the United States. It remains for the present and future generations to see that it continue like that temple an evidence of the beauty and unity of the worship of God.

Could our forefathers in the Old World, who marveled at the success of our War for Independence, have lived to visit our first Centennial, their surprise would have turned to wonder, well-grounded. America was making her influence felt in the world of Letters. An appreciation of the Fine Arts was becoming evident, while the useful arts flourished throughout the land. Steamboats threaded our rivers, carrying merchandise, and, facilitating commerce. Thousands of miles of railroad linked all parts of this vast country into one great "network of traffic." Grandly hopeful, and full of wonderful possibilities was our Great Republic at the end of her First Century, with her manufactures and her industries; with her proud young cities, the jewels of her hope; with her schools and her churches.

"With labor vocal on every hillside, and commerce white on every sea," she beckoned the stranger to a habitation and a home.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

I Wonder

By DYMUNA MOIRA DOYLE

I wonder what did Mary say
When Jesus came in after play,
With sleepy eyes and drooping head,
Tired from the chase the game had led?

I'm sure she didn't scold at all,
Because He never heard her call,
But tucked Him in His tiny bed,
And smoothed His tousled little head.

Did Mary see upon the floor,
Beside the table, near the door,
His little footprints everywhere?
The toys He left upon the chair?

She knows well whence He came, and why,
But thinks, with puzzled little sigh,
As she picks up the scattered toys,
"My Son is so like other boys!"

For Better Things

FROM ROME

These letters kindly shared by their recipients with Loretto Rainbow readers will prove interesting, especially to Loretto Alumnae and to students in Loretto Schools. Loretto Secretarial girls at Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, have already sent a parcel since reading these.

St. Mary's Convent,
Via Abruzzi II,
Roma,
15 - 8 - '45

Dear Mother Margarita:

You cannot imagine how much pleasure your letter, with accompanying chronicle, has given us all. Rev. Mother General also asked for it, as she heard of its arrival.

I could almost envy you your many and varied activities We have to let golden opportunities pass and be thankful if we can carry on from day to day. This is a small world after all. We knew the Rev. Gerald Doyle, mentioned in the "Chronicle," when he was a student in Rome, and we have just had a letter from him; and I, when I was at Oxford, knew Dom Justin McCann, O.S.S. Is this the same one? He was then head of St. Benet's Hall—and very kind.

I hope that "The Spirit of Mary Ward" has already arrived, or will soon do so. I could not send a letter with it, so I just put my signature, to show where it came from. We should be glad to send you other copies if you liked, and if we knew how. I hope the regulations will be simpler, now that the war is over.

It is extraordinary to look back now, and think that we were enabled to go on teaching English, and even holding certificate examinations in the very jaws of the lion, so to speak. Nothing happened to us, though there was a moment when we buried the best altar plate, and suppressed some of the library. This spring we had the great satisfaction of knowing that Cambridge University had recognized the examinations we had substituted for theirs during the Nazi-Fascist occupation, and would give its own certificate without further test to all the candidates we had accepted. A convent in Brussels carried on, too, in the same way, and their results were recognized. We are to have a great presentation of diplomas as soon as we can arrange. Of course, there are some students we can't trace, and some—R.I.P. Three were

carried away to Germany; God grant they may still be found living.

How strange the evening and night when the Allies reached Rome! Towards midnight we heard the whole city stirring—the Italians running to and fro, shouting "Alo!" in their best English. Next morning, no lessons, of course, but we were in the garden almost all day, receiving the pupils who rushed to congratulate us, and to tell what they had seen—and that they had spoken English, and been really understood!

Other than the pupils, the first who came was a man in the Intelligence. We gave him tea which—if he had only known it—was as liquid gold to us; then we sat around like children listening to a fairy story when he told us his doings. Afterwards the Chaplains, such splendid people, called. There was Father Farrell, S.J., who had been at Anzio, and had had the Blessed Sacrament on his person for three months, because there was nowhere he could put it safely. He stayed a long time in these parts, and made good use of our library.

And there was Father Savage, who got ahead of his unit, in Africa, and received the surrender of hospitals, etc., all by himself. He preached for the tercentenary of Mother Mary Ward, in January; and Father Dessain, who brought the first real news from Ascot, where his sister is one of Ours (I.B.V.M.) We heard afterwards that his courage was noted even where all were heroes.

When Terms began all the world wanted to learn English. The portress nearly went crazy; and, when we had to go from one class-room to another, we sometimes had to push our way through the crowds of would be pupils who had almost "broken in."

When it is possible would you please send us The Rainbow, and thank you again for your letter.

Always affectionately yours in Xt.,

M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.

15 - 8 - '45

Dear Mother Constance:

I think it was a good fairy that interfered with my answering your letter until the present, as now I can congratulate you all on the war being really over. Major Cahill, the Sen-

ior American Military Chaplain, sang the Mass. Father Hurley, the new Paulist rector, preached, and all the acolytes were such nice, recollected-looking soldiers, in uniform. The sanctuary was filled with priests, and the middle of the nave with diplomats of all possible colours and uniforms. The nuns had very good places at the side—and the rest, all soldiers, sailors, etc. I really felt that the sun had risen again—much more than in May, at the Gesù.

I can't tell the excitement your letter caused. The rumour ran through the house and everyone rushed to know if it were true that there was really a letter from Canada. Now, I must tell you about your friends here, and you will pass it on to M. M. Berchman with my love.

..... We are reduced in numbers and strength, but have been much encouraged as to our exterior work by Cambridge having confirmed all our emergency doings during the war, and given their certificate to all the candidates we have accepted

Notwithstanding interruptions and various ills, we handled something like 700 students among us, not counting the school. M. M. I—and M. M. R——— were both ill at the same time in the spring (imagine the hole I was in), and the H.C.J. nuns in Via Boncompagni were so good to us. They had had parcels from their American houses (England may not send parcels) and, knowing we had sick people, they shared most generously. We have our own chickens now, so we get eggs. Of course, it is possible now to buy everything, but it wouldn't be holy poverty to pay those prices, even if we could. Things that are very difficult to have, are mending materials, darning wool, pins, cottons, elastics—everything like that. When we mend, we first decide if the thing or the cotton is the more precious! Also, stationery costs a fortune, and typing paper is a luxury, for the very rich.

It is a great comfort to know you all pray for poor old Europe. Please keep it up. Our houses in Germany are terribly "hard hit." We don't hear all yet, but they were first persecuted by the Nazis, and then smashed (by accident, of course) in the bombing. Many lives were lost — we don't know yet how many.

Thank God the Italian houses and nuns are all safe. Do write again when you can. Everyone sends love.

Always affectionately yours in Xt.,

M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.

FROM JAPAN

Our sincere thanks to The Religious of the Sacred Heart, Sault au Récollet, Montreal, and to the McKenna Family for kind permission to publish this enlightening and absorbingly interesting letter from Mother McKenna, R.C.S.J.

Japan,
Nagasaki Internment Camp,
Sept. 12th, 1945

Dear Estelle and All:

A ring of the bell has just gathered the internees together for the important announcement that four ships have entered the harbour. One is a hospital-ship and is willing to evacuate the internees tomorrow or the following day. The Protestant missionaries among whom we have been living during the last three years are the ones concerned. The Swiss Consul who came down from Tokyo about a fortnight ago gave them no hope of leaving for at least a month as the prisoners were to be attended to first. You can imagine the excitement in the Camp tonight. We who remain in Japan are all busily at work this evening to get letters ready to send by the travellers. They (the travellers) will be taken to either the Okinawas or Manila where their own Legation will look after them.

Now let me go back to the beginning of my internment life so that you may follow me better straight along to Nagasaki and the Atomic Bomb. When war was declared with the U.S.A. in December, 1941, nothing happened to us in Obayashi except visits off and on from officials. All sorts of papers had to be filled in, of course, almost monthly, indicating our former residence in America, or elsewhere, and our reasons for coming to this country, etc. Finally on September 23rd, 1942, twenty of us were sent to Eastern Lodge, Kobe. Although we had a two-day warning we always thought that the Foreign Office would finally let us off, or intern us in our own Convent. It was only a question of a fifty-minute journey on the train to Kobe, but once there, we were never to see Obayashi again. (Except that once or twice during that year and nine months, a couple of our nuns went back to the Convent for about an hour or so for serious reasons, and always accompanied by a guard. This was only at the early stage of internment life.) The place where we were interned was a long narrow two-storied building which had formerly served as an Inn for the employees of a large department store in the city. The meals were very good for war-time, and it was due to a wonderful Japanese woman who saw to the ordering of the food, which was no joke under the circumstances.

She was extremely clever and would do little kindnesses to this firm and that one in order to procure us butter, etc. When we were first interned the house was already occupied by missionaries from Manchuria, who were interned in their missionary country on the very day of the declaration of war, Dec. 8th, 1941. They only arrived in Japan the following April, and twice were on the verge of getting away—with their trunks even down at the harbour, but each time they were disappointed. They are the ones who are evacuating tomorrow to Scotland, or England, or Wales, and several are from the north of Ireland. Some of them have been in Manchuria for over thirty years, but they usually went home on furlough every six years. Four unmarried American missionaries left for America almost two years ago. The fifth person to go with them was a married business woman, a Southerner, but whose husband was connected with a large tobacco firm in Mukden, Manchuria. She carried on his business after his death a few years ago. I am sure she will manage to get back to the East before long. In order to make place for us in Eastern Lodge, several men and priests were sent to another camp. Shortly before our arrival, this lady was baptised and is now a fervent Catholic. Her eldest son who was in Shanghai was able to accompany his mother back to America. Well, to return to our interned life in Kobe, we and the seculars got on very well together. We had practically no place to walk, so now and again were taken to the hills for health's sake. We paraded along the streets two by two, like a lot of school children and returned about two hours later. As far as our spirituals were concerned, we heard Mass on Fridays and Sundays when a priest from one of the other camps was brought here by a guard (from our camp) who used to fetch him and accompany him back. We were deeply grateful for this. I must say that the guards we had in Kobe were very friendly and we formed but one big family. When the five ladies from America left, the Canadian Dominican Father who had been saying Mass for us twice a week was sent back to our camp to take up his quarters again. We were all delighted as it meant daily Mass, weekly confessions and various conferences during the week and a most helpful sermon every Sunday. The seculars were very fond of him. He was gracious and friendly and always ready to put his personal interests aside to join them in their innocent games. We did a great deal of sewing and knitting, and attended interesting lectures almost weekly from some one in the camp, and profited by the

musical recitals, etc. Now and again we had various kinds of entertainments. Everything regarding camp life has been highly organized with committees of all kinds.

One of our nuns was interned only a fortnight, as she had an Irish Passport and shouldn't have been interned at all. Mother Macfarlane (Mrs. Young's sister) was allowed to be taken back to Obayashi about the 17th of December, 1943. She complained of her back and was soon confined to bed with a back attack of sciatica. The Japanese Doctor (who studied in America and, of course, spoke English fluently) was most devoted and interested in her case. But the Internment Camp was not the place for her. After a great deal of red tape, permission was finally given to have her removed to our Convent. Of course she didn't seem so ill, and the authorities knew how friendly the Doctor was with the foreigners so were rather skeptical. In spite of the best of treatment she received in Obayashi, she gradually lost weight and could do nothing to help herself. Her limbs grew weaker day by day and her suffering increased. Finally she passed away almost a year after her departure from internment life. Her sisters must have received all the details from Rev. Mother Sheldon, who almost through a miracle was never interned in spite of being a British subject. Mother Macfarlane died Nov. 21st, 1943. (We had already left Kobe for Nagasaki). Her death proved an immense sorrow to us all. She was so bright and full of fun. The children simply loved her. She was Mistress of Discipline in the Boarding School ever since her arrival in Japan about 12 or 13 years ago. She had a taking way with her pupils while, at the same time, she held firmly to the keeping of the School Rule. When we return to our Convent in Obayashi we shall miss her presence, especially around the school part where she devoted herself day and night. She is buried in our beautiful little cemetery just a stone's throw from the playgrounds. Will you please express my deepest sympathy to the Macfarlane family. Mother Kate loved her sisters dearly and was sorely affected when she received any sad news of their families. Please tell her sisters that she was fully conscious at the end and was happy to go to Our Lord.

On July 1st, 1943, we were all sent down here to Nagasaki. The announcement of the removal of the Camp to such a distance simply stunned us. It didn't make so much difference to the seculars; as Kobe meant nothing to them, as all their interests are in Manchuria. But it was a blow to us because it meant all our con-

nections with our Convent would be severed. We had almost a week to prepare and the authorities allowed our nuns who were not interned to come and see us several times. We left Kobe for the station July 1st, about 3.45 p.m., numbering 40. Sixteen were Sacred Heart Nuns, one a Sister of Naverre (English) and 7 Sisters of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus, who are all French Canadians. The remaining number were seculars. We knew we were destined for Nagasaki but had no idea as to how or where we were to be housed. We waited around the Station until after 5.00 with four guards who came from Nagasaki to escort us to our new Internment Camp. We left the station, not so badly installed, occupying almost an entire car. It was a rather slow train, stopping at small towns all through the night. Passengers poured in, with no place to sit down, but our guards roped off our part of the car, so we were left in peace in our corner. We reached Nagasaki the following afternoon about 6.00 p.m. A bus took half of the party to their new camp. The rest of us stood in an open place outside of the Station, waiting for the bus to return. We had a good laugh over a funny spectacle. This is what happened. Such a crowd of passers-by stopped to look at us that a policeman had to put up a rope to keep the mob back. Finally, after a drive of about a quarter of an hour on the bus, we were invited to get out at the foot of a hill. We climbed and climbed up a narrow pathway through a pagan cemetery. Finally we reached the top and found a very poor wooden structure which proved to be a Franciscan monastery. Further on was a better constructed wooden building formerly a seminary but converted into a camp for men. Many of the latter left the country on the Tai Maru in 1943. The 16 men remaining were sent to Kobe camp, as they wished to have all the men in one place. We arrived here tired and dirty, but fortunately all our luggage and bedding had arrived before us and we concluded that the good Polish Franciscan Fathers, Brothers, and their pupils must have carried all that luggage up for us. We were forbidden from the very first day to speak to them. This meant no Mass, no Communion. This building is a two-storied structure. On the first floor are class-rooms. One has been used as a dining-room, another as a common room, and the few remaining were transformed into bedrooms for the married couples. The second floor is one big hall, and at the very end of it is a nice little chapel. We found beds but nothing else in the way of furniture, but plenty of vermin. There was not a sign of a chair. Fortunately,

we had brought our camp stools along with us which have since served even as washstands. The life down here proved very different from Kobe. We have all kept well from so much out-of-door life. There was a Chinese cook when we arrived, partly interned himself. His master, a Belgian, had been interned here, but was sent to Kobe. The cook, (although there was very little to cook) was often absent, either being sent on errands for the guards or in bed with bronchitis. So one of our Sisters has been doing most of the kitchen work. But teams were organized to peel vegetables, wash the dishes, etc. We did all the cleaning, washing of clothes, keeping the whole place swept, etc. We were often to be found on the hills cutting grass. Two of the Protestant ministers devoted themselves to the precious cow, and we were given some of the milk, almost a glass each, every morning to do us for the day. We kept watering it in order to make it last. Ladies and gentlemen were all anxious to cut as much grass as possible for the precious cow. I was charged with seven rabbits with enormous appetites! So you can judge that the life in this camp was mostly taken up with manual work.

We had few night raids during the winter months for which we were exceedingly grateful as it was bitterly cold here during the nights. But for the last few months, day and night, there were no alarms. Cities and towns on this island were heavily bombed but not the City of Nagasaki until more recently. We have been completely isolated, so had had very little knowledge of what was happening. We had the daily news in Kobe but once we got down here the newspapers were not delivered to the subscribers. Our kind Franciscan neighbors, when passing the interned ministers when in the fields, would give them a bit of news on the sly. The Protestant missionaries here, and the Franciscans struck up a real friendship. Of course, the guards here didn't know that one of the brothers spoke English. Some of the Sisters here even did some mending for our good Franciscans and little messages went backwards and forwards. Thank God nobody was found out. We had Holy Mass on Fridays but never on Sundays, as the Japanese priest had to say Mass in his parish. Often we went several weeks without Holy Mass. It was difficult to accept this disappointment with three Franciscan priests living just a few steps away.

On August the 9th there was a "first warning" but by 9.00 there was an "all clear" siren. I saw the Chinese cook go off to the city with the young Japanese woman who comes here by

the day to go errands for the guards. Some of us went off grass-cutting a little later in the morning. It was a beautiful day. I should have told you that we are surrounded by hills. This will help you to picture me when the bomb exploded. One guard usually accompanied us when we went grass-cutting to see that we didn't go near the farmers' little fields, but only gleaned on the narrow paths between them. Lately the guards didn't seem to follow us so closely on this point. Yet we were obliged to ask their permission. Having no radio and no newspapers, the disaster which took place in Hiroshima on the 6th never reached us. But we did remark on the nervousness of the guards. They didn't like to see us go any distance from the house; as soon as there was a "first warning" even those occupied with the farmyard had to remain indoors. At 11.00, as I was making my way down the hill with a huge bag of grass on my back, a heavy plane, although invisible, seemed to be moving very slowly just over my head. It was the first time I felt rather anxious about the approach of planes. I thought it strange that there was no siren as they have been so particular on this point. I think the approach of a solitary plane deceived the Japanese. I felt certain that it was an enemy plane. I looked up to see if it were visible, but quickly decided that it would be wiser to hurry back to the Camp as I saw none of the others around. I began to run. I had only gone a few steps when there was a fearful explosion and everything was of a golden yellow. It seemed as though the sun had burst and I was lost in its midst. I threw myself at once into a clump of young bamboo trees. I was lying on the big bag of grass. My face only felt hot. The golden light only lasted a few moments, but as I thought some more planes would be coming, I dragged the bag from under me and covered my head and back. As nothing more happened, I hurried back to the house only to find it had been badly shaken. Some people were cut on head and neck and arms, not seriously, and several among those who were wearing glasses got cut around the eyes, but none had their eyes affected. In fact it was miraculous I think that none lost their sight, because everybody indoors was in a building with numerous sliding doors made almost entirely of glass. The rooms on both sides of the corridor not only have doors made almost wholly of glass but, for the sake of giving more light to the rooms, there are sliding windows on the corridor side, the whole length of each room. All these windows and doors were lying in heaps in the narrow corridor. Windows

and transoms blew into the grounds and the chimney was found in a field some distance away in hundreds of pieces. Fortunately our Sister had gone out of the kitchen. Otherwise she would have been killed, as the windows and glass doors blew in. It was impossible to get up the wide staircase as it was a mountain of plaster. We got shovels and made a little path up the stairs. The second floor, as I told you previously, is a big dormitory for the 23 religious and 4 unmarried missionary ladies. Some had the lens blown out of their spectacle frames, others had the lens broken, or cracked. Most of the people upstairs got under their beds as they are all near the windows, which smashed and crashed to the accompaniment of falling plaster. We had no furniture to be broken, but the bamboo sticks at the four corners of our beds to support our mosquito nettings did look funny indeed standing out in all directions. The dormitory looked like a dried-up bamboo grove. We only have a space of about two feet between the beds. It took nearly the whole day to shovel out the plaster between the beds. Glass was everywhere and all our little private things (mostly "empty" tins from the much appreciated Red Cross boxes) were mixed up with the glass and plaster. The devotional little chapel was badly damaged and shaken. Statues were smashed and the walls and woodwork are in a terrible state. As the day drew to a close, we were all very sad as the cook and Japanese woman had not returned. We learned that the cook had been killed. The woman died of injuries three weeks later. All the first day and night the mountains were on fire for miles and miles. Two-thirds of the population of Nagasaki are dead. We have not seen the city as we are hidden from it by a hill. We are just on the outskirts. The city itself is a mass of ruins. They are still burning the dead. No one is allowed to pass through what was once the city. From the second story we could see buildings burning at the far end. We watched the flames creeping up to the pretty "Church of the Martyrs." Urakami about two miles distant hardly exists anymore! This place (Urakami) is the most Catholic part of Japan and possessed the most beautiful Church in the country. Families of even 8 or 9 children were all burned or killed. Priests young and old are dead. The hospitals here and elsewhere on this island having been destroyed, the wounded are not being properly attended to. Of the 10,000 Catholics of Urakami, only 1,000 survive. Our Japanese lay-sister in our convent in Obayashi whose home was in Urakami, has lost her

father, mother, two sisters, brother-in-law and nephew. Our 3 Japanese postulants have lost all their people. The Nuns interned with us of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus had many parish schools and kindergartens in these parts. All their houses but one are destroyed. Of their 14 capable Japanese sisters in Urakami, 12 have died and the other two will die also. Some were buried with their pupils in the schools. The effects of this bomb on the human frame are interesting the schools of medicine already. Some patients apparently recovered then suddenly died from hemorrhages.

I must tell you how we heard of peace. We went to bed as usual on Aug. 16th with our air-raid bundles close at hand, although there had been no sirens on the 15th or 16th. At one o'clock in the morning (Aug. 17th), the guards rang the bell and sent word upstairs that we were to hurry to the dining room and not to take the time to finish dressing. No air-raid bundles were to be taken. This seemed awfully strange. We scrambled down in the dark as usual but found the light on in the dining room. A line of officials walked in, including our own guards, and ordered everyone to sit down. I personally thought that the Allies had made a landing and that the Japanese wanted to let us all know. The head man stood up and when all was quiet, smiled most graciously saying (in Japanese): "Congratulations! The war is over. We have been defeated and you are the victors." There was simply an "Oh!" and a long drawn out "Ah!" from us all. We were stunned. The official put out his hand and said in a jolly way: "Let us all shake hands and celebrate." Cigarettes and matches and wine were passed in abundance. Everybody behaved well and would like to have retired, but the officials seemed anxious to have us remain on. We were supposed to be free from that moment, but life went on as usual in the Camp. We hadn't had Mass that week as the Japanese priest who was accustomed to come had too much to do among his own suffering people. In fact, we haven't seen him since before the disaster. All intercourse with our Franciscan neighbours was still prohibited until Aug. 23rd when we were allowed to go down to their little Church for daily Mass. Now, one of the Franciscans comes here every morning to say Mass, and we can go freely to their Church for Benediction towards evening. We can speak to any of them at any time. The guards, strange to say, used to send for the brother electrician, or brother carpenter, etc., to mend and repair things in the house all through internment life. Of course, the inter-

nees got in many a little word with them by this means. As they had a radio, they managed by all kinds of ways to give news to the men interned.

We expect now to be told any day to pack up and leave for Obayashi. You can imagine how we are longing to be back in our Convent.

I hope you are all well and happy.

Much love to Lorraine and each member of the family. I am looking forward to news of you all.

Your affectionate sister,

Reggie McKenna, R.S.C.J.

FROM AUSTRALIA

For another interesting letter from overseas we are indebted to Mother M. Margarita, I.B.V.M., Secretary General, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and also to the writer of it, Mother M. Antonia, I.B.V.M., on whose kind permission we are presuming, in publishing it. Editor.

Loreto Convent,

Kirribilli,

N.S. Wales, Australia

1st November, 1945.

My dear M. M. Margarita,

Many grateful thanks for your most interesting letter of 9th September, which I received on 25th October.

The January number of the "Rainbow" came yesterday, and was read with great interest by Mother Superior and Community. God has certainly blessed the Institute in Canada, and there is a magnificent harvest to show for your Centenary in 1947. One of the features of your harvest I like best is that of the Catechetical Centres, where religion is taught to so many children who would otherwise have little, or no spiritual instruction.

We have a Fr. T. Dunphy, C.Ss.R., in Australia, who studied in Rome, and wrote also on Mary Ward. I wonder is he the author of the article in the January "Rainbow"?

We greatly liked that leaflet May I trouble you to mail me a few of them for our other houses. We have twelve houses in Australia. That oil-painting will go down in history. Mother M. Teresa Dease's niece, Mary Dease, lives in Sydney, and is very kind to us.

A few weeks ago I sent you a Crusader edited by Franciscans; in it you will find an article on "Mary Ward," as well as a programme of

*Yes. As mentioned in prefatory note to the article, it was published previously in the "Rainbow" with permission of The Ave Maria, in which it had appeared some time before—Ed. note.

our concert (for the Terecentenary).—We are all praying for Dr. Gilday's recovery. I often read the chapter on "Mary Ward," in his "English Refugees on the Continent." Please God, he will be spared to write that book on the Counter Reformation, and the part taken by Mary Ward in it.

This letter conveys to Mother General Victorine, and all the nuns, best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. You must be glad that the war is over. Like you, we suffered only from economic conditions—except that in 1942 Sydney was in great danger. We had to evacuate, at great expense, to the country, where our boarders lived for a year with the half of this community. That property is still on our hands, but, please God, we shall be able to sell it one of these days....

If I am in this world for 12th September, 1947, I shall pray earnestly for your Centenary and if I am in heaven, I shall pray better still.

Renewed thanks for your beautiful letter, as well as for "Loretto Rainbow."

Wishing you all kinds of good things and asking a prayer.

I am your affectionate Sister in Xt.,

Mary Antonia G.—,

I.B.V.M.

AUSTRALIAN I.B.V.M. COMMEMORATION

Commemorating the Tercentenary of Mother Mary Ward, Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (1645-1945), the following programme was given at Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, Australia:

Senior Choir Pater Noster

Scene I—Mary's First Word.

Senior Choir In Nomine Jesu

Scene II—Rejection of the World.

Organ Solo Schumann

"My loving Lord did so touch my heart with a longing desire to dedicate myself to His Divine Service, as that I do not remember since, any one moment in which I had not rather have suffered death than betaken myself to a worldly life." — Mary Ward.

Scene III—Mary Ward with her cousin, Barbara; listening to the stories and instructions of the faithful old housekeeper, Margaret Garret.

Senior Choir Veni Sponsa

Scene IV—Mary Ward at Prayer.

Scene V.—Mary Ward leaving England for Flanders.

Senior Choir Ave Maris Stella

Scene VI—Mary's Resolution.

Scene VII—Mary before the Judge

Organ Solo Tschaikowsky

Scene VIII—Mary and her Companions at a Wayside Shrine.

Senior Choir O Breathe on me, Breath of God.

Scene IX—The Elector Maximilian of Bavaria formally hands over to Mary Ward the Paradeiser Haus at Munich.

Organ Solo Handel

Organ Solo Come, Sweet Death.... Bach
Magnificat

The Scenes were from "The Painted Life" of Mary Ward—a series of fifty large oil paintings which have existed for more than two hundred years in the Convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Augsburg, founded in 1662.

(ED. NOTE—Many of our readers will recall having seen the beautiful replicas in oils of these fifty paintings, which adorn the walls of the 1st floor corridor in the school wing of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto; also the uncoloured reproductions, treasured at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario.)

CATHOLIC DEAF SOCIETY OF TORONTO

Colombière Hall, the new club-room of the Catholic Deaf Society at 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, was formally opened, and blessed, on Sunday, December 16th.

The ceremonies began with the usual "Third Sunday" Mass, said by Rev. Basil Ellard, Chaplain of this society, which is under the special patronage of St. Francis de Sales, whose picture greets each one entering the new rooms. After Mass the celebrant preached in the sign language.

Breakfast was followed by a social hour and, at one forty-five, the members now assembled for the last time in the rooms where for twenty-seven years they have held their weekly meetings, went in procession to the new club-rooms. Andrew Ledue, the youngest member, as cross-bearer, led the procession. Mother Superior of Loretto College School, having cut the tape stretched across the doorway, presented the

keys to the Chaplain. The blessing of the rooms followed. Father Ellard then thanked Mother General, and Mother Superior for their continued interest in the Society and their untiring kindness to the Deaf. Mr. McGovern, in sign language, expressed the gratitude of the Society, and the chaplain interpreted the interesting speech for those present who would otherwise have missed its import.

The children were delighted that Santa Claus, impersonated by Mr. J. Kostl, had found

his way to the Christmas tree in the new quarters. The distribution of gifts was an enjoyable feature for all present.

The work of renovating the rooms was undertaken and accomplished with gratifying success by the members, who for four months gave generously of their time and talent, in the evenings and on Saturdays.

For the new year their objective is to add to the furnishings of the club-room, which is to be made yet more attractive.

LORETTO-NIAGARA STUDENTS HEARD IN RADIO PROGRAM

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen—This is a special edition of the Catholic Program, to commemorate the completion of five years of broadcasting from the studios of your Cataract station. Each Saturday morning at 11:45 since October 26th, 1940, this public service feature has been produced by the Radio Division of the Catholic Information Bureau of the Diocese of Buffalo, it has been under the direction of the Rev. Francis E. Crowley, pastor of the parishes at Wilson and North Ridge, and has been presented through the courtesy of WHLD, with co-operation of the latter's management and staff. It is our great pleasure to have as our guests, to complement the anniversary's festivities, a group of seventy-five students from Loretto Academy, the institution of learning and culture, standing so beautifully on its majestic site above the Canadian Falls. The girls opened the program with the invocation to the Holy Spirit, "O Come, Creator, Spirit, Come." Father Faber's variation of the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," set to music by K. Kurpinski. We hear them again, as they raise their voices in the canticle of praise to God, the "Te Deum." The musical score is distinctly Gregorian chant, and was written by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan. It is interesting to note that Father Ronan composed the theme to be used, for the first time, as the closing chorus for the school play, "St. Thomas More," staged in the Academy Auditorium in the Spring of 1943. Although the girls are taught by the Sisters of Loretto, and trained musically by them, they are being directed today by Miss Marjorie White, a recent graduate. The piano accompaniment will be played by Miss Mary Lunan.

MUSIC: (2 min.)

ANNOUNCER: For a brief encore the school chorus has chosen to sing the hymn, "Praise

Ye the Lord." The melody is traditional, handed down from those times, centuries ago, when men used their talents for a very high motive, and zealously avoided attaching their signatures to the gems they produced, lest they might gain some personal fame therefrom.

MUSIC: (30 secs.)

ANNOUNCER: The Catholic Program has been sent out over the air from Niagara Falls during almost the entire operating existence of this radio station. Thus, while in the course of human events, many come and go, one familiar figure has been seen around the studio frequently and continuously for five long years. I refer, of course, to Father Crowley, who has himself remarked that people around the hotel probably think that he is on the pay roll. He has been personally responsible for the regular Saturday broadcast since its inception. Although he has had to give time and effort to an extra project in addition to his ordinary church duties, it was fortunate for the permanence of the program that the same person arrange it and preserve its continuity. It happens that the Bishop has kept him near enough to care for what we might call "his baby," which he has reared quite close to the age of reason. No doubt he has something to say, and, surely, we expect that, on this anniversary day. So we shall bring him in right here. Father Crowley.

FATHER CROWLEY: Thank you, Ken. You know, I have a real, solid advantage in not being paid, because if I were, in the many attempts to improve programs I would have long since been fired. It is true that there have been various changes in the staff, and I remember nearly all of them; made some good friends through association with them; and even correspond with one who left, and went on to greater deeds a long time ago. Which is, indeed, positive proof of the friendly co-opera-

tion we have always had from the announcers and members of the office department. My principal feeling, on the occasion of a little milestone like this, is one of gratitude to all who have helped to attain whatever success may have been accomplished. First to be thanked is the station management, without whose grant of time the program would have been impossible. Besides the 15 minutes every Saturday we have been given generous consideration for two important projects each year, namely, the Catholic Charities Appeal in the Spring and Mission Sunday in October. It is difficult to measure the impetus supplied these activities by the many radio broadcasts in their behalf, and I wish to acknowledge publicly our appreciation for the free time. A special thought of remembrance must be entertained for the many priests attached to the several parishes in Niagara Falls, who were our guest speakers for the first two or three years. Preparing their talks robbed them of spare time, and this they did willingly. It was planned at the beginning to feature a different voice and style from week to week. However, most of these men were transferred to other cities, or, because of the war, the departure of priests as chaplains increased the burdens of those left at home. The upset conditions caused a necessary change of policy, with the result that our listeners have had to bear patiently with the monotony of me doing practically all the talking the last two years. We have not forgotten any of those Reverend helpers, among whom were Father John P. Duggan, who became an army Chaplain, has risen to the rank of Major, and who was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service in the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations; and his co-worker at St. Mary's Church, Father Thomas O'Rourke, beloved by the High School students for his personal interest in them and his direction of their athletic events. His poetic style made a lasting impression upon me and, I am sure, upon all who heard him through their loudspeakers. His death here brought to an abrupt end a very promising life of work for the Church. I cannot mention every one, but allow me to recall my former partner, Father John Culbert; Father Gulnerich, whom so many will remember as the chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital; Father Kasprzyk, of Holy Trinity; Father Wysochinski of St. Stanislaus; also my present neighbor along Lake Ontario, Father Di Giovanni; and the native son of the Falls, Father Louis Langley, who is also overseas as Chaplain. My deepest gratitude to them all for their valuable assistance in the pioneer days.

Music on our programs had not, at least primarily, the purpose of entertainment. Just as the talks brought out information concerning the teachings of the Church, the choral numbers were intended to make our audience familiar with some of the vast and devotional store of ecclesiastical, liturgical, compositions, many of which we do not always have an opportunity of hearing. Groups of singers from the local churches and organizations to supply the music were preferred to transcribed pieces, and in spite of many difficulties, we were able to furnish live shows a good deal of the time. Considering the morning period of the broadcast, it can be readily seen that it was well nigh impossible to entertain with adult choirs. Production for the war made it imperative that people work steadily, and excluded a Sabbath morning off to make a radio appearance. Selective service kept picking up good male voices being developed by the organists around the city. However, the music directors courageously met the obstacles and performed some miracles in order to add an artistic touch to our performances. We had to rely almost entirely upon the school children, and the zeal of the Sisters to get them ready. We owe a debt of thanks to them and the organists for having representatives from just about all the parochial schools of the city. The children from St. Joseph's, as well as the choir there, stepped forward often during the last year and a half, when the going became extra tough. Perhaps the renditions offered were not always everything to be desired, but those who know how much tedious training and practice are needed to reach perfection in vocal work, and who realize how sensitive the microphone is to flaws, will be considerate and appreciative of the effort. I, for one, am fully conscious of the energy and nervous struggle that went into the few minutes of singing presented on our programs, and am heartily grateful for every bit of it.

A little over a year before October of 1940, the war began; in a like period afterward we were in the fight. In the meantime we experienced some sad and fearful days; acts of tremendous destruction and cruelty were perpetrated. Machines of death were invented and put into motion, which staggered the imagination, all the way from steel dragons breathing dust and spitting fire in the deserts of Africa, to the ultimate atomic bomb sent to split war into peace in Japan. When children were being evacuated from the cities of England because of the fear of air-bombing, the action seemed to be the decision of alarmists, but sub-

sequent events proved that anything could happen. In a world full of startling surprises, one could easily come to the conclusion that he was not sure of anything—that is, with one reassuring exception, namely the teachings of Christ, and those according to the interpretation of the organization to which He gave them, to preserve in their pristine purity and to pass on to men of all generations. History does not deny or challenge the fact that the Catholic Church was the one who received those divine truths from His mouth. She was there and was charged with the duty to teach and preach. She is as old as the rock of Peter, and as young as the successor of the atomic bomb. Essentially she is performing her task as Christ imposed it; progressively she has used all the inventions of the centuries to impart knowledge scientifically; as Christ taught in the synagogue, in homes, seated on a mountainside, along the seashore, in a boat cradled in the Lake of Genesareth and, finally, from the pulpit of Calvary, so the church preaches the same lesson in school and church, from the open-air soapbox and, finally, through the modern mike. That is why this program was inaugurated five years ago; it's another means of bringing a knowledge of Christ and His Church to the world. That we need it, you may learn from the statistics which tell of the percentage of our population professing any faith, or attending church. That the Church is anxious to bear her God-given burden can be amply seen from the schools, colleges and universities, under her auspices, which plentifully dot the land. No other organization can equal her extensive educational system. The self-styled intelligentsia seems to close their eyes to this when, with brows high, they insinuate that Catholicism is all right for the ignorant and superstitious masses. The Church has in her deposit of faith an infinite field for high and intensive study, and in her moral code the stairway to sanctity. But she is not fully known in her true light, even by the intellectuals. One cannot be really educated unless she is a part of his accumulated knowledge. She cannot be separated from Western civilization; nor can her historical position be ignored. That is why we shall continue, in a small way, to make her known. Radio is a method of bringing her to those who because of embarrassment or prejudices hesitate to come to her.

Folks, I have not forgotten a young lady who was brave enough to face an unseen audience because we asked her to sing on our first program, and I thought that it was just the nice thing to invite her to be with us today. In the

meantime she has continued her music and voice culture. She said yes again this 5-years-later, and is here to sing the hymn, "To Jesus Heart all Burning," by Rev. A. J. Christie, S.J., in the traditional air. Better tell you her name; it's Miss Margaret Boland, and she will be accompanied by Nancy Goodliff.

That calls for another, and we have one ready, too. Sybil F. Partridge's prayer, "Just for Today." The musical score was written by Blanche Ebert Seaver.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Father Crowley. By way of a finale, the students of Loretto Academy sing the "Ave Maria Loretto," a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, but written especially for Loretto-Niagara by Thomas Vincent Welch. Together with its music, composed by J. Ernest Rieger, it has been adopted as the school song. Miss Marjorie White directs the singing, and Miss Mary Lunan accompanies at the piano.

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER:—Ladies and Gentlemen. We bring this 5th anniversary Catholic Program to a close, respectfully reminding you that we shall return next Saturday at the usual time, 11:45, starting the 6th year with an address in the series on the Life of Christ and church music. This has been a public service presentation of Station WHLD, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

TE DEUM FORUM

From one of our Loretto-Woodlawn Alumnae at present teaching in Joliet, comes this interesting word concerning a club whose members believe in working steadily for "Higher Things." She writes:

"We have the newly organized Te Deum Forum in Joliet this year. The membership is made up of Catholic laymen and clergy whose purpose is to bring outstanding Catholic speakers before an audience of both Catholics and Protestants to discuss pertinent problems of the day. The tickets, which are \$3.00 each for a series of 10 lectures, admit two—only one of the two a Catholic. The idea has been very successful. The high school auditorium has proved not at all too large for the crowds. My brother B—— is one of the organizers for Joliet.

So far we have heard Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., on Communism; Rev. Edward Conway, S.J., on 'Your Role in the United Nations Organization'; Father Hubbard on his mission to Europe—with colored slides to show the devastation in the various places he had seen. He visited practically all the Jesuit institutions

in Europe and, as a result of his investigation, was able to tell us of the terrific hardships and sufferings—even of the Martyrdom, of his fellow missionaries. Last Sunday (December 9) Rev. Benjamin Masse, S.J., spoke eloquently on 'Organization in the Post-War World.' There is usually a question period at the end of the lecture. On January 6th we are to hear George E. Sokolsky on 'These Days: The Current American Scene;' on February 17th, Frank Sheed, with whose wife, Maisie Ward Sheed, you are, I believe, acquainted, will speak on 'The Church in Present Day Europe.' Later, we shall hear Oscar Halecki speak on Poland; Carlton Hayes, on Spanish-American Relations, and Father Gillis, on Russia.

I intend to write and tell you something about these lectures, as we hear them. Are we not fortunate to be able to hear such outstanding orators? These 'Forums' are also doing good work elsewhere in Illinois, namely, in Springfield, Decatur and Peoria."

DIOCESAN SODALITY CONVENTION

Loretto—Sault Students Participate

St. Mary's Church, Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, was the setting of the Solemn High Mass, opening a day of activity, October 24, which comprised the Marquette Diocesan Sodality Convention of 1945.

After the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by the Reverend David Spelgatti, the Right Reverend Monsignor Zryd, in the name of his Excellency, Bishop Wagner, gave the Orientation Address, welcoming the delegates to the historic city of Sault Sainte Marie. Here, he reminded us, Bishop Baraga walked, and Père Marquette and his missionaries taught the Indians. Monsignor extended the best wishes of the Bishop, and his regrets for not being able to attend.

Reverend Father Nolan McKevitt, of St. Ignace, gave the sermon, centering upon the future lives of the Sodalists, and particularly stressed vocations. He also stated that the world, progressing generation by generation, resembles a building which, tier by tier, each one better than the foregoing, evolves into a splendid structure better as the decades go by.

At 1:30 p.m. the delegates assembled in the Temple Theatre for an afternoon of work and entertainment. Reverend David Spelgatti was master of ceremonies and conducted the discussions nobly. First, a game was played called "The Mixer." Then, to get down to business, a discussion was held on the purpose of the

Sodality, which is to sanctify ourselves personally, to help sanctify our neighbor, and to help to spread and defend our Catholic Church. This thought was then discussed by the various delegations from 14 cities and 22 parishes. A poll was taken of prayers by the Sodalists and, also, one on the type of club each one represented.

After this the Organization of a Club was discussed. In order that any club be successful it must have an aim and purpose, members, officers, rules and a program.

Reverend Norbert Freiburger, St. Patrick's Parish, Escanaba, gave a very clear exposition on Catholic Youth Organizations, their purpose and aim and some of their activities. A Community Sing program was then held and was well received by all. The M.D.S.U.'s aims and purposes for the future were explained, and the editors for the November and December Bulletins were announced.

This concluded the Business Session of the Convention. Solemn Benediction was held at 4:30 with the Very Reverend Joseph Guertin officiating.

ST. MICHAEL'S CONVENT

Fort Erie, North, Ontario

The regular meetings of Our Lady's Sodality, held on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month have for final feature the "Little Office," and hymn, "On this day, O Beautiful Mother."

★ ★

At an open meeting on November 11th, a Silver tea, and entertainment met with good success. A drive for new sodalists was begun.

★ ★

The last pre-Christmas Sodality meeting, December 23rd, saw plans completed for assisting Santa Claus. The enthusiastic singing of Christmas hymns and carols, and an exchange of gifts left many pleasant memories.

★ ★

The Catholic 7th and 8th grade pupils of Fort Erie public schools have organized Our Lady of Loretto Club—the meetings taking place at the Convent every Wednesday and Friday, after school hours. A brief religious instruction is followed by a business meeting. The officers are: President, Fred George; Vice-President, Margaret Hickey; Treasurer, Enzo Sivilotti; Secretary, John Howard. A party on the club's official feast day—December 10—feast of Our Lady of Loretto.

WINNER IN GUELPH PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Eleanor Valeriotte of Sacred Heart School (Loretto)

Awarded 268 out of a possible 300 points and unanimously placed first by the judges, Eleanor Valeriotte, 11, of Sacred Heart School, was winner of the city inter-public and separate school public speaking contest recently.

Announcing the award, W. R. McVittie, public school inspector, told the audience of children and parents that, as city champion, Eleanor was now privileged to represent Guelph in the county contests at Fergus.

There are at least eight or 10 children from municipalities in Wellington County already registered as contestants for tomorrow night, according to Mr. McVittie. Winner of the county contest will represent Wellington in the larger district contest to be held in Memorial Hall at the O.A.C., December 1.

Top winner of the district contest will take part in the provincial finals at Toronto next Easter, from which a provincial champion will emerge.

Six Compete

The preliminaries in the city last night were held in the auditorium at Central Public School. Five children, in addition to Eleanor, competed: Marilyn Collins, of St. Stanislaus (Loretto); Donald Deans, Victory; Joan Hallowell, Central; Carol Husson, King Edward, and Douglas Simpson, Tytler.

Speeches of the children were of a high standard and all came close to the winner, Mr. McVittie said.

Judges of the contest were Miss Margaret Pigott, of the G.C.V.I.; J. E. Young, of MacDonald Consolidated School, and H. S. Nicklin, city engineer.

Winner's Speech

Prize-winning speech in the city inter-public and separate school contests last night was "In Praise of Father" delivered by 11-year-old Eleanor Valeriotte of Sacred Heart School.

"There are a thousand songs about mother but who ever tries to write or sing a song about dad?" young Miss Valeriotte asked her audience.

"When the commercial world hit the jackpot with its invention of Mother's Day, it tried to repeat it's success with the holding of a Father's Day. But it didn't work."

Insisting that Father was the forgotten man, the prize-winner described him as being in demand only "as signer of cheques and custodian of car keys."

"To Dad fall all the unpleasant tasks. He has to say 'no'—so that he becomes a sort of party of the opposition," she said.

In praise of fathers, she described them as the child's often unappreciated friend and protector.

Famous Men

Marilyn Collins, of St. Stanislaus School, (Loretto), speaker on the program, discussed "Guelph's Famous Men." She mentioned such prominent native sons as the late Col. John McCrae, Dr. Edward Johnson and Premier George A. Drew among others.

Guelph men have risen to eminence in the legal profession, said Marilyn, listing four who attained supreme court posts. And the city has been a military centre since its early days, she said, with a number of its officers and men distinguishing themselves in the services. Outstanding example of the latter she gave as Brigadier Kenneth Torrance, who was assistant chief of staff at the fall of Singapore.—The Guelph Mercury.

JOE KLEIN IS GRAND PRIZE WINNER IN GUELPH ESSAY CONTEST

Grand prize winner of the Victory Loan essay contest open to seventh and eighth grade pupils of all Public and Separate Schools of Guelph was Joe Klein, 21 Brockville Avenue, of Sacred Heart School, it has been announced. Joe's prize is a \$10 war savings certificate.

Prizes of \$5.00 war savings certificates will be awarded to the top winner in each school: Central, Donald Love, 38 Breen Street; Sacred Heart, Joe Klein; St. Stanislaus, Elaine Steffler, 98 Nottingham St.; Torrance, Roberta Young, 43 Waterloo Ave.; Tytler, Douglas Simpson, 102 Harris St.; and Victory, P. Scott, 20 Derr St.

In selecting the prize-winning essays, the teachers forwarded the three best essays from each school to the judges. The judges—J. R. Hanlon, collector of national revenue in Guelph; J. F. Ross, former principal of the G.C.V.I., and John Goad, chairman of general sales in the Ninth Victory Loan—chose the best essay from each school. Finally from the six prize-winners, the judges selected the grand winner.

Prizes in the contest were donated by citizens of Guelph.

Title of the essay was "Why I must buy more

Victory Bonds now," and the length of it was to be between one and one and a half pages of foolscap.

Why I Must Buy More War Bonds Now

The war is over, and Miss Canada sits at home in front of the fireplace enjoying life's freedom. She cannot decide what to do with all that money she made during the war years, whether to buy a new car, or fur coat and such other luxuries. Let me give you an idea, Miss Canada; why not invest it in Victory Bonds?

The government needs our money and without it our leaders cannot undertake the tasks they have planned. We should give them every support we have. Why? Because they are looking after the boys over there that need our help so badly. No doubt you have seen pictures of how horrifying the men look when they are let out of concentration camps in Japan. They need every vitamin there is to build up their bodies again. There are soldiers who sacrificed part of their body for us and will never be able to enjoy life fully again. These will have to receive pensions monthly from the government. Widows and their children whose husbands and fathers were killed in the war will have to receive pensions. It also goes for bringing boys back home. Then there is the army of occupation, and gratuities for soldiers. We must not forget the starving people in Europe. Many will also freeze to death if we do not send them food and clothing for this coming winter. These are a few of the vital things the government is doing and there are many more. We should do all we possibly can to help them.

We should remember the thousands of boys who gave up their lives for us, and how easily they volunteered when help was so badly needed. They now have thrown the torch to us. Be it ours to hold it high. We shall not fail them because they have done such a brave job. So Miss Canada do your best in making this a happier, peaceful, loving world to live in, by forgetting about that new fur coat or car, and invest your money in Victory Bonds today.—The Guelph Mercury.

"UNTO THE LEAST OF MINE"

Amid the strains of age-old carols, the A Capela Choir, composed of Loretto-Englewood Seniors, glided through hospital corridors, bringing to some lonely souls, His Christmas Peace.

Flickering candle light played upon the tired faces, as the choir proceeded on its way through

the halls of The Little Sisters of the Poor.—Yet a note of joy penetrated the atmosphere: It was the spirit of hope—hope symbolized in a Babe's heart afire with love for humanity.

To God's "heavily burdened," this Yuletide season releases a flood of pent-up memories of by-gone days, when all was warmth, and laughter, and love.

Oh, they who by a brief song, or kind word, rekindle some semblance of remembered joy—these are the messengers of the Era of Peace. For is peace not built on simple, all-embracing love?

Rose Marie Manix, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

THE RADIO AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR

The radio has a greater influence on our lives than almost any other single factor. There is hardly a home on the continent which the radio does not reach.

The programmes presented are many and varied to please the taste of every listener. From the blood-curdling mystery thriller to serious drama and from popular music to symphony and opera.

For the housewife it is an entertaining companion while she is doing her daily chores. Many eagerly await the latest happenings in their favourite serial or "soap opera" as they are popularly called.

For invalids and convalescents it makes life more bearable and pleasant and helps them temporarily to forget their pain and troubles. This is probably why so many hospitals supply ear-phones attached to radios to their patients. They are also able to listen to church broadcasts on Sunday, even though they are unable to attend services themselves; and so thereby they receive great comfort.

In schools, educational radio broadcasts are becoming more and more popular. They are presented by well-known educators and are of interest to several grades in common. In this way the students learn their lessons in a pleasant and most interesting manner, and the programmes break the monotony of the regular school routine.

Some programmes, however, are rather harmful, especially to children. Being too distorted, they have an unpleasant effect on some overly-imaginative young minds.

On the whole the radio has enriched life and has been a decided influence for good.

Mary Greenwood, XI,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Felicitations

To His Excellency the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, we humbly offer our sincere congratulations on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, December fifth, and we pray for abundant blessings on His Excellency's well-filled days and years, as they glide on towards his Golden Jubilee celebration.

HIS EMINENCE JAMES CHARLES CARDINAL McGUIGAN, D.D.

With unfeigned joy the English-speaking Catholics of Canada, and especially those of the Archdiocese of Toronto, received the glorious news that His Holiness Pope Pius XII had named Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, D.D., a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

Non-Catholics as well as Catholics were prompt in recognizing the honour bestowed not only on an esteemed and most capable churchman, but also on Toronto, and on Canada—particularly English-speaking Canada. The press, both secular and religious, has devoted columns to this engrossing topic of the beautiful Christmas gift of the Holy Father to His Eminence—and, through him, to Canada—news of which was announced in the Catholic Churches of the Archdiocese on Christmas Day.

For the past decade of years, plus one, the beloved Archbishop has devoted himself happily and whole-heartedly in the Archdiocese of Toronto to the glory of God and the good of his people, as he had previously done in his Archiepiscopal see of Regina, Saskatchewan. And now we have his own statement as to the future:

"The elevation to the Sacred College will in no way change my responsibilities and position as Archbishop of Toronto and member of the Hierarchy of Canada. I shall continue in my episcopal charge as before. All that I can say now is that I commend myself to the prayers of my beloved flock, priests and people, and to the good will of all my fellow-citizens in our dear country of Canada."

His grateful people are praying earnestly that the enforced brief respite from Archdiocesan cares; the ocean trip; and his sojourn

in Rome and other trans-Atlantic cities, may prove of utmost benefit to His Eminence. In Loretto, since January 8th, the day of his departure from Toronto, the beautiful "Ave Maris Stella," in addition to the customary prayers for his special intentions, has been said daily by the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin for his welfare.

Through the pages of Loretto Rainbow heartfelt felicitations from the Loretto Communities of the Archdiocese are respectfully offered to their beloved Cardinal Archbishop.

Congratulations are extended to two of our esteemed Archdiocesan Chancellors, Rt. Rev. John V. Harris, D.P. and Very Rev. Francis V. Allen; and to Mr. Henry Somerville, M.A., gifted Toronto Editor of The Canadian Register, on having been chosen by His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan, D.D., to accompany him to Vatican City for the Sacred Consistory beginning February 18th.

To Reverend T. J. Manley, Pastor of St. Brigid's, Toronto, and to the parishioners, on the Silver Jubilee celebration of St. Brigid's Parish.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER M. GERARD, I.B.V.M.

On Canadian Thanksgiving Day the Community of St. Teresa's Convent, Port Colborne, celebrated the 50th anniversary of Mother M. Gerard's entrance into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

High Mass was celebrated in the convent

chapel, the inspiring Jubilee hymn having been heard in advance. Because of the public holiday, all in this busy little social centre had time to join in the pleasant programme planned for the hours. Many remembrances from old friends and new added to the joy of the Golden Jubilarian on this memorable day, in her new field of labour at Port Colborne.

* * *

A special invitation to Mother M. Pauline, Superior of St. Teresa's Convent, and to Mother M. Gerard, to spend the week-end at Loretto Abbey afforded an opportunity for a more extensive Jubilee celebration on Sunday at the Motherhouse, Armour Heights, Toronto. At the early Community Mass the first greeting was heard in the "Jubilare Deo." The altar and sanctuary were beautifully adorned with a profusion of sunset roses and chrysanthemums, white, and of varying golden tints—for the most part the gift of relatives and friends.

At 11.30, High Mass was celebrated by the Chaplain, Rev. Father Fraser; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fraser being also in the sanctuary. In addition to the Community there were in attendance religious and secular guests, and the senior students in uniform and wearing white veils. The choir was at its best for the happy occasion.

Autumn's gorgeous colouring made a perfect setting for the Golden Jubilee, when in mid-afternoon members of the Community with the guests walked for a time about the quadrangle overlooking the ravine.

Amongst the visitors from a distance were Dr. and Mrs. Mahoney, and Miss Anne Mahoney, from Niagara Falls, cousins of the Jubilarian. Loretto College, Loretto College School, and St. Cecilia's Convent were all represented. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was at five, and the Jubilee supper, at five-thirty o'clock.

Our best wishes are extended to the dear Jubilarian, and especially that through many years to come she may still retain her admirable outlook on life and her firm belief that, "All will be well."

Congratulations are offered to Sister St. John Evangelist of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, West Lodge, Toronto, on the celebration of her Golden Jubilee, October 22, 1945.

The Jubilarian is a sister of the Rt. Rev. John M. Fraser of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society; and of Rev. William Fraser, Chaplain at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

She is an aunt of the Bishop of Calgary, The Most Rev. F. P. Carroll, who sang the Solemn High Mass at her jubilee celebration.

Best wishes are extended from Loretto.

To Mother Immaculate Heart of the Precious Blood Monastery, Toronto, on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee we offer congratulations and good wishes for many more years in the service of the Master.

Felicitations to the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary on the celebration of the centenary of their foundation, and prayerful good wishes for their continued success in the field of education.

To Reverend Brother Benjamin, of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Arthabaska, P.Q., we offer our congratulations on his having recently celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a religious; and also on his achievement in teaching Gregorian Congregational singing in so many churches in his own Province of Québec, and also in Ontario, especially in St. Catherine's Church, St. Catharines, on the occasion of its centenary celebration.

To Mr. J. Maurice King, B.A., well-known lawyer and prominent Knight of Columbus, on his election as Mayor of Stratford, we offer sincere congratulations and good wishes. Mr. King is a former pupil of St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Stratford, and as such will be specially remembered in prayer during his term of office.

We are happy in congratulating Miss Mary Frances Barry, Junior College, Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, on having been selected as a co-editor of *The Queen's Work*, by its esteemed Editor, Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Mary Frances is L.C.S. Secretary of Our Lady's Sodality, and also, School Chronicler for Loretto Rainbow.

Congratulations to Sacred Heart School (Loretto), Guelph, on its double prize-winning in city-wide contests in Essay writing, and Public speaking: also to the victors, Master Joe Klein, and Miss Eleanor Valeriote.

In Memoriam

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR COYLE, P.A., V.G.

The death of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. Coyle, P.A., V.G., in mid-December caused grief to hundreds who knew and revered him, and who,



Rt. Rev. Monsignor Coyle,
at his Golden Jubilee Mass

and, in addition, the elevation of the saintly Jubilarian to the rank of Protonotary Apostolic. Appreciative of the honours and affection shown to him, he was, nevertheless, unaffected by them, and quietly maintained his humble way of life before his Maker and his people. One of his confrères said of him that his was "the mind of a man who although living on earth had his intimate thoughts fixed in contemplation on the things above."

Those who came to do honour to Monsignor at his Solemn High Mass of Requiem must have recalled his Golden Jubilee Mass in the same setting when, as on this occasion, throngs prayed for blessings on him, and words of sincere praise for a good, great man of God resounded from the pulpit.

The end had come! Monsignor had, we trust, found the Abiding City, and had been welcomed by Him Who said "I am thy Reward exceeding great," to the glorious Jubilee that will continue through eternity.

REV. GEORGE MYLETT, C.Ss.R.

On the feast of Our Lady of Loretto, December 10th, Reverend Father Mylett, C.Ss.R., was called away from his earthly labours after a comparatively brief illness. The news of his death in his native city of Quebec was received with deep regret by his many friends in Toronto, who realized that his great work as a Redemptorist had ceased, although his kindly counsels would long be remembered by those who had been privileged to receive them.

To the Redemptorist Fathers we extend our sympathy in the loss of this esteemed member of the Order.

REV. JOSEPH E. MCGAHEY, C.S.B.

The sudden death of Reverend Joseph E. McGahey, C.S.B., on December 2nd, occasioned widespread sorrow and came as a real shock although it had been known that he was suffering from a serious heart condition.

On all sides have been heard beautiful tributes to this admirable priest who laboured incessantly, and whole-heartedly for God and for his neighbour. Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior General of the Basilian Fath-

although aware of his serious illness, hoped that he might yet recover.

Monsignor Coyle's gentleness and Christlike charity, exercised through his long priestly life, won countless souls into the way that leads to heaven. He was a friend to young and old, and dearly loved by children. To him, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, in 1941, were given abundant proofs of the high esteem in which he was held by his fellowmen. From the Holy Father came the Apostolic Blessing

ers, in preaching at the Funeral Mass, said of him:

"In the academic and the sporting world, as a teacher and as a coach; in camp life as a chaplain among soldiers, he exerted enormous personal influence. In whatever group he might find himself at the moment he invariably took the lead in the conversation and turned it to questions of philosophy and religion. He did not always convince those who differed with him, but they learned to respect his opinions, and rarely, practically never, did he arouse antagonism. Wherever he brought his talents to bear, be it in a class of English Grammar, or over the radio to an unseen audience, he put his all into the work at hand, and stirred his listeners to the depths."

To his bereaved father, Dr. R. McGahey, and to his sisters we offer our heartfelt sympathy; also, to his aunts, especially M. M. Consilia and M. M. Norberta, I.B.V.M.; and to the Basilian Fathers in their great loss.

MRS. J. OSCAR HISCOTT, HAMILTON

In late autumn one of Loretto-Hamilton's devoted Alumnae, Mrs. J. Oscar Hiscott (Allie O'Brien) passed away, leaving many happy memories of her activities in promoting all commendable enterprises which claimed her support.

Gifted musically, she was for many years a member of St. Mary's Choir. Talented in a literary way, she was invited not infrequently to write verses for a joyous celebration, or as a memorial. Several of her poems have appeared in past issues of The Loretto Rainbow. One, "An Altar Boy's Toast," reprinted below, from The Rainbow, reveals her ability to comply with these requests.

To Mr. Hiscott and the bereaved family, especially Mrs. Cauley, (Marie) Loretto Alumna, we offer, with our sympathy, the assurance of continued prayers for our dear Loretto Alumna, their departed wife and mother, Mrs. Alice O'Brien Hiscott. May she rest in peace.

AN ALTAR BOY GIVES A TOAST

By MRS. J. O. HISCOTT

To be an Altar Boy is fine;
I'm glad the privilege is mine.
It's great to know how to do things right;
Up in the morning, dark or bright;
He has to be decent, good, and clean,
For in the Sanctuary there's nothing mean;
And when he's a man he recalls with pride
The time he spent at the good priest's side,
Learning of wonders that other boys miss—

What could be greater or finer than this?
The Latin, the rubrics, the beauty of Mass—
Will never die, though all things pass;
In peace or war, he will always enjoy
The thought that he once was an Altar Boy.
So here's to our Pastor! Let's give three
cheers—
Good health, good luck, for many more years!

MRS. HUGH SWEENEY

Prominent in the affairs of Catholic women's organizations and with a wide circle of friends won by her gracious personality, Jane Geraldine Maddigan, wife of Hugh C. Sweeney, 395



Mrs. Hugh C. Sweeney

Aberdeen Avenue, Hamilton, passed away Sunday, October 28, after a brief illness. She was the daughter of the late John W. and Ellen Maddigan and was a life-long resident of Hamilton.

Mrs. Sweeney was widely known as a concert singer and pianist in her younger days, having appeared before many audiences in Canada and the United States. She was educated at St. Mary's Model School and Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and studied music under the late Mrs. Martin-Murphy and Prof. D. J. O'Brien, of Hamilton, and Signor Ginetti, of Chicago, Ill. She sang for many years with St. Mary's Cathedral choir and latterly was a member of St. Joseph's Church choir.

It was through Mrs. Sweeney's efforts that the Loretto Academy Alumnae was organized, and she was its first president, serving in that

office for four years. She was a past vice-governor of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae; representative at several international conventions, and was elected organizer of the Federation when it convened in Hamilton.

She had been a member of St. Joseph's Church since it was opened and took an active part in all its charities. She was a member of St. Joseph's Altar Society and a charter member of the Catholic Women's League of Hamilton.

Left to mourn her loss are her husband and three daughters, Mrs. W. G. Pulkingham and Mrs. W. H. Bruce, Jr., both of Hamilton, and Mrs. Paul M. Howlett, of Buffalo, N.Y.; a sister, Mrs. Frank Deihl, and a brother, J. P. Maddigan, both of Buffalo, and 11 grandchildren.

There was a large attendance at the funeral services held Wednesday morning, Oct. 31, from her late residence, 395 Aberdeen Avenue, to St. Joseph's Church. Solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Norbert Dentinger, C.R., with Rev. H. S. Hinsperger, C.R., serving as deacon and Rev. Clarence Clark, C.R., as sub-deacon. Rt. Rev. J. F. Hinchey was present in the sanctuary.

Interment took place in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Rev. Fr. Clark, C.R., officiated at the graveside services, R.I.P.

To the bereaved daughters, Mrs. Pulkingham, Mrs. Bruce, and Mrs. Howlett, our deep sympathy is extended, and to Mrs. Sweeney's brother, Mr. Maddigan, her sister, Mrs. Deihl, and her cherished grandchildren.

MR. JOHN JOSEPH DALEY

Well known and highly esteemed throughout his long life, Mr. John Joseph Daley passed away on November 3rd, at the venerable age of eighty-three.

A native of Toronto, he received his education at St. Michael's College, and was for a time thereafter associated with the law firm of Blake, Kerr, Boyd and Cassels; then, for fifty-seven years he was connected with the Library of Osgode Hall, where, in the last ten years of his service, 1929-1939, he was Chief Librarian in the Great Library. On the illuminated address with which he was presented by the Law Society on his retirement six years ago this high tribute may be seen:

"Convocation desires to place on record its sincere and grateful appreciation of faithful and efficient services that have been rendered by Mr. Daley to Convocation and to the Bench

and Bar of this Province" Some idea of Mr. Daley's painstaking work in the Library is given by the fact that "in 1929 the first catalogue of books belonging to the Law Society was printed on two pages and listed 264 volumes; when the eighth edition of the catalogue was compiled by Mr. Daley, there were 59,000 bound volumes."

In 1940 Mr. and Mrs. Daley had the great joy of celebrating their Golden Wedding. Three years later, Mrs. Daley (Ellen Jane Rush Daley) was called to her eternal reward.

On November 6th, 1945, Mr. Daley's Requiem High Mass was sung in Holy Family Church, by Rev. Dr. E. Leonard Rush, C.S.B., a nephew, who also officiated at the interment in Mount Hope Cemetery.

To Mrs. John Harkins (Dr. Florence Daley); Mrs. Gerald Patterson (Madeleine); and Miss Mildred Daley, Loretto Alumnae, we offer sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

THE HON. JUSTICE KELLY, K.C.S.G.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, the final call came for The Hon. Justice Hugh Thomas Kelly, K.C.S.G., after a meritorious life which extended to four score years and seven.

Active until quite recently, Judge Kelly had the honour of being the oldest alumnus of St. Michael's College; the oldest member of the Toronto St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which he was president in 1910, becoming in 1915 president of the Central Council for Ontario, west of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, and the oldest member of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto, being a member of the Board from 1910. He was for half a century a member of the Toronto Library Board, and for almost forty years a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto—an honour to which his son, Arthur Kelly, K.C., has succeeded.

The late Justice Kelly was a distinguished and highly esteemed member of the Supreme Court of Ontario. In 1937 he was created Knight Commander of Saint Gregory by the Holy See in recognition of his integrity, his charity and untiring Catholic Action.

Honoured in life for his virtues by churchmen and seculars alike, he was shown the same high esteem at the close of his long earthly career, by the great number of Clergy, Religious, and laity attending his Requiem High Mass, at which three of his nephews officiated

—celebrant, Rev. Gregory Kelly, C.S.B.; Deacon, Very Rev. John Keogh, C.Ss.R.; and Sub-Deacon, Rev. Charles Kelly, C.S.B.

To the Hon. Arthur Kelly, K.C.; to Mrs. D. Rae McKenzie (Gertrude) and Miss Anne Kelly, Loretto Abbey Alumnae, we offer heartfelt sympathy in this latest sorrow; also to Judge Kelly's brother, Mr. John Kelly; his sister, Mrs. McGlone, and his devoted grandchildren.

His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan—at that time His Grace—having given the Last Absolution, spoke in admiring commendation of the late Hon. Justice Kelly.

As summarized, the beautiful tribute follows:

"We say farewell this morning to a great citizen of Toronto and to a great and loyal son of Holy Mother Church which he loved in old age with the ardent affection of youth. His fellows of this city, irrespective of creed or racial origin, acclaim him as one of her most useful and most noble sons. Conscious of his responsibility as a public servant in the many offices which he adorned, especially in the high judicial office which he so impartially and efficiently fulfilled during twenty-six years, he had ever in mind the social and community welfare of his fellow-citizens. His life rested on the stable tripod of justice, sincerity and charity. Those who served with him on the Library Board and on the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto which honored him with the distinctive degree of Doctor of Laws, bear testimony to his honesty of

purpose, his high character and the spirit of friendliness which ever characterized him.

"As a devoted and loyal son of the Church, he was ever faithful to exemplify in his own life the creed, the principles and charity inculcated into his soul in his native parish of Adjala by his parents and his spiritual guides. The high honors which he received did not move him in the slightest degree from his participation in the devotions and Catholic Fellowship of the rank and file of his co-religionists. His was not a blind faith, but one based on intellectual conviction, for he was ever ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He believed that the Catholic lawyer and the Catholic judge should know Christian law and practise it because he was a Catholic to whom the law of Christ is an inheritance.

"On the occasion of the First National Eucharistic Congress held in Quebec in 1928 he was chosen as the English-speaking spokesman of the whole of Canada—chosen because he was a typical and outstanding Catholic who exemplified both Catholic life and civic righteousness. He thought of the Papal Knighthood which he received from Pope Pius XI as the crowning tribute of his life. He was filled with the milk of human kindness towards the poor and the coming of Christmas meant for him the disbursement of funds, in a quiet and unheralded way, in favor of many works of mercy and charity for which many will remember him for the kindness of his heart and the striking beauty of his life. By his devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and to Our Lady on whose feast day he died, by his moral strength, his great goodness and noble simplicity he is a model who will dominate and guide his children and their children all their lives."

The Arch of Promise

The rainbow lifts its seven-hued arch athwart
a leaden sky,
And soon the darkness is dispelled; the smiling
sun rides high;
The drooping earth looks up to heav'n as if in
joy, and prayer
For all the blessings to it sent in love, and
bounteous care.

Ah, had the earth man's attribute—the sense
to understand
Why, after storms, the firmament is richly
hued, and spanned
By this high arch, of glorious triumphal
victory—
"Twould sing God's praise that such a wondrous
miracle should be;

But man, with soul "like unto Him" accepts
each mighty grace—
Each gift of love bestowed upon our thankless
human race—
As if his right! And so God's Promise swings
athwart the sky
For him—while not a prayer of grateful
thanks is sent on high.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan

MATER SUA

The curls have formed a halo
Around His little Head.
His mother kneels to worship
But kisses Him instead.

—M. Mary Clare, I.B.V.M.



Book Review

NO GREATER LOVE. By Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York. Published by Scribner's Sons '45, by Crowell Publishing Company '45.

The Book was tentatively dedicated by Archbishop Spellman to the American soldier martyred dead and the ideals for which they gave their lives; and later to them, and to their Commander-in-Chief Franklin Delano Roosevelt who died just as the book was being finished—and with them, had fought and died to bring a just and enduring peace to their beloved America.

Archbishop Spellman tells of his journey by air from New York City to Washington, where he visited with Mr. Roosevelt—out over Newfoundland to Casablanca, Algiers, Tunisia, Salerno, Capri, Naples—to Rome—on through southern France to Paris, Lisioux, Normandy and across to London. He visited American Generals and their troops throughout this vast expanse of the globe, talked personally with G. I. Joe, and offered Mass for the fighting men at every stop along the way—in the beautiful sanctuaries of great cathedrals—in the mud and driving rain at altars hastily erected on Army jeeps.

The Archbishop describes his visit with Pius XII — tells of our Holy Father's Study, so beautifully and simply appointed (one item of special interest to us—the typewriter on which the Holy Father composes his own letters and addresses to the outside world).

Audiences with the Holy Father were at one time arranged by rank—now the only passport required is the uniform of any nation—and the greatest Generals and G.I.'s stand shoulder to shoulder to visit with Pius XII. The boys like to bring the Pope presents—one soldier learning of the scarcity of chocolate in Italy presented our Holy Father with a dozen chocolate bars.

Archbishop Spellman's description of the woes of Italy is heart-breaking—particularly to him who studied in Italy and was consecrated bishop there twelve years ago when it was a beautiful sunny land, but now desecrated by destruction, want, and confusion.

In LISIEUX the Basilica and Convent where the Little Flower St. Theresa took her vows fifty-five years ago were the only buildings left standing—and the nuns, who are devoted to a life of silence and invisibility, were out of

their cloister for the first time, ministering to the helpless and homeless on the convent grounds—one, Mother Agnes, sister of the Little Flower, who has been in the cloister for sixty years.

In NORMANDY the people assured the Archbishop that our boys would not be left alone—that each French family was to adopt an American soldier son, who had laid his head to rest on the soil of France—and they would each week place fresh flowers and tend these graves with loving care in gratitude for what they did for France.

Throughout the book is displayed the great devotion of the Chaplains to their men—and, in turn, the love and respect of these boys for the priests who risked every danger to bring them comfort and peace in their hour of greatest need.

The Archbishop visited Military Hospitals and talked personally with each wounded boy. He found that their greatest concern was not for themselves—but that the news of their injuries should not cause suffering to parents and loved ones. One boy wrote home to his Mom and Dad "I lost my left leg and right foot, but they tell me when I get the artificial businesses, I'll walk without a limp. I'm in fine spirits—so please do not you be sad."

As you finish, you find yourself thinking that this is the very saddest book ever written about the war—and then, suddenly, you realize the underlying sweetness and joy throughout its pages—**THE STRONG ENDURING FAITH OF AMERICAN BOYS** who did not lose their limbs, their sight, their lives, but willingly **GAVE** these gifts of sacrifice as **THE MAN OF SORROWS** had done before them—that men might live in peace.

The book closes in beautiful verse, part of which we quote:

Some say our dead were born expendable;
In this sense only speak they true—
There is no wiser spending of this earthly span,
Than, like the Master, greater love to prove,
By dying for the cause one holds most dear.

The night breeze moves above our dead tonight;
To-morrow's light with warmth will touch their graves;

Yet none of them so silently shall sleep
But that the angels' lips shall o'er them breathe
The Master's benediction—"Greater love
Than this no man can have, that he lay down
His life that other men may live—in peace."

Teresa Houlihan,
Loretto Alumna.

Sketches

IRISH NAMES

By ELIZABETH MAGUIRE DOYLE

I'll sing of lilting Irish names,
Killalee and sweet Killarney,
Of Lissadell and Skibereen,
Dingle, Birr, Tralee and Blarney!

I'll sing of magic in such names
As Lis-na-Shee, the fairy fort,
Tir-nan-Ogue, the Land of Youth, and
Poolaphuca, where goblins sport.

And here are names to stir the blood,
Up Clontarf! Limerick! Faughart!
Long pikes aflash and swords aflash!
Up Wicklow! Clontibret! Oulart!

I'll sing of names like abbey chimes,
Of Clonmacnoise and old Clonfert,
Of Cong, Ardagh, and Glendalough,
Monasterboice and grey Dysert.

I'll chant a caoine that mourns in names
Like Drogheda, and Mullaghmast,
In Waterford, by Strongbow sacked,
And Tara, grieving for the past.

But leave the past! I'll sing in praise
Of splendid faith and peace serene,
Of Roseen Dhu,* abloom once more,
Of Kathleen,—walking like a queen!

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle.

* Roseen Dhu (Little Dark Rose) and Kathleen NI Houlihan are allegorical names for Ireland.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

"Hark, the Herald Angels sing"
To announce our Infant King;
For Christ was born on Christmas Day,
And in a lowly manger lay.

"Angels we have heard on high"
Sweet message coming from the sky!
"Silent Night" is carolled now;
Low before the Child we bow.

"On the birthday of the Lord,"
We all chant with glad accord.
To the Babe our gifts we've sent
With "Three Kings of Orient."

Mary Lou McGregor, Junior College,
Loretto, Brunswick Avenue

NESTING JOY

My life was like a little tree
In winter, stripped and bare,
No budding leaves of hope for me,
No blooms like proud trees wear.

My life was twisted all awry
By winds too fierce, too bleak;
No kindness of soil or sky
Or rain, that all trees seek.

And then came joy, a bird, to build
On leafless boughs, her nest;
Through all my days her gay songs trilled;
Green leaves life's branches dressed.

For as brave robin's carols wake
Reluctant, sleeping Spring,
So does one nesting gladness make
Life sweet with blossoming.

—Aline Michaelis.

A MORNING REVERIE

The delicate fern-like sketches of Jack Frost on the casement window did their best to prevent one from viewing the magnificence of winter outside, but I found a peep-hole, which I am sure the artist left on purpose. The snowflakes were dizzily cavorting hither and thither through the air, but they were careful to land on their tiptoes, so as not to disturb the early morning quiet. I knew it was cold, not just because my nose was numb where it had been pressing against the glass, but also because of the narrow bluish rim encircling the street lamp across the road. The eaves beneath my window were sporting their best array of long, shining icicles, and I knew, if I touched one of them, just how it would feel—smooth, and cold and hard as a diamond. As I caught sight of a tall fir-tree bending beneath its new white mantle, I bowed in grateful acknowledgement of the beauty created by the Supreme Artist.

Mary Lou McGregor,
Junior College,
L.C.S., Brunswick Avenue.



STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1944 - 1945

President of Sodality—Mary Farrell
 Head of S.A.C.—Eleanor Foster
 Head of House Committee—Mary Farrell
 Senior Representative—Eleanor Foster
 Junior Representative—Helen McLoughlin
 Sophomore Representative—Virginia Robertson
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy
 Debating Representative—Gyneth Stencil
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Samson
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
 Social Representative—Marcia Keating.

COLLEGE CAMERA

On September 20th, with the outstanding registration finally completed, it looked as if the Freshies were about to overrun the College.

Lectures began on Sept. 26th. To the Freshmen the half-blank time-tables looked odd — promised smooth sailing—somewhat less strenuous work than last year at High! The illusion did not last long; the newcomers were seen swarming into the library with long lists of compulsory reading—good occupation for possible "spares!"

First day rounded off happily with Newman's opening night. The fashion parade put on by some of the Newman boys was followed by a farcical debate which caused a climax of merriment.

St. Michael's College opening Mass—the dedicating of our year to the greater glory of God—had a splendid attendance, notwithstanding a heavy downpour. Very Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.B., delivered the address, welcoming all, but especially the returned service men and women, to the first peace-time campus in five years. He also pointed out that, during the trying years of war, St. Michael's had struggled successfully to keep up the importance and standard of higher education.

The week had a surprise party for Loretto Freshmen, given by the Sophomores. Each Freshie received her college colours, and an enjoyable entertainment followed.

Initiation—fun-provoking as ever—was taken excellently by the "victims;" another Newman dance was their immediate reward. An afternoon tea, jointly sponsored by the Loretto Dramatics and the Public Speaking Societies, aroused real enthusiasm, and resulted in an addition of members to both groups. A week later the Public Speaking Society held its first debate. The Minister of Observation, Miss Alison O'Reilly, spoke of strange things she had been noticing around the College. She had not gone far in her speech before the audience realized that this was to be no dull, intellectual evening; the Minister of man-power, Miss Bunny Joyce, reported the results of her recent survey of the campus man-power situation. The debate followed—with strict parliamentary procedure.

Resolved: That many extra-curricular activities interfered with the academic life of the student. The affirmative was upheld by the Seniors, Mary Farrell and Sally Chiovetti; the negative, by the Juniors, Ruth O'Shaughnessy and Frances MacDonald. There seemed to be some difference of opinion as to what comes into extra-curricular activities, but the honours went to the Seniors, who had certainly carried them.

Immediately preceding the Frosh Banquet, our newest College members were officially "invested" with cap and gown, and presented to the Faculty, and to the Seniors and Juniors. All then proceeded to the dining hall, to the strains of our college hymn, "Gaudeamus." After a delicious meal, came toasts and official welcomes to our new Dean, Mother Mary Aloysius, and to the Freshmen. The Dean spoke to us of the important role each Loretto College student in the University is called on to play, and of the responsibility incumbent on us all to exert an elevating influence.

The Freshies completed the evening programme with an impromptu entertainment, including their Freshman song.

Joan MacDonald

First Sodality Sunday for new term, October 21st. In Newman Chapel, Father Bondy, C.S.B., said the Mass and gave an inspiring sermon on College women as Children of Mary. He reminded us that we must face dangers at College. In view of our Catholic heritage; in the opportunity of attending a Catholic college; through the Holy Eucharist, prayer, and being Children of Mary, we have, if we will it, the privilege of coming out of college better than when we went in.

Nov. 7—Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrath gave a most enlightening talk on Our Lady of Fatima.

Dec. 9—Carrying on the celebration of Our Lady's feast day (Dec. 8) we, Loretto College Sodalists, had a day of recollection, with conferences by Rev. Dr. L. Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary. Day students stayed for lunch at the college. An open forum in the afternoon brought satisfying answers to many questions proposed by the sodalists. Benediction at 5 o'clock crowned a day of special blessings.

Particularly enjoyed amongst our literary activities was a lecture by Rev. L. Shook, C.S.B., on Gerard Manly Hopkins. It was, indeed, a privilege to have this quite unusual poet discussed by a fellow-priest who can appreciate the literary achievements of Hopkins, because he shares the poet's priestly vocation. We are looking forward to Father Shook's half promise to give us an extended study on Hopkins—soon.

Our debating society has given a good account of itself in L.C. debates; and also in one with St. Michael's men, in which Loretto debaters were victorious.

The St. Michael's Music and Drama Club which meets every second Sunday evening gives outstanding performances. The guest artists are often of the student body, or graduates of St. Michael's. The members of the club regret most deeply the loss of its able director, Rev. Father J. McGahey, C.S.B., who had become so loved among the students.

At the last meeting, Dec. 9, Rev. Father McLaughlin, addressing the students, spoke of their great loss, and introduced their new director, Rev. Vincent Thomson, C.S.B., who is already deeply interested in the work. At this meeting, also, Rev. Fr. Rush, C.S.B., who had accompanied at the piano for the Christmas carols, complied with a request, made by Father McGahey shortly before his death, namely that he (Father Rush) would, on this occasion, give a solo performance. His singing of "Holy Night" won prolonged applause.

The Thomistic Society, the Philosophy Club of St. Michael's, is also flourishing. At the first meeting ('45-'46) Rev. Dr. Phelan spoke on "Christian Life and Civilization;" at the next, Father Bondy spoke on "Maritain, the Great Catholic Thinker;" and at the last before mid-year, Dr. Pegis spoke on "Philosophy—A Mystery."

And our social life? The Dean, at least, seems to think it is sometimes too active—with Newman Club Sunday nights; a Senior—Sophomore—Freshmen party; the all-Varsity dance in the fall, and a few other items.

Our Christmas activities centred around a drive for the war victims of Amsterdam, and a project for underprivileged children of St. Paul's parish. Each L.C. student was given the name and age of a child on whom she could bestow a Christmas gift. The Freshmen who were graduates of Loretto Abbey contributed to a similar project for the little people at the Carmelite Orphanage.

On the recent appointment of Most Reverend Archbishop McGuigan to the Sacred College of Cardinals, we sent a telegram of congratulations.

Sally Chiovetti.

AT CHRISTMAS

I like our house at Christmas
When the fireside's all aglow,
The rooms are decked with holly wreaths
And sprigs of mistletoe.

I like to have a Christmas tree,
Be it either large or small,
To sniff its fragrant odour
When I come into the hall.

I like red candles burning
In their holders, silver bright,
To welcome you at our house
When you come on Christmas Night.

Anne McNevin, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

While walking home from midnight Mass
Through deepening drifts of snow,
I thought of that first Christmas morn
So many years ago.

I saw the angels hovering 'round
His cradle made of straw,
A maid in blue smiled sweetly
On shepherds filled with awe.

I thought of many other things,
Of presents and a tree,
But once again I saw that Child
Who came for you and me.

Joan Dougherty, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

THE BIRTH OF THE KING

Out on the hills where snow was so deep,
The shepherds were nodding while watching their sheep;
Amid a bright light the angels did bring
The wonderful news of the birth of the King.

They followed the star, their King to adore,
And they knelt and paid homage upon the cold floor,
For Jesus, the Saviour of men, was born
In a poor cattle stable that first Christmas morn.

Justine O'Brien, Gr. VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Secretarial Department

387 Brunswick Avenue

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Toronto 4, Canada



LORETTO SECRETARIAL SODALITY DANCE

HELD AT NEWMAN HALL, TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1945

A CHRISTMAS VISION

Come walk with me through Bethlehem,
Through winding paths of snow,
And see the cosy houses there,
With windows all aglow.

I wonder why the people seem
So bright and gay within,
While all the time, deep in their hearts,
Lie selfishness and sin.

For not so very long ago,
On a bleak and wintry night,
They turned away the King of Kings,
From their homes so warm and bright.

Come walk with me beyond the town
To the blessed manger bed
That sheltered Mary from the cold—
Where the Christ-Child laid his head.

In awe we kneel before the crib—
A golden light appears;
A Baby's smile brings joy to us
And banishes our fears.

The Crib appears again on Earth
Each Christmastide, awhile,
To bring us happiness supreme
In a little Infant's smile.

Isobel O'Gorman,
Loretto-Secretarial.



Miss Aracely Castaneda Castro, daughter of the President of El Salvador, locates her country on the globe.



Miss Myriam Ospina of Cali, South America, enjoys "The Basic Way to English."



Miss Ninfa Flora Argueta, daughter of the Mayor of San Salvador, is completing her second year at Loretto.



Misses Myriam Ospina, Rosita Prieto, Ninfa Flora Argueta, Aracely Castaneda Castro, and Yolanda Castillo discuss places visited while resident students in the Secretarial Department of LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.



Loretto College School Students in Final Tableau of Christmas Programme

LORETTO COLLEGE STUDENTS PRESENT THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The annual candle-light, carol-singing procession on the last day before Christmas vacation was the prelude to a series of effective tableaux presented on the stage in the school auditorium.

Before the curtains part a group of three white-robed angels, one above and behind the narrator (who is also in long white gown), and one on each side of her, appear at left of stage. The narrator recites the first verses of the beautiful Christmas Story as told by St.

Luke. After the Bethlehem scene has been recounted, the first tableau is shown revealing the Holy Family and the Angels. In the second, after the story has continued the shepherds have entered the cave; in the third, the Wise Men, who have come down the centre aisle in single file to the stage, are in place as the curtains open after the recited verses. In the final tableau, as shown here, all the characters, including the narrator and attending angels are seen.

CHRISTMAS

The world was waiting, still and white,
For the coming of the Lord.
To Bethlehem, in cold, at night,
Came He, the most adored.

The shepherds heard, and came, and prayed,
And the Wise Men from the East
They saw the King of Kings low laid
In the manger of a beast.

Joanne McWilliam, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

DECEMBER

December seems to be the shortest month of the year. Perhaps it is because everyone is rushing about trying to accomplish a thousand tasks, such as Christmas shopping, Christmas cake-making, and the buying and addressing of cards. The Christmas tree, too, must be decorated and, of course the hardest of all tasks the choosing of gifts! In between we somehow snatch moments for skating. Christmas concerts are advertised, and we manage to attend at least one, at which Christmas carols are sung joyfully, and give us a lovely Christmas spirit.

The stores at this time are beautifully decorated and the window panes glitter with the various colours of the lighting. Everyone is running to and fro, out of one store, and into another, carrying a bundle of parcels. Little children have begun to be excited about Santa and are busily writing letters and begging that their stockings be washed and mended, in readiness for Christmas Eve.

We Catholics all look forward to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. The Church is beautifully decorated and carols are sung to praise God and rejoice the hearts of all.

Once Christmas is over, December is over—and we stop, and wonder where the month has gone.

Rita Kelly,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

MAKING THE CRIB

A softly spoken word,
And someone moves his hands,
Then, high atop the cardboard hill
A lonely shepherd stands.

At the bottom of the hill
Is set a wooden stall;
A donkey, cow, and sheep, peep out
From behind its slanting wall.

Mary and Joseph kneel,
And watch the Infant sweet,
Who is laid in the little manger,
With straw about His feet.

Shepherds adore the Child,
And kneel all still in prayer;
A star is hung o'er the Christmas crib
To show us the way to fare.

Pamela Devaux, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Mary held Jesus very tight,
For it was cold that Christmas night:
The wintry wind blew through the trees,
Singing to Him soft melodies.

Virginia Anne Travers,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

COMPOSITE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN
IDEAL JUNIOR

Loretto-Englewood—1945-1946

The crowd is cheering wildly, a young athlete, ball in hand, races down the field. An excited cry shakes the stadium. "A touchdown, Jimmy McGuire, Jr., All-star, scores again, winning the game for old Notre Dame!"

Suddenly a white-clad figure tapped a young gentleman on the shoulder. Startled, he rose from his chair to be greeted by a noisy, squirming bundle in a nurse's arms and exclaimed, "To think the handsomest baby boy in the world is my son!"

An understanding nurse smiled in an experienced manner and informed him that this was a daughter, and his wife would be delighted with this lovely baby girl. At her words those castles of dreams tumbled, and with them, Notre Dame.

The pitiful cries emerging from the infant tugged at the father's heart-strings. "Oh, well," he beamed reassuringly, "maybe she'll discover a new continent, or something."

This was my debut into the world.

Margaret McGuire.

At the age of one year I could walk and talk with little difficulty. "When two, you were smarter than you are now!" says Mother, but I do not think she is being fair about that.

Bette Perron.

Although I had already travelled quite a bit, the first place that I realized was different from Chicago, was Texas. At four I was wholly unaware of being on the Atlantic Coast one month, and on the Pacific the next.

While in Texas, I learned to ride at five—since we were at the ranch most of the time. Ever since then, riding and horses have filled a great deal of my time.

Mary Jean Goss.

At the age of five and a half I was hit by a car. God must have been by my side, because I was thrown on the front bumper and carried there for about a block. A railway express truck came along and told the car driver that I was on his bumper. They rushed me to a doctor's office, and found that I was not injured in the slightest. Indeed, God was riding on the bumper with me!

Patricia Zogg.

When I was six I owned a beautiful chow dog and one summer day, thinking it must be warm, I took a firm grasp on the scissors. Less than two minutes later, Brownie looked more like a skinned cat than a chow dog. And, of course, when I saw how cool he looked, I decided to do something about my long curls, too. I was really a very pitiable sight when my work with the scissors was finished.

Eleanor Schuetter.

At the age of seven I was attending St. Patrick's Boarding School in the peaceful little town of Momence.

During the first year I attended school, the one big day I looked forward to was that of my First Holy Communion. I thought it would never come, but it did, and I was happy.

Years passed. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn whom Mark Twain has immortalized as the lovable bad boys of fiction, I'll admit were the heroes of my youth. I must confess I had a secret ambition to be as mischievous as they, and sought to imitate them in my pranks. I decided I was going to turn over a new leaf, and have fun—and I did.

Finally, one day I was causing such a disturbance among the girls that the Sisters could stand my foolish antics no longer. Then came the devastating verdict. It meant the loss of those cherished weekly shows. I knew what I would do: I would run away.

So the very next day, I arose bright and early, dressed myself, in the bitter cold of a November morning, and proceeded down the three flights of stairs very cautiously. Now who should be standing at the bottom but Sister St. Benedict like a statue, looking at me with those deep brown eyes of hers! Not a word was said, but I turned on my heels, proceeded up the three flights of stairs, returned to the dormitory, undressed and got into bed.

I am now in my Junior Year at Loretto High School. While I do really enjoy school here at Loretto, I would enjoy it even more if there were no homework!

Rita Cunningham.

As a Junior, I am enjoying "The Life of Reilly."

Rita Reilly.

To me, as I recall, high school was an anticipation of a series of dances and swing bands with a little touch of the three r's thrown in to make the Board of Education happy. But the second week in this new mode of living, the sun suddenly arose over the horizon and

the dawn broke. School, I discovered, was a series of the three r's with a touch of dances and swing bands thrown in for purposes of morale. And when it came to morale, I think the Ration Board worked overtime.

Lenore McGuire.

I remember Patt and I entered Loretto High together. We didn't know anyone, and we felt rather alone until the friendly spirit of Loretto grasped us, and we found ourselves in the midst of numerous new friends, who have now become old friends—our best of friends.

Kae Broderick.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE

There she sat in all her glory. An old woman, they called her, but she was "old" only as some beautiful painting is old. Her softly graying hair was a halo of neatness around her delicately wrinkled face. Calm, thoughtful eyes twinkled from a soft fringe of silvery eyelashes. Her laugh was a ripple of glorious music, and was the embodiment of a youthful spirit. She was alive with a pure joy of living. Age had not harmed, nor detracted from, her beauty; it had merely completed and enriched her youth. Perhaps she had aged, but this only made her more precious, like some antique that has become priceless in its mellowness.

Katherine Balling, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

WINTER SPORTS

"I think that I shall never see"
An object dangerous as a ski—
A turned up slat that scoots along,
And turns to wails the rider's song.

And ice skates too are tricky things,
They bring one sometimes sudden stings!
The shimmering blade that gleams so fair,
Has flipped me through the frigid air.

Eileen Wolf, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

LONGING

I'm longing for a little spot
By the side of a laughing lake;
Each night as I sleep, I dream of that place,
And all too soon have to wake
To the hustle and bustle of city life,
To the screech and the roar of the trains,
To the howl and the din of the factory's roar—
While I'm longing for peaceful plains.

Marie Gleason, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS

Would you like to meet the Sedlacks? They are really quite interesting

First, I shall introduce Mama Sedlack. She is tall, sturdy, and German, and looks about sixty. Like most mothers she believes that her children are by far the finest in the world. One of her favorite expressions is, "My Jimmy, Rita, George, Grace, and Charles."

Now comes Papa Sedlack, who is very amusing. Slight, much shorter than "Mama," he is the most excitable little man I have ever met. Although seventy years old, he is still busy with his life work, as decorator. And what a decorator! He once papered my room, and put the flower design upside down; his soothing excuse on seeing my disappointment, was, "Well, it's something different. No?" If mother and I are in the kitchen when he is getting home, we know whether he has worked overtime, or not. If he has, he toils noisily up three flights of stairs, exhausted, and why not, at seventy? His children have begged him to retire; this request irritates him, and his answer is, "no, I am still the best in the decorating business. What would happen if I quit?" We, at least, cannot agree with him in this opinion of his ability.

The third member to be presented is Rita, who is a high school teacher, and brilliant. She can read and speak French, German, Spanish, and of course, English, fluently. If I go upstairs any night, I find her working busily at her typewriter.

Next comes Grace, who is married and has three children, all mischievous young pets, who generally come over to spend Sunday afternoon with "grandma," and "grandpa."

George, too, is married and he and his little wife, and their children, who are just as fun-loving as Grace's, come in occasionally during the week.

Then, there is Jimmy, or James, as he prefers to be called. He is twenty-four, and was a gunner on a B-29. Taken prisoner in Germany last November, he was luckily released by the Roumanian government. He is a musician, or imagines he is. Before the war, an average week day for this young gentleman went somewhat like this: Sharp at 7 a.m. his rousing music on the trumpet reached us. By 8.30 a.m., he was at the piano pounding the scales, and keeping time with his foot till we thought that at any moment the ceiling would be down upon us all. About 3 o'clock, the thrilling notes of

the trombone sounded out. Yes, Jimmy can play that, too! And then came the climax, with the drums, played 'loud and long."

Well, now that the war is over and we heard that he was on his way home, I thought how fortunate we had been in not having to listen to his music for two whole years. I was sure that by this time he would have new interests and would not continue his musical career. I was wrong in this forecast. He is now at daily practice, louder and longer, to make up for lost time.

But, oh, who should mind how long or how loudly he practices? James Sedlack helped to make the world safe, that we might live.

In case you are not impressed by the Sedlack family, let me tell you how happy one and all of them are that God has blessed them in a special way; the eldest son, Charles, is a missionary in India. Yes, they are a good, practical Catholic family—and, even with Jimmy's rather disturbing notes, I am glad they are our neighbors.

Ave Maria Hayes,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

A PORTRAIT OF AUTUMN

Going back to school The voices of nature calling through the open window Children stumbling along on their first pair of roller skates Boys giving their bikes a final workout Girls playing jump rope Spinning your top and having it last the longest Showing the gang your new scooter Winning in that marble championship between your block and the next Growing up and slowly leaving the little trucks and blocks behind Raking the leaves and dad letting you stand by while he burns them The wonderful aroma they send up A potato roast out in the prairie Mom in the kitchen putting up tomatoes and chili sauce Big Sister looking for bugs for biology Leaves all dressed up in their gayest colors The redness of the sky at sunset Twilight coming earlier and earlier That longing to go out after supper like your big brother The first snow-fall, ending it all!

Mary J. Laughson, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

Tommy had one more parcel to deliver for the department store before he would have to go back to the lonely little room. This was the first Christmas Eve he had ever spent alone and, as he drove along in his delivery truck, he kept remembering all the fun he had had on other Christmas Eves. Life had been so worth while then, but now there was really nothing to live for.

He thought of the last Christmas Eve—of the tree that he had decorated and the happiness written on his mother's face when she had looked at it for the first time. He thought of his father trying to wrap his own Christmas presents, and finally asking Tommy to wrap them for him. Then he remembered walking to Midnight Mass through the deep snow, and calling out Christmas greetings to everyone they met. He had served Mass that night, and when he had changed after Mass he ran to catch up to his mother and father who had started to walk home. They had begun to cross the street when Tommy saw a car coming toward them at a reckless speed. He shouted to them—but it was too late.

A year had passed since then, and he had never gone to Mass, nor would he go tonight. Why should he praise and adore God, who had taken away everything he had? After he had delivered this parcel he would go back to his room.

He stopped the truck in front of a little house, and with the parcel under his arm he rang the doorbell. A voice told him to come in, and when he entered he saw a little old lady sitting in the rocking chair, crutches by her side, looking up from her prayer book. Tommy placed the parcel on the table and started for the door.

"Would you mind opening the parcel and arranging the statues in the Cave, beside the crib?" she asked.

This job was exceedingly distasteful to Tommy, but he turned around grudgingly and unwrapped the parcel. Gingerly he picked up the statue of Our Lady and placed it beside the crib. He wondered why this crippled woman could still praise and trust God when He had taken away the use of her limbs.

"How can you celebrate Christmas," he asked, "when God has been so cruel to you?"

"God hasn't been cruel to me," she replied, "He has only showed me that He loves me, by giving me this suffering.

"That's the queerest kind of love I've ever heard of," he laughed. The poor woman! It is

too bad that nobody ever told her the truth.

But yet she seemed so cheerful in spite of her disadvantages. Maybe religion did that to a person. He turned to look at her. She had laid the prayer book aside and was sitting with her chair drawn very close to the crib. Her lips were moving silently and she seemed to have forgotten that he was in the room. Tommy began to conjecture.

"How can she be so happy when she can't walk, when she has no one to care for her? Or has she? She believes that God loves her and cares for her. Could it be possible that she wasn't wrong after all? That God does love us, and that He gives us these sufferings because He loves us?"

When he looked at her again she was studying his face in a curious way. He reached for his cap and started for the door.

"Would you please drive me to Midnight Mass," she asked. "It is impossible for me to walk, but it would be the most wonderful Christmas present I could receive."

Tommy looked startled. He! Go to Mass! After what had happened last time he went!

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but I can't take you. I have important things to do."

Seeing the disappointment on the old lady's face, he softened. His doubts returned. Was the old lady right? Had he been wrong?

"Oh, I guess I can take you. I really haven't anything very important to do." He felt very much like Santa Claus when he saw her face light up.

He helped her into the truck and, it wasn't very long before they were in the big church listening to the choir singing Christmas hymns. As Tommy sat there following the movements of the priest offering the Mass, he felt peace and quiet for the first time since his mother and father died. The old feeling of loneliness was gone. No wonder he had been lonely when he had tried to separate himself from God.

Slowly he knelt down and asked forgiveness for his sin, and thanked God for the greatest Christmas gift He could have given him—his faith restored.

Anne Burke, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE BIRTH OF A KING

He comes upon His Birthday night,
When all the stars are shining bright,
And from the skies Hosannas ring,
Hailing our Redeemer King.

Sandra Switzer, Gr. VII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION,
LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. EUPHRASIA, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. FRANCES CLARE, I.B.V.M.
Past President	MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. LEO DEVANEY, 126 Dinnick Cr., Toronto
First Vice-President	MISS MARGARET McCORMICK
Second Vice-President	MISS GERARDA ROONEY
Treasurer	MRS. W. B. McHENRY
Recording Secretary	MISS HELEN CONDERAN 109 Pendrith Street
Corresponding Secretary	MISS HELEN O'LOANE 18 Castle Frank Cresc.
Convener of House	MISS MONA CLARK
Convener of Membership	MISS KATHLEEN McDONALD
Convener of Tea	MRS. R. S. WEIR
Convener of Entertainment	MISS PATRICIA BARRY
Convener of Activities	MRS. G. B. PATTERSON
Convener of Press	MISS GERTRUDE TACKABERRY

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto College, Toronto.....	MISS LORETTA PARNELL, 70 Garfield Avenue
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MRS. EMERY BEBEE, 27 Roxborough St. W.
Niagara Falls	MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Clifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Hamilton, Ont.	MRS. STANLEY STOTT, 108 Maple Ave., Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY, 7106 Lafayette Ave., Chicago.
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.....	MISS GENEVIEVE ANDARY
Loretto Joliet Circle	MISS BLANCHE DAGGETT
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS FRANCES ROCHE,
Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle	MRS. THOMAS SHEA, 8822 Huntington Rd., Detroit, Michigan.
Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle.....	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Egbertsville, N.Y.
Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle	MISS EUNICE LEAHEY, 973 Victoria Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto, Englewood Auxilliary.....	MRS. JAMES BATTLE,
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxilliary.....	MRS. J. GOODMAN
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. LORNE C. WALKER.

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The first Quarterly Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held on Sunday, Nov. 18th, at Loretto College, St. George Street. The President, Mrs. Leo Devaney, was in the chair and after a short business meeting, the members were addressed by the special speaker, Lt.-Col. George Cherrier, O.B.E. Tea was served under the convenership of Mrs. L. S. Weir and the tea hostesses were Mrs. W. A. Smyth and Mrs. Canning, assisted by Mrs. Beebe and the Misses Catherine Macklin, Patricia Barry, Margaret Wilson, Loretto Parnell, Patricia Lawlor, Gerry Moss, and Gladys Enright. During tea the assisting artist was Mr. Frank Johns.

A very successful tea was held under the auspices of the College Chapter of the Loretto Alumnae

Association on January 13th, at the home of Hon. Mr. Justice A. M. LeBel and Mrs. LeBel, at 11 Ridge Drive, Toronto. It was well attended by members of the Alumnae and their friends.

The event was convened by Mrs. Albert G. Lang, assisted by Miss Loretto Parnell, Mrs. A. M. LeBel, Mrs. G. Agar, Dr. Geraldine Maloney, Miss Kathleen McDonald, Miss Doris March, Miss Patricia Lalor, and Miss Hope McSloy.

DETROIT - WINDSOR CIRCLE OF
LORETTO ALUMNAE

The October meeting was held after a Luncheon at Huylers in the Fisher Bldg., Detroit. Our president, Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) introduced Miss Mable Wingate of Baltimore, Md. President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, who was visiting in Detroit to make arrangements for the 1946 Convention. Miss Alice May, Chairman of the Convention, also spoke to us enlisting our help and support for the Convention.

Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) was appointed Chairman of the annual Bridge Tea scheduled for January.

The November meeting was held at the home of Mrs. M. G. Brick (Mary Carmichael, Abbey), Riverside, Ontario. Miss Iris Sullivan, Chairman of Ways and Means, reported \$350.00 in Victory Bonds for the Foundation Fund. She also displayed the quilt pattern and sample to be used in making up a quilt for the Nuns' Green Trunk for the Detroit Foundation. Many contributions of material are being collected, and plans laid for sewing.

The various committees were selected with Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anna Bickers, Guelph) as Co-chairman of the Bridge Tea, assisted by Miss Agnes Pineau for Tickets in Windsor; Mrs. A. H. Priebe, Tickets in Detroit, assisted by Miss Mary Woods for Stratford, Mrs. Hurd of Guelph, Miss Theresa Houlihan for Abbey members, Mrs. J. J. Babcock for Sault members, Donna Stanley for Niagara Falls members, and Mrs. C. A. Glenn for Chicago. Chairman of Table prizes, Mrs. F. N. Wilson; Door Prizes, Mrs. R. E. Danaher; Publicity, Miss Iris Sullivan; Refreshments, Mrs. M. J. O'Neill; Tables, Miss Donna Stanley and Mrs. C. A. Glenn; Printing of Tickets, Mrs. R. D. Gage, and Reception, all former presidents of the Circle.

A motion was carried to dispense with the December meeting. Meeting adjourned to a delightful tea poured by Mrs. Hurd, and assisted by our hostess, Mrs. Brick and her two young daughters, Mary and Betty. I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Connor (Gertrude McLaughlin, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Thomas Laurence, on August 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Marshello (Peggy Towell, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, a sister for Robbie, on September 25.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McAlpine (Betty Baker, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Donald, on December 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis on the recent birth of a son, Lawrence.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barrett (Evelyn McGeough, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Joseph, on October 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. G. (Ed.) Quinn, on the birth of a son, James Carson Quinn, on November 17th. James C. is a nephew of M. M. Baptista, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McIntyre (Martha Smet, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a son, William Joseph, on December 17th. William J. is a nephew of M. M. St. Magdalen, I.B.V.M., Loretto College.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hymes (Barbara Boland, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Laurence, in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Kelly (Catherine Boland (Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Michael, on January 7th, a brother of Lorraine and Donna Maria.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cavanagh (Leona Connelly, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Sharon Marie, on December 23rd.

MARRIAGES

Miss Geraldine O'Gorman, Loretto College School Alumna, daughter of Mr. George O'Gorman and the late Mrs. O'Gorman, was married to Mr. Leo Knox, on July 14, 1945, in Blessed Sacrament Church. The ceremony was performed by Reverend J. J. O'Gorman, P.P., Timmins, Ontario, uncle of the bride.

Miss Mary Loretto Marzalik, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna, daughter of the late Mr. Walter P. Marzalik and Mrs. Marzalik, was recently married to Mr. Laurence Albert Hoganson. Rev. Father Gregory Kelly, P.P., officiated.

Miss Rosalind Lee Edward, a former Loretto-Niagara pupil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemp Edward, was married on October 15th, to Mr. Douglas Beamer Emerson.

Miss Hilda Shea, a former Loretto-Stratford pupil, daughter of Mr. Thomas Shea and the late Mrs. Shea, was married to Mr. John Coughlin, on October 27th.

Miss Aileen Margaret Ursula Robinson, Loretto College School Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Robinson, was married to Mr. Gerald Dalton Sanagan, on December 29th, at St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Club, with Very Rev. J. McHenry officiating.

SYMPATHY

To Most Reverend Ralph Hubert Dignan, D.D., Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, on the death of his esteemed mother, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Dignan, on November 20th.

To Sister Marie de Lourdes, St. Joseph's Community, Peterborough, and to Dr. Herbert Sullivan, Hamilton, on the recent death of their brother.

To Miss Mary Burns, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, now of St. Joseph's School Staff, on the death of her father, Mr. Thomas Burns.

To Rev. Father J. Ford of The Cathedral Staff, Hamilton, on the recent death of his mother and to all in the bereaved family.

To Mrs. Williams on the death of her sister, Miss Margaret Goetler, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, on December 23rd.

To M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Marion Kledzik and Mrs. Lillian Simon (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumnae) on the death of their father, Mr. Walter I. Bliss, on November 17th.

To Mr. Douglas Nicks on the death of his wife, Mrs. Agnes M. Nicks, on December 3rd, and to the bereaved daughters, Betty and Marjorie, Loretto - Niagara Alumnae.

To Mr. Cloney on the death of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Cloney, on December 21st, and to the bereaved family, Joseph, Rita, Mary and Helen, Loretto-Stratford Alumnae.

To Mr. Laverty and the bereaved family, Stratford, on the death of their daughter, and sister, Miss Nellie Laverty, on December 24th.

To Mrs. Burnes (Dorothea Cronin, Loretto College School Alumna) and to Mr. Michael C. Burnes, on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Michael Patrick Burnes, on December 9th.

To Mrs. Fullan on the recent death of her husband, Mr. Thomas Fullan, and to the bereaved sons, Vaughan, John, Joseph, and Gerry, and daughter, Mrs. Joseph Cox (Helen), Fraserdale, Ontario; also to Mr. Fullan's daughters-in-law and grandchildren.

To Mr. John Mullane on the death of his wife, Mrs. Nano Dillon Mullane, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, and to Mrs. Mullane's bereaved brothers and sisters, former Loretto pupils.

To Mrs. Staley on the death of her husband, Mr. Francis Joseph Staley, on November 18th, and to the bereaved family, M. M. Ignatius, I.B.V.M. (Mary Louise); Isabelle and Loretto (Loretto College School Alumnae); and Mr. Arthur Staley; also to Mr. Staley's devoted brothers, Very Rev. Dean Louis Staley, V.F., P.P., Brockville; and Mr. Albert Staley and sister, M. M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Farrell on the death of her husband, Mr. T. Farrell, and to the bereaved sons and daughters, especially Wilma, Marion and Florence, Loretto-Brunswick Alumnae; also to Mr. Farrell's brothers and sisters.

To Mr. Duffy on the recent death of his wife, and to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. Gordon Hoban (Hilda) and Miss Nora Duffy, Loretto Alumnae.

To Mother M. Patricia, Superior, Loretto Convent, Regina, Sask.; Mrs. F. Devereaux, Detroit; Mr. J. Carbert, Chicago; Mrs. A. V. Quigley, Toronto; Mrs. T. Culliton, Stratford, and Mrs. T. Maher, Chicago, former Loretto-Stratford pupils, on the death of their mother, Mrs. T. Carbert, on December 3rd.

To Miss Nancy Vogt, Loretto Secretarial Department, L.C.S., Brunswick Ave., on the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Helen Vogt, on November 16th.

To Mrs. Boland, Montreal, on the death of her son, Mr. Thomas Boland, and to Mr. Boland's brother, P/O. C. H. Boland of Yorkton, and Mrs. E. D. Shea (Mary), Loretto Alumna.

To Mrs. Doyle on the death of her husband, Mr. Louis Doyle, and to the bereaved family.

To M. M. Bertrand, I.B.V.M., on the death of her grandniece, Miss Mary Ellen Murphy.

To Mr. Clarence J. Egli on the death of his wife, Mrs. Alice Gagnon Egli, on October 15th, and to the bereaved family, F.O. Howard Egli, R.C.A.F.; Mr. Harvey Egli; and Miss Marilyn Egli, Loretto Abbey Alumna.

On the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Anne Canning O'Brien, wife of the late Mr. George O'Brien on January 11th, our sympathy to Mr.

Joseph O'Brien, Mr. William O'Brien, M. M. St. George, I.B.V.M. (Mary); Miss Teresa O'Brien, and Mrs. James Bishop (Louise), Loretto Alumnae; also to Mrs. O'Brien's nephew, Rev. Father Canning, P.P., Fort Erie, Ont., who celebrated her funeral High Mass, and to her grandchildren, especially, Mrs. Joseph S. Pothier (Mary), of Three Rivers, P.Q., and Miss Eileen Bishop, Loretto College School Alumnae.

To Mr. Ralph J. Haffey, Mrs. A. J. Murray, Mrs. T. F. Bellisle, Mrs. W. H. McCartney, Misses Lillian and Adele Haffey, on the death of their devoted mother, Mrs. Mary McCready Haffey, wife of the late Mr. Peter J. Haffey, and Loretto Abbey Alumna.

To Rev. Austin D. O'Brien, C.S.B., of St. Thomas Aquinas Institute, Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. Sister Emerentia, C.S.J., Toronto; Mr. John D. O'Brien, K.C., Mr. Gerald P. O'Brien, and Mr. Richard V. O'Brien, on the death of their esteemed mother, Mrs. Johanna Elizabeth Sheehy O'Brien, wife of the late Mr. Michael O'Brien, for years Inspector of Separate Schools, and later Secretary of the Catholic Educational Council. Three sons, Rev. Michael S. O'Brien, Mr. W. J. O'Brien, and Mr. James M. O'Brien, predeceased their mother.

To Mr. John F. Byrne on the recent death of his wife, and to the bereaved family, Mr. Martin Byrne, Mr. Charles Byrne and Mrs. F. McCormick.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, Toronto, on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas Joseph Campbell, and to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Campbell.

To Mrs. T. Barry, Hamilton, on the recent death of her sister, Mrs. Kisson.

To Mrs. Metcalf, Hamilton, on the recent death of her husband, and to the bereaved children, Loretto pupils.

To Dr. Crewson, Hamilton, on the recent death of his father.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Agnes Simpson, who died on November 5th, especially to Rev. D. D. Simpson, former Chaplain Loretto-Hamilton, and Loretto-Guelph; and Mrs. Lang, (Kathleen) Loretto Alumna; our sympathy also in the death of their brother, Mr. John A. Simpson, on December 17th.

To Misses Margaret, Teresa, Celestine, and Martina Pigott, Loretto Alumnae, Guelph, on the death on January 11th of their mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Scanlon Pigott, wife of the late Mr. Richard Pigott.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Oct. 7—Rosary Sunday. Holy Hour in thanksgiving for Peace and Victory.

Oct. 10—Sodality meeting gave us an opportunity for making plans to promote devotion to the Holy Rosary. The Family Rosary, the Missions, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith—and the United Welfare Chest were the projects set before the Sodality today.

Oct. 14—Catechetical Sunday. We assembled at St. Michael's Cathedral to receive our prized diplomas in Religious Knowledge from our dear Archbishop.

Oct. 17—The Apostolic Committee presented a most interesting Mission programme. Plans were made for helping the suffering people of Europe.

Oct. 25—Holy Hour in preparation for the Feast of Christ the King.

Oct. 26—A delightful Tea-Dance, sponsored by Grade XII.

Oct. 30—Witches, goblins, jack o'lanterns aglow! The best Hallowe'en party ever. Congratulations to June LaTour and her capable committee from Grade XI-A.

Nov. 1—All Saints' Day—We are privileged in having Exposition on this beautiful feast.

Nov. 2—All Souls' Day and the "First Friday"—Our Sodality Mass for our deceased members.

Nov. 9—The symphony concert arouses great enthusiasm.

Nov. 13—The volley ball tournament well under way, keen interest and spirited competition among all teams under the capable direction of Mrs. Kennedy.

Nov. 20—A delightful "Hour of Music" in honor of St. Cecilia. We look forward to hearing our talented young artists soon again.

An Hour of Music in Honour of Saint Cecilia

Ave Maria	Gregorian
Christmas Hymn	Praetorius
Intermediate Choral Class	
Tribute to Saint Cecilia	
Soldier's March	Schumann
Ann Kirkpatrick	
Early One Morning	Willan
Mary McNeill	
At the Spinning Wheel	Burleigh
Mary Mahon	
The Last Rose of Summer	Moore
Louise Bienvenu	
Albumblatt	Beethoven
Mary Lonergan	
How Lovely are Thy Dwellings	Liddle
Doris Barr	
White Horses	Lee
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Voices of the Woods	Watson
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	Audrey Owens
	Marie Gonzalez
	MacDowell
	Leonore Kennedy
	Besley
	Joseph McSloy
GOD SAVE THE KING	

Nov. 21-23—Our annual Retreat, three wonderful days spent with Our Lord and Our Lady under the guidance of Rev. Father Hennessey, S.J.

Dec. 1—Inter-Loretto Singing Festival, with Reverend Doctor Ronan as our adjudicator.

Dec. 1-7—Catholic Book Week at the Abbey. An attractive display of really worthwhile books arranged by the Catholic Truth Committee. We find it difficult to tear ourselves away from the library.

Dec. 2—A delightful afternoon of music. St. Michael's Band, under the direction of Mr. César Borré entertained us with a wonderful concert.

Dec. 5—The Catholic Truth Committee sponsored our Sodality meeting to-day. The Junior College Study Club group in a timely symposium on Communism urged all to do their part in building a Christian Social Order.

Dec. 7-9—Forty-Hours Devotion in our chapel.

Dec. 8—This most beautiful of Our Lady's feasts is specially dear to us. During our Sodality Reception over thirty-two members consecrated themselves to Our Blessed Mother. Reverend Father Fraser, our chaplain, gave an inspiring talk on Our Lady.

Following the Reception, Monsignor Fraser, Father Fraser, and the newly received Sodalists were guests of honour at the Sodality banquet.

Dec. 10—At our Sodality meeting in honour of Our Lady of Loretto it was decided to send one hundred dollars for Our Holy Father's fund for the starving children of Europe.

Plans were made for Christmas baskets for the under-privileged children in the city, for those at Weston Sanatorium and for the wee folk at the Chinese Mission.

Dec. 14—The Badminton Tournament is arousing keen interest. Some unexpected stars have appeared.

Dec. 19—Our traditional candle-light procession. The corridors of the Abbey resounded with joyous Christmas carols as we went slowly on our way to the beautiful tableau of the Nativity, where we placed our gifts at the feet of the Christ Child. Merry Christmas to all. Jean Barcanl.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Sept. 10—At eight o'clock, boarders new and old seemed to come from the four corners of the globe; great excitement discussing the summer, and welcoming everyone.

Sept. 11—Registration day.

Sept. 15—On account of the weather, the boarders' picnic was put off for a more suitable day.

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In the evening, however, the various grades gave little skits, showing amusing incidents in every day life. Laughter and fun.

Sept. 22—At last bright warm weather, the ideal type for a picnic. Everyone got happily into the bus and off we went to the traditional spot, Brock's Monument. It was delightful sitting in the warm sun, or walking down to the village. The more energetic played baseball. At the end of the day it was all voted a great success.

Sept. 26—Elections for the Sodality officers.

Oct. 5-8—Canadian Thanksgiving, and the boarders' first week-end. All arrived back on the night of the eighth, after a very enjoyable rest.

Oct. 10—Those elected for the Sodality offices gave their nomination speeches in the Study Hall.

Oct. 12—Voting day at last! Who will it be? The results were sent around during afternoon periods. Prefect, Wanda Valillu; Vice-Prefect, Dorothy-June Wicker; Secretary, Rosemary Avena; Treasurer, Carolyn Geidenhoff; Sacristans, Corinne Cranmiller, Joanne O'Donald; Councillors, Mary-June Tesch and Rona Holden.

Oct. 20—We were honoured with an invitation from Reverend F. E. Crowley to sing over station WHL. The occasion being the fifth anniversary of the Catholic Hour presented on this station.

Oct. 24—The first activity meetings were held in various class rooms. Plans were made and chairmen chosen for the committees: Chairman of Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee, Mary Luciani. Catholic Literature, Ella Mae Brown. Social Action and Catholic Truth, Ethel Podhorn. Apostolic, Jean Bennett. Social Committee, Dolores O'Malley. Publicity Committee, June Pereira.

Oct. 26—A reception for our dear Mother St. Clement was held in the Study Hall. A song of welcome was sung and a speech of welcome was given by Dorothy June Wicker. Mother St. Clement thanked us in a charming way.

Nov. 1—All Saint's Day.

Nov. 2—Sodality Holy Hour, and an inspiring one. All prayed for a successful Sodality year.

Nov. 9—Our first Sodality meeting was held in the Study Hall with Wanda Valillu, our Prefect, as chairman. The ice was broken and plans for the reception of new Sodalists started on the way.

Nov. 9-12—Suitcases were packed, and, after bidding adieu to Loretto for three days, the boarders went off for another reunion with their families.

Nov. 16—The Athletic Committee had their first meeting, with Isobel Murray, the President, as Chairman. A successful year was planned for sport activities.

Nov. 22—Our Traditional program in honour of St. Cecilia was held in the Study Hall in the presence of dear Mother St. Clement and our teachers. The musicians took an active part. Congratulations!

Nov. 23—A holiday for all—American Thanksgiving.

Nov. 31—A Sodality meeting was held in the Study Hall and plans were made for Dec. 8th.

Dec. 6—Our last Holy Hour before Christmas. Rev. Father Bennett, C.M., from Niagara University, gave a beautiful talk on Our Blessed Mother, and invested us all in the Miraculous Medal.

Dec. 8—The feast day of "Our Mother" dawned bright and clear. The reception of the "New Sodalists," was impressive and beautiful. Rev. Father Daniel Egan, O.Carm., and Rev. Father Pascal Baker, O.Carm., were present.

Rev. Father Daniel's speech on Our Blessed Mother was inspiring.

The banquet was lovely also, and the decorations perfect, in blue and white. The evening was enjoyed by all.

Dec. 18—The boarders' traditional carol procession through the house was a success; and then, presents were given out in the Study Hall.

Dec. 19—The night of the stately candle-light carol procession. The singing of the lovely Christmas carols through the corridors ended in the gymnasium. A cross was formed, and later an effective circle, as on bended knees, we looked towards the lovely Nativity Tableau. During this tableau, a small group sang the Virgin's Lullaby, accompanied by Marguerite Learning playing the violin, it was, indeed, beautiful.

Dec. 20—The boarders, under the direction of Mother Valerie, put on the play, "Why the Chimes Rang." It was well acted. Congratulations to those concerned. The High School enjoyed a Christmas tree, presents were given out by class presidents—much excitement. Eleven baskets from the High School, and three from Grades VII and VIII were donated for Christ's poor. At twelve noon, after wishing a Merry Christmas to all, we departed "homeward bound!"

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Sept. 5—Registration, greetings, introductions, welcomes.

Sept. 10—We settle down to class-work, and try to forget the good times just behind.

Sept. 15—Loretto's Garden Party is most enjoyable and, from all appearances, a grand success.

Sept. 18—Initiation begins. We expect every Freshman to wear a smile these days!

Sept. 26—Our Sodality meeting sees plans for zealous Catholic Action, especially by good example. Election results give us for Prefect, Marion Latour; Vice-Prefect, Doreen Hemingway; Secretary-Treasurer, Ann Irene Schbil; Committee Chairmen, Frances O'Brien, Thérèse Renaud, and Joan May.

Oct. 18—First basketball game. Normal players defeat our Seniors, but are defeated by our Juniors.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en Party, courtesy of our Junior College, was delightful.

Nov. 1, 2, 3—A triduum by the student body for the Souls in Purgatory.

Nov. 12—Mission Week opens for us with a Stamp Drive; and an enterprise that will net a tidy little sum for Loretto's Social Centre in Estavan, where Mother St. Paul, formerly of Loretto-Hamilton staff, is one of the zealous missionaries.

Nov. 14—An interesting talk on the Chinese Missions was given us by Rev. J. L. Beal, S.F.M.

Nov. 15—As part of Education Week program, our parents and friends visit the school and seem particularly interested in a gymnasium demonstration.

Nov. 27—We return Normal's visit, and this time win both games.

Nov. 29—Our long-anticipated visit from Guelph basketball team. For their enjoyment (and our own) we had "Snow White," and lunch.

Dec. 8—Twenty-three are received into Our Lady's Sodality. In the evening the Sodality Party was enjoyed by all.

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Dec. 16—Our annual candle-light procession. In the gymnasium, where our Christmas programme was presented, we placed our offerings for the poor at the Crib, in the tableau.

Dec. 19—Christmas vacation. Merry Christmas to all—and a Happy New Year!

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Sept. 4—The corridors re-echoed the sound of our voices once again, as we began our fall term. There were many new faces, but these soon became familiar.

Sept. 5—Lessons began in earnest, and everyone settled down for another year of books and school activities.

Oct. 12—All the girls from South America who are coming here to study, have arrived, we have nine gay Latin Americans now.

Oct. 29—The Y.M.C.A. gym was secured for basketball and the Loretto girls played their first game with the Stratford Normal girls—a great game. Incidentally, Loretto handed the Normalites an 18-10 reverse.

Nov. 8—Our Senior and Junior teams travelled to Guelph for another basketball encounter. This time, the Guelph girls won, but on their return trip perhaps they will not be so victorious, time will tell!

Nov. 12—The first Community Concert was attended by the boarders. The Western University's String Orchestra was greatly enjoyed.

Nov. 20—Skating started last week and the

Spanish girls went to watch this popular Canadian sport. It was the first time they had ever seen skating—or even ice!

Nov. 28—The boarders went to a hockey game at the Classic City Arena. They must have brought good luck, for Stratford won!

Nov. 30—We celebrated Mother St. Andrew's feast day and the hundredth anniversary of Newman's conversion with a symposium on Newman by Grade XII. The girls of Grades IX, X, and XI recited passages from Newman's "Dream of Gerontious." As the chapel was being decorated, our gift of flowers to Mother Superior will arrive for Mother Mary Ward's birthday. A spiritual bouquet was presented by the students for the feast day.

Dec. 3—At the second Community concert the internationally famous Abram Chasins was guest artist. Everyone was most enthusiastic about him.

Dec. 10—At the last of these Community concerts, Cyril Wampshire, pianist, and his Male Choir rendered the Viking song in a stirring fashion.

Dec. 18—Moving pictures on "Life in French Canada" and "Life of the Squirrel" were shown. They were in technicolour and were very interesting and instructive.

Dec. 19—A Christmas play, "The Lonely Bachelor," was presented by Grade IX and X. Grades XI and XII presented "The Divine Guest." Both plays put us all in the Christmas spirit. Baskets were made up for distribution, and spiritual bouquets were presented to the priests.

And so, as we end our first term, we say "Happy Christmas to all!"

Angeleen Conway.

**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD,
CHICAGO.**

Sept. 10—First day back after our long vacation. Welcomes for new and old students. Busy with time tables—and homework assignments!

Sept. 25-27—Freshmen Initiation. Emerald ribbons and pigtails in abundance. Fun climaxed by a frolicsome weiner roast in lovely woodlands.

Oct. 2—We were delighted by a presentation of "Every Woman," by Miss Randle, a talented member of the Catholic Actors' Guild.

Oct. 16—Upperclassmen enroll in "Charm" course given by Miss Compton of a noted modelling school. Watch for our faces on next month's magazine covers!

Nov. 7-8-9—Quarterly Exams. Last minute "brushing up." Busy fountain pens.

Nov. 10—First quarter marked by Sodality dance held in St. Bernard's Lyceum. Good fun for all.

Nov. 28—Upper classmen elections. Senior president is Joan Hanlon, while Mary Jane Dolan leads the Juniors.

Nov. 30—In an American History Contest sponsored by the Hearst Publications, and in which there were one hundred and fifty competing, our Marie Gleason distinguished herself and Loretto-High by being one of the first ten winners. As a reward, Marie received a \$25 Victory Bond; and the school, a valuable set of history reference volumes. Congratulations, Marie!

Dec. 13—Nine members of Loretto Press Club are initiated into Mary Ward Chapter of Quill and Scroll. The girls winning the distinction are: Joan Dougherty, Marie Gleason, Joan Hanlon, Ave Marie

Hayes, Marietta Hennessey, Mary Jo Loughran, Margaret McCarron, Nancy Sexton, and Jeri Sullivan.

Dec. 14—Traditional candlelight and carol procession sets forth the true meaning of Christmas.

Dec. 21—School closes for Christmas season after the usual daze of studies, parties, and preparation of Christmas baskets.

Jan. 7—"Oh, welcome back! What did you do during vacation?"

Jan. 19—Upper classmen gaily bedecked in their holiday finery present an attractive picture at Junior Prom.

**LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL,
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Nov. 16—Following the good example of the Sophomores, who had given an enjoyable "get acquainted" party for the Freshmen, the Seniors and Juniors entertained the whole school after classes. The dancing, games, quizzes—and extras, won general approval.

Nov. 20—One great event of the day, the distribution of "reports and character cards."

Nov. 23—Our young Chopins and Beethovens won well deserved applause in their enjoyable recital for parents and friends.

Dec. 1—From the Inter-Loretto singing competition, held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, today, with Rev. Dr. Ronan as adjudicator, many of our vocalists brought back to Brunswick honours both for solo and choral work.

Dec. 6, 7—The Freshmen have experience of a



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 Doreen Williams
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 Loretto Enright
- Arabesque in E major Debussy
 Mary Lou McGregor
- Polonaise in C sharp minor Chopin
 Ethel Parkas
- Silent Night Gruber
- Angels We Have Heard on High French Carol
- Nowell French Carol
- Adeste Fideles Novello
 Senior Glee Club and Grade IX Glee Club

GOD SAVE THE KING

Dec. 19—Closing day for Christmas vacation is always made memorable by the carol-singing, candle procession. This year a series of tableaux of the Christmas Story was also presented.

A Christmas donation for some needy families in the parish won appreciative words from the Pastor, Very Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P. Having expressed his admiration for the programme in general, and the "Christmas Story" in particular, he thanked the students for having made him their almoner, on this occasion, not the first. He assured them that their own Christmas would be the happier for the joys they were giving to others, and, possibly, at some sacrifice to themselves.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASK.

Dec. 21—The term-closing exercises took place in the Junior High School room, transformed into a clubroom for the occasion. A gaily decorated Christmas tree, the work of Miss Norma Campbell, lent the joyous tone, distinctively seasonal. The senior students enjoyed a Christmas play, presented by the Juniors, and sponsored by the Misses Delyse Langfield, and Norma Campbell. A "quiz" contest, organized by the former, kept the participants alert, and a grand surprise came in for the awards so generously provided.

Last, but not least in the estimation of teen-agers was a delicious lunch! Music, appropriate for the season was tuned in with the "glad tidings" in the air.

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Apr. 1892

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and to
The Cardinals, Princes of the Church
we reverently and admiringly dedicate
this Easter Issue of
the
Loretto Rainbow



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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory. Commercial Sub-



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Com-

Mary, in America—1847-1946



❧

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Cateche-



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And the Master's smile
And the "Well Done,"
In His voice.

LUCILE B.

Our Lady's Dowry

By LAWRENCE C. BRACELAND, S.J.



In the open contest, "Tributes to Mary," sponsored by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae and the Marian Literary Research Committee, the following choice essay won the first prize. (Editor's note.)

You came first, Mary, in the springtime of England. The Romans had prepared the way with their legions and camps and roads. Still visible are their remains, some very much alive, centers like Manchester and Rochester, Newcastle and Doncaster, with names that betray their origin. In an earlier day, rugged British

chiefs had mustered their men on the cliffs of Dover and had scanned the straits for triremes of Caesar or Claudius or Agricola. Soon enough they made terms with the conquering Romans, and then, Mary, when Constantine saw in the sky the sign of your Son, Rome and England were free to accept the faith together. *It was the Annunciation.* You took the Britons to your heart and began to shape them in the image of your Son. British bishops in communion with Rome sat at the councils, of Arles in 314, of Sardica in 347, and of Rimini in 359. And when in the dawn of the fifth century the last of the Roman legions sailed away from the green, rainy, windy island to defend Rome from the Goths, you stayed and clothed the Roman skeleton with the flesh of the Briton, and God breathed into it a Christian soul.

In 410, the Romans were gone, but Angles, Saxons and Jutes landed on the east coast in 449, and rolled up the Roman Catholic Britons westward into the Welsh hills. The little Christian body you were building was surrounded now by hostile pagans. *But it was the time of your Visitation.* You called the monks to visit the handful of islands flung far into the North Sea. You sent Patrick to Ireland. You sent his disciples to found two island monasteries near the borders of England and Scotland, St. Columba to the isle of Iona on the west coast, and St. Aidan to the isle of Lindisfarne on the east. From these homes of study and prayer you sped the monks through the north country, chanting the office and teaching the gospel of Christ. You inspired the Great Gregory, the first monk on the chair of Peter, to make angels of the fair-haired Angles he saw in the market-place. Soon his prior, Augustine, was crossing the channel with a band of monks on their way to Kent. On the isle of Thanet, stepping-stone of many an invasion, Augustine remained till the pagan King Ethelbert invited him to set his see at

Canterbury. Wherever you visited the people in the person of your monks, you consoled in labour, you spoke of your Son, you gave hope for the future.

Then the men from Northumbria and from Wales, from Essex and from Wessex, the Piets and the Scots of the rugged north and the kindly children of St. Patrick, all were fathered in unity around your Son born and cradled in their midst. There you saw a new child born in the likeness of your Son, and you wrapped in swaddling bands the body of men gathered in 664, at the Synod of Whitby. *It was the Nativity.* The swaddling band that bound the little body together was union with Rome. There at the synod, King Oswi asked: "Do you all acknowledge that our Lord said to Peter alone, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church,' and gave to him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?" When all assented, you prompted the King's words: "I will not oppose this keeper of the gate of Heaven, and I will obey his orders to the utmost of my power, lest he shut that gate against me."

Though periods of peace and of petty warfare followed one another in quick succession, gradually you saw the churches built and the cathedrals. Everywhere the faith was enshrined in stone. In the churches you presented your Child and there you formed children like unto Him. *It was the presentation in the temple.* On the great see of Canterbury sat fifteen saints and nine cardinals; eight saints and three cardinals ruled at York; four saints each at London, Rochester and Worcester, six at Winchester and three at Lichfield. Through the years you turned your monasteries and cathedral-schools into kindergartens of eternity. You taught your children to guard the classics of the Church and of the world. You taught them timeless lessons in history and letters, in science and the arts.

The seeds you had planted in your island-dowry were bearing a harvest of saints and scholars. Rugged men, kingly men, saintly men called the clans to do battle for you, as Alfred marshalled his people against the Danes. Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans swept in from the rolling seas and you made them all your children. But many in Europe had lost their Lord in invasion of Goth and Vandal and knew not where to find Him. *In the churches and monasteries of England they found Him.* From their island castle no longer invaded, saintly men returned your Son to the deserted countries where He should have been at home. You sent St. Boniface, a Benedictine educated in the mon-

astic schools of England, to become the apostle of Germany. You despatched Aluin, fresh from the cathedral-school of York, to direct schools through Charlemagne's empire. This saint, that unknown monk and that forgotten priest were your couriers carrying the Light through the darkness of Europe. Even farther, to Acre and Ascalon and Jaffa, you sent the lordly Richard the Lion-hearted with his chivalrous companions of the Third Crusade, where, it seems you mounted St. George on a white charger to save the English King in the thick of battle. Little wonder that George replaced Edward the Confessor as patron of England at the time of the Reformation. At the Reformation—when your joyful mysteries ended and the mysteries of your sorrow began.

Yes, visible still are the signs of your joyful mysteries in England, the monasteries and cathedrals, the tombs and monuments of the saints, Richard the Lion-hearted with his steel flashing as he rides in the sunlight before Westminster. But how many signs of your joy are but memories in England now, for after the joy came sorrow, sorrow made of man. In England, the mysteries of your passion, sorrows that were bitter and not brief, are all too evident.

* * *

When the Church was grown to full manhood, you saw its *agony in the green garden of England.* The bluff King whom Leo X had called, "Defender of the Faith," turned aside to defend free love. He betrayed your Son with a kiss. The king's men stripped Him of his garments and cast lots for his rich vestments and altar linens. They scattered the precious leaves from the library shelves and left church and abbey robbed of portrait and image, left them bare and naked for *the scourging at the pillar.* When they had bound Him, flogged Him, and cast Him into prison, rack-masters and theologues *crowned Him with thorns.* While the one twisted and stretched his body till it gushed blood, the other with mockery and threat and nonsense distorted the fibres of his mind. They hurried Him off on a hurdle as if *carrying His cross* to Tower Hill. There in sight of our Lady of Tyburn, they hanged Him on a gallows and pierced his heart. *It was the crucifixion.* Tenderly his people took Him down from the cross, a formless figure ruddy with the wounds of the passion. Silently they laid Him in the tomb and all withdrew.

No longer was the faith in England, except hidden as it were in a sepulchre with women weeping outside, and here and there the sob of

an apostle John or of a Joseph of Arimathea. It was hunted in the hedges with a few Marian priests and perhaps a Jesuit. Oh! how long were those days in the sepulchre! Then, Mary, you must have prayed, watched and prayed, for you knew that the Resurrection was not far off.

* * *

At last it came, *the Resurrection of your Son* and the first of your glorious mysteries. The second spring broke with the return of the Catholic hierarchy to England. Your Son was risen as He truly said and appeared to many. Did He not cross the water at Dunkirk when the sea was calmed and a mist hung in the sky till our men returned—most of them? Do Englishmen not gather around you at the sites of your old shrines and new, at our Lady of Holyrood in Edinburgh, at Walsingham and at Coventry, to watch *your Son ascending into Heaven* above the sound of battle, above the din of the forging of the Peace? Is it the *Coming of the Holy Ghost* that inspires the Sword of the Spirit—a sword held high in hand, as St. George and the Lion-hearted race across the sea or the sky? Do we hear your apostles speak with tongues of new fire in world courts of labour and justice, of unity and peace? How long, Mary, shall we await *your Assumption*, and how long *your crowning in Heaven*? How long?

For this is the real victory we look for. This

is what England means to us—a land with a Catholic past, a land of saints and scholars, a land with a Catholic future. It means a land of Christian men in Christian homes whose heroes are the saints of old. It means a land which the Father set in the sea—a highway to friends, a wall to the foe, which your Son surrounded with seven channels of grace, open for your walking on the waters, but closed against Satan's step.

It means:

"This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war."

It means:

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house."

It means:

"This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their
birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

It means a Merry England which is none other than a Mary-England. It means you, Mary, Queen of Joys and Sorrows, Queen of Victory and of Peace, to whose hands we trust our faith and hope and love, and now—our Victory.

Italia Aeterna*

By JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

When the voice of Italy called to war†, it was a cry that carried farther than to the courts of Vienna, or the council-halls of Berlin, or the willing listeners in the war-chambers of London and Paris and Petrograd. For the word that came from Rome as a signal to the Kingdom that its period of peace was about to join a Europe's yesterday, mobilized not only the uncounted thousands of Italian lovers of a national vision, but the countless thousands of American lovers of an Italy all their own. And no American has visited Italy but to love her, the most eternal thing in this mortal world.

To those who have been the guests of that southern land the news of embattled soldiery in

far-flung line will revive tenderer thoughts, recollections fairer, and memories more serene. They will not hear of Italian success or Italian loss without thinking of what has been for more than twenty-five hundred years. For no single word can be filled with a larger, fuller meaning than the word Italy. It means the splendor of dream and romance, it means glory golden as a sun's dawning, it means the world.

In the days of men, empires full many have stretched forth their arms, casting the mantle of purple over sea and continent, but none yet has so blended its power with its spell as to rival Rome. Republics have risen and fallen, commonwealths captained by dreamer and by sage, but none yet has equalled the thousand years of the soul of Venice. Masters of art and singers of song lived under every sun, but can any one

*Courtesy of "America"

†World War I



Left—Basilica of St. Mary Major,
Rome—The Facade

Right—Colosseum, Rome



Left—The Appian Way

Right — Rome—Roman Forum.
The Via Sacra with the temples of
Castor, and Vesta, and the Church
of St. Francis.



city claim at once a Dante and a Michelangelo, as Florence can? On the winds of the world with a fair sweetness of Christianity what city has made the universal appeal that is Assisi's? There is but one Francis, calling to the world from the Umbrian valleys with a voice of faith and love; there is but one Michelangelo, the superman of the chisel and the brush; there is but a single Dante chanting in terza rima the three-fold mystery of the after-world; there is but one fairy Venice-isle dreaming of gallant doges and the woven wings of their argosies; there is but one hundred-heroed, eternal Rome. This is the



Naples and Vesuvius

meaning of Italy, or a little fragment of her meaning. To learn her full-flowing significance were a life's work; but it is worth a life.

You who have seen Italy with a sympathy for her mission and insight into her fair soul must feel all this with a very peculiar appreciation. You are far away from her shores now, over here in your own homes, living your own lives in the presence of the familiar faces and the old scenes and the well-known and well-loved associations of your days. But Italy is still with you. That blessed angel Memory goes with you ever, whispering its message of sweet hours that have vanished, reviving the fragrance of roses dead. In the calm moments of a morning walk there often comes flashing into the soul the vision of the far-lands, in the silent shades of a cathedral chapel the idyls of yesterday will steal as a distraction into quiet meditations, in the surging hurlyburly of multitudes there will sometimes rise the gleam of fairyland. For you have seen Italy.

Do you not remember very lovingly that day when first you caught the outlines of the villaed hills of Naples, and came into the harbor with song before you and flowers in your path? Do

you remember the moonlit bay, verily the most beautiful thing in the world? Do you remember the orange pergolas of Amalfi's convent, and the music of Sorrento, and the lonely peace of Paestum and Pompeii? And Rome, is Rome ever far from your thoughts? At any hour you can evoke the deathless dignity of the Colosseum, and the unconquered majesty of the Forum, and the living beauty of the unrivaled dome of the ages' crowning and the superb glory of Saint Peter's. And many a day will give you back the vision of the white-robed dweller of the Vatican raising his hand above you as he breathes the Benedicat vos.

You will see Assisi in your hour of ecstasy, and with a renewed joy will walk the roseate hills of Siena. Florence you will not forget, dear, wonderful Florence, dreaming of her Medici days beneath the hills of Fiesole. Pisa, Genoa, Bologna, they too, will flit before your mind, and the dying glory of old Ravenna. Venice will oft times use her lamp of Aladdin, and in a flash will carry you back to the gondolas and the sunsets and the jeweled splendor of the one Saint Mark's. The Venetian towns and the cities of Lombardy will repeat their charm; Padua and Vicenza and Verona, and the myriad spires of Milan. And then Lake Como, the starland; the flower-land; the promise of paradise. Can you forget a single hour of Italy?

The beauty of Italy and the glory of her world: you can not forget it, you can not describe it. Turn now to another of her splendors. Pass for a moment to a review of the Catholic Church that chose the Eternal City as its soul's abode, flashing forth from the old stronghold of the Caesars the warm flame of the world's spiritual life. Count the two hundred and sixty-two pontiffs, from Peter to Benedict the Fifteenth, who have carried the colors of the Christ through the nineteen centuries. What would the world be without the lives of Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, Hildebrand? Count the Martyrs that have taught the world how to die; count the saints that have taught the ages how to live. Estimate even as faultily as you may, the civilization that has issued out from the heart of Rome and from the soul of all Italy, and the calculation is beyond your power of expression.

Scan again but a few of the names that illumine the pages that chronicle Italian learning and art: Cicero, Caesar, Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, the Plinys, Quintilian, Marcus Aurelius, Boethius, Gregory the Great, Thomas of Aquin, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso; Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Peru-

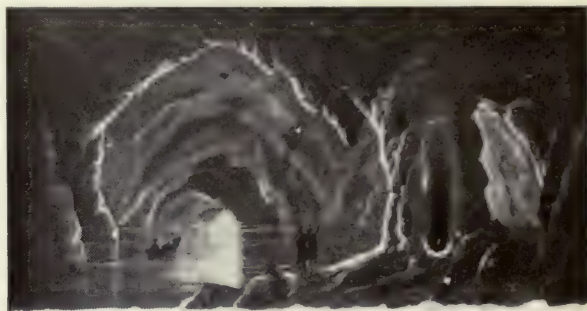
gino, Giovanni Bellini, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, Tintoretto; Niccola Pisano, Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Michelangelo; Palestrina, Rossini, Verdi. But you could count the names forever. Italy's roster of eminence is the stranger within her gates, the barbarian from the uttermost parts of the earth. But her heart is too large for that, her soul is too finely attuned to the harmonies of life. And she opens the gates of her every city, and the doors of every palace and temple, and bids you feel that what she has is also yours. Is it a wonder that acquaintance becomes friendship, and friendship a vow of fealty to the end? "Your gods shall be my gods" you have told her, and the pledging is true for aye.

You have seen Italy. You have seen her bloom in glory like a flower of the world's first spring; you have seen her living canvases breathing with recreated souls; you have seen her cathedral naves filled with the dream processions of centuries passed away; you have felt the enchantment of her hills and plains, you have caught the spell of her lagooned isles; you have watched the sun sink goldenly into her blue lakes; you have heard the soft voice of her seas chanting its threnody of eternal tears. You have found roses, you have found song, you have found silence, the great eloquent soulful silence of Italy. The dawn-light breaking over the edge of the eastern world has given you the faith of the ages, the prismatic colors of eve have taught you a hope eternal, and in the peaceful night a fair love has streamed upon you from the summer stars, the flame-tipped arrows of God's own care.

And yet you do not understand the whole of Italy; death will greet you ere you fathom Rome alone. For Italy is not a mere land bounded by sea and Alpine height, she is not a mere geographical division on Europe's soil, she is not a mere country with ever so complex a history. From the historian's grasp she slips into the ken of the psychologist, and ever answering, but inexhaustible like the eternal soul she is. Italy is—Italy. But discover little as you may of her secret, you have even so found many things. You know that if ever you seek a balm for a desire denied, if ever you ask a love for a love unloved, if ever you would exchange a shadow for a sunbeam, a tear for a laugh, a pain

for a joy, a withered heart for a soul untorn, your search will end in Italy; if you seek wisdom, all wisdom lies here; if you seek beauty, here you will find it waiting; if you seek truth, the path will lead you to the Italian land.

But it is war-time now; and perhaps those dream cities of the far-away will see fighting men where roses grew; perhaps the peace and calm of medieval streets will give way to battle cry and tumult; it may be that the Angelus bells in a hundred wondrous temples will be silenced in the roar of the sunset cannonade; and reveries of the days that have been are futile



The Blue Grotto of Capri

indeed in the face of shot and shell. But the conflict will not last forever; the throbbing life of this too full day will abate, the chant of war will yield to peace-song, and the truce of God will once again bind the nations of the earth. And then the lands across the seas will call to you once more, call for your comings with all the tongues of a new-morn tranquility, with the welcome of the days of old. Yet, if you are kin with the men and women whom the years have seen in the wanderland, you can turn away from every singing voice save one; you can say nay to every appealing rhythmic tone save one, but when that one song, the song of Italy, calls from across the seas of the world, you will obey the summons, even as a soldier answers the trumpet note, or a child its mother's word. For you will see her, fair Italy, clearly as you did in the yesterday, with her arms out-stretched and a smile on her fresh young face; and longing for you, and loving you. And so, with her song in your heart, and her wondrous face forever in your vision, you will seek again her greeting and bask once more in the summer gladness of the good Italian days.

Felicitations

His Holiness Pope Pius Twelfth

SOVEREIGN
OF
VATICAN
CITY

The completion of the first mystic seven-year cycle of the Pontificate of Our ardently esteemed Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, will be henceforth associated in our memories with the unparalleled ceremonies connected with the creation of thirty-two cardinals by His Holiness — and so splendidly made known far and near by press, radio and cinema.

As we recall the unbounded joy and thanksgiving experienced when, on March 12, 1939, the announcement of the election of the already well known and esteemed Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli reached us, we realize that, through the seven years since, our admiration and gratitude have been steadily elicited by the succession of beautiful, soulful utterances made by the Shepherd of Christendom to his world flock,



and by his ceaseless activities in the promotion of every good, spiritual and temporal.

We confidently hope that the daily prayers of the millions of his faithful subjects for the intentions of Christ's Vicar on earth, and the united efforts of Catholic organizations throughout the world to assist His Holiness by contributions to Peter's Pence, the support of Seminaries, and the Home and Foreign Missions, may lighten his burden and rejoice his great, fatherly heart.



For this ingeniously graphic representation of the "distribution of the Red Hat on all continents," the N. C. W. C. News Service deserves congratulations and thanks from all who study it.

[Europe 51; N. America (and W. Indies) 8; S. America 6; Asia 3; Africa 1; Australia 1—rounding out the 70, of which 26 are Italian, and 42 non-Italian.]

Sea Worthy

Dedicated to the efforts and aims of the
newly created Cardinals

On lashing seas Life's crafts are set,
Where winds engage with power;
And wit and grit to meet the fret
Need mariners every hour.
Ships from their charted course that drift
Call for the resolute heart;
The steersman's skill, an intrepid will
To play the captain's part!
As from the threat of floating mine
The navies rid the seas,
Statesmen by pacts of peace design
The nations destinies:
Preserved must, too, be human barques
From Error's reefs and rocks;
And convoyed those that stray in dark
Into Truth's lighted docks.
The Cross, flashed ensign of the Lord,
The pagan's darkness rifts;
Faith's lighthouse casts its beams abroad,
And Doubt's gray shadow lifts.
Crowned is the navigator's quest;
As sped, the ship, well manned,
Is anchored at the Port of Rest
On heaven's eternal strand!

Frederick B. Fenton

Princes of the Church

"Since the time of Pope St. Pius V (1566-1572) the College of Cardinals has consisted of no more than six cardinal-bishops, fifty cardinal-priests, and fourteen cardinal-deacons. The College of Cardinals is the Senate of the church. The Cardinals advise the Pope and elect his successor."

In the lull after the storm of World War II, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, made uniquely memorable the close of the year, 1945, by creating thirty-two Cardinals, chosen from twenty-three countries, and six continents, "the largest number named at any one time in the history of the Church, thus bringing the College up to its maximum number of seventy."

Of the newly-honoured members twenty-nine were in Rome to receive the official notification directly after the secret Consistory. They were: Their Eminences, Cardinal Glennon, St. Louis; Cardinal Spellman, New York; Cardinal Mooney, Detroit; Cardinal Stritch, Chicago; Cardinal Betancourt, Cuba; Cardinal Griffin, England; Cardinal Caggiana, Argentine; Cardinal Motta, Brazil; Cardinal Caro, Chile; Cardinal Roques, France; Cardinal Midszenty, Hungary; Cardinal de Julleville, France; Cardinal de Gouveia, Mozambique; Cardinal Supicha, Poland; Cardinal Masella, Italy; Cardinal McGuigan, Canada; Cardinal Macara, Italy; Card-

inal Bruno, Italy; Cardinal Gilroy, Australia; Cardinal Tien, China; Cardinal von Galen, Germany; Cardinal Frings, Germany; Cardinal von Preysing, Germany; Cardinal de Jong, Netherlands; Cardinal Camara, Brazil; Cardinal Guevara, Peru; Cardinal Ruffini, Italy; Cardinal Deniel, Spain; Cardinal Agagianian, Turkish Armenia.

The three Cardinals unable to be present were Cardinal Jules Sallege, Archbishop of Toulouse, France; Cardinal Jon de Jong, Archbishop of Utrecht, the Netherlands, both seriously ill; and Cardinal Josef Mindszenty, Archbishop of Esztergom and Primate of Hungary, whose departure in time for the Consistory was made impossible through delayed authorization to leave the country.

Since the memorable Christmas Day announcement, three of the members of the College of Cardinals have received and accepted invitations to pass from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant—which has occasioned a note of sadness in the general rejoicing caused by the recent solemn, but joyous, functions, on which the press, the radio, and the film presentation, "Vatican City," have so splendidly enlightened us.

To the Holy Father and to the College of Cardinals we humbly offer our deepest admiration with a continuance of earnest daily prayers for increasing blessings on their labours for God's greater glory by the extension of His Kingdom on earth.

His Eminence James C. Cardinal McGuigan **Archbishop of Toronto, Canada**

Toronto, the Queen City, has lived up to her regal title in the unexcelled welcome she has extended, and is still extending, to her first Cardinal, our beloved Archbishop James Charles Cardinal McGuigan, on his return from the glorious Consistory and the historic ceremony in which the Red Hat was bestowed on him by Christ's Vicar on earth, His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

During the recent momentous visit of His Eminence abroad, not only the Catholics of the Archdiocese, but also members of all creeds, followed with keen interest the accounts appearing in the secular press, and in The Canadian Register, of the highlights of his ocean trip and his later varied experiences. To Mr. Henry Somerville, M.A., (Oxonian), Toronto Editor of The Canadian Register, and a member of the Cardinal's party, our special thanks are due for the delightfully intimate share he has enabled us to have in this memorable trip.

On January 21, while on the Mediterranean, he wrote to The Canadian Register:

"Tomorrow this good ship Gripsholm is scheduled to dock at Naples, and the two Cardinals on board, the Archbishop of Toronto and the Archbishop of Havana, with their attendants, will be on the last lap of their journey to Rome to receive the Red Hat and to take part in a Consistory of unprecedented character The weather has been ideal Holy Mass has been celebrated every day during the voyage, and Cardinal McGuigan has celebrated the earliest of the public Masses on each Sun-

day, and has preached both at his own Mass and at the last Mass each Sunday."

* * *

On February 18, in the English College in Rome, our dear Cardinal received the official announcement of his elevation to the Sacred College and in his address of thanks to His Holiness, in the presence of a distinguished gathering from all parts of the British Empire, he said, "The Catholics of Canada, whatever be their race, or tongue, are of one heart and one mind in love of their ancient faith, and in loyalty to the See of Peter and the Vicar of Christ."

* * *

"Rome, February 21—Twenty-eight newly created Cardinals, including four American—the largest number ever to participate in such a ceremony—personally received the Red Hat from the Pope in a setting of surpassing splendour and an atmosphere of almost ineffable emotion. . . . Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto, Canada, was seventh." (B.W.)

On February 21, from Vatican City to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brennan, Vicar General and Administrator of the Archdiocese, came a radio-gram: "After historic Consistory send first blessing you, clergy, seminarians, religious, faithful, beloved diocese. Cardinal McGuigan."

At noon, Msgr. Brennan, assisted by Fathers Carvell and Lee, sang a solemn High Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral. After Mass, the Te Deum of thanksgiving was sung and the radio-gram was read by the Rector, Rev. Father

McQuillen, who in a tribute to His Eminence said:

"Such a man is our new Canadian Cardinal: College professor for one year, episcopal secretary, an archdiocesan chancellor, a cathedral rector, a vicar general, rector of a major seminary, an Archbishop of a great diocese in the Canadian West for five years, the youngest Archbishop in the entire Catholic world at that time; Archbishop of the largest English-speaking Catholic Archdiocese in Canada for the past eleven years. A priest in Eastern Canada, in the West and in Central Canada, Cardinal McGuigan has a thorough knowledge of his native country. His brilliance as a student has been equalled only by his magnificent achievements as an administrator.

"Since the day of his ordination, he has been priest and Archbishop who only found relaxation from one task by taking up another. His mind and soul are those of the true Ambassador of Christ, filled with seething restlessness and zeal to fulfil the commission of the Church: 'to preach the Gospel to every creature.' Each and every soul entrusted to him by God, through the Vicar of Christ, is of paramount importance, demanding the fullest attention of a Good Shepherd. His is the greatness: 'Who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.' The tasks entrusted to his Episcopal cares have been gigantic ones. He had the courage to accomplish much and the willingness to sacrifice that success might be achieved. He has been 'A doer of the work' for his Divine Master."

* * *

Fascinating was Mr. Somerville's description of the Public Consistory and also of the private audience of our Cardinal and his party with the Holy Father.

* * *

Next came the arresting press notice: 'London, March 8th—His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada, arrived here today by plane from Rome, in company with Cardinal Griffin of Westminster and Cardinal Gilroy of Sydney, Australia'—and, 'London, March 15—(Cable N.C.) A personal message from His Holiness Pope Pius XII to the King and Queen of Great Britain was delivered in Buckingham Palace at a precedent-setting audience for the newly created Cardinals from countries in the Commonwealth of Nations.

The message was conveyed by His Eminence Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, who came to the palace accompanied

by Their Eminences James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada, and Norman Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia." It spoke of the "magnificent Christian stand of Their Majesties during the war and their reliance on God's power," and it expressed the Holy Father's prayer "that God may shower His choicest blessings on Their Majesties." . . . "Queen Elizabeth and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose were also present at the half hour audience.

It was the first time in history that three Cardinals were together in England's royal palace. The Cardinals wore their brilliant red robes as they came to Buckingham Palace; the King wore an admiral's uniform."

* * *

With utmost interest we read of the arrival of Cardinal McGuigan, Cardinal Gilroy and Cardinal Griffin, in Eire, to attend the funeral Mass of Cardinal Glennon, of St. Louis, Mo. They had been conveyed in a plane sent by the Government of Eire, and were guests of the President of Eire, during the visit. Later, came the magnificent civic reception at the luncheon, at which His Excellency Archbishop McQuaid of Dublin was host, and amongst the guests were President Sean T. O'Kelly, Premier Eamon de Valera, and the members of his Cabinet.

* * *

At the delightful banquet in London, England, in honour of the three new Princes of the Church, Cardinal McGuigan's address to "the Hierarchy and Leaders of the Laity" was a marked feature.

* * *

Presently the absorbing news was of our beloved Cardinal Archbishop's return; of the splendid first welcome home to Canada, extended by Halifax, with the gracious Archbishop McNally as "superb host" during the sojourn of His Eminence and party in this Eastern City; the call at Montreal, where the Cardinal visited Marianopolis College, of which his sister, Mother St. George, C.M.D., is Dean; the first "Welcome Home," in Ontario, extended by the citizens of Oshawa who had requested that the special train stop at their station, and long enough to give the Cardinal a real greeting.

* * *

The climax of welcomes awaited His Eminence in his Metropolitan City of Toronto.

Mention of some of the delightful events will recall them to those who had the privilege of being actually present, or of hearing the broad-

TOP RIGHT—His Excellency. Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, welcomes our Cardinal home.

CENTRE — His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan Reviews Guard of Honour—4th Degree Knights of Columbus and Catholic Legionnaires—at Union Station.

BOTTOM—During the Liturgical Reception in St. Michael's Cathedral.



casts, and reading exceedingly satisfying accounts in Toronto's daily papers and in The Canadian Register.

Following the arrival of the special train, precisely on time—1.30 p.m., Wednesday, March 27—at the Union Station, came first personal greetings from Rt. Rev. Msgr. Brennan, Vicar General—and in the Cardinal's absence, Archdiocesan Administrator—who was accompanied by many church and civic representatives. In one of the illustrations His Eminence is seen between the Vicar General and Rev. Hugh Callaghan, Priest Chairman of the reception committee, passing through the Union Station, between lines of 4th Degree Knights of Columbus in a guard of honour, in which, beyond the K. of C's. appeared the Catholic Legionnaires wearing new red berets.

The Holy Name Society in a parade escorted the long line of automobiles conveying the home-coming Cardinal, and party; distinguished members of the hierarchy; and others designated to accompany His Eminence to the City Hall, the Parliament Buildings, and finally the Cardinal's residence. Leading the long procession were De La Salle Oaklands Band and Cadets, St. Michael's College Band and Cadets, De La Salle Bond St. Band and Cadets, and St. Mary's Parish Band.

In the Council Chamber of the City Hall, in addition to the reading and presentation of the beautifully illuminated address on behalf of His Worship, Mayor Saunders, and the City Council and citizens, memorable were the heartfelt words of appreciation by His Eminence, and the kindly greetings he received from the leaders of several non-Catholic religious bodies, who were in attendance.

On University Avenue and along the remaining route, in well-planned arrangements, were the pupils of the senior grades from the Separate Schools, Catholic High Schools, and Colleges, each school with its banner, and group after group joining in the welcome, by singing, cheering, and flag-waving, as the Cardinal's car came into view.

In the Legislature Premier Drew, having introduced His Eminence to the House in Session, extended an official welcome and a motion of congratulations on behalf of the Province of Ontario. Two other speakers addressed complimentary greetings to the guest of honour who responded with a characteristically pleasing speech.

As the Cardinal's residence was reached the happy throngs witnessed the gracious welcome extended by Most Reverend Ildebrando Anton-

iutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who was waiting on the appropriately decorated verandah to receive the Cardinal. Before crossing the threshold His Eminence spoke to the large gathering about to disperse, expressing his gratitude for the heart-warming welcome accorded him.

The same evening in St. Michael's Cathedral a magnificent Liturgical Reception was held. The following morning, Thursday, the Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Eminence and Most Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Calgary, preached eloquently. On both occasions the Apostolic Delegate, forty Archbishops and Bishops, and many Monsignori were present in the Sanctuary. In the front pews at the Liturgical Reception were members of the Cabinet, and judges of the Supreme Court, also the relatives of our dear Cardinal Archbishop. The many hundreds who were unable to gain admittance on these two memorable occasions had the satisfaction of viewing the lengthy and colourful procession of the hierarchy entering the Cathedral and of hearing, by means of the loud speakers installed, what went on within.

On Sunday afternoon, came the climax of Toronto's welcoming receptions to its first very own Cardinal. The city's largest auditorium, Maple Leaf Gardens, failed to accommodate all who had assembled in the hope of gaining admission. The programme which, for the greater part was broadcast, reached clearly a number estimated as millions, in their homes.

"A special and beautifully ornamented platform was erected at the south end, with a display of the Cardinal's coat of arms, and Papal flags. In the tiers behind the platform were the massed choirs—the Cathedral Schola Cantorum, the C.Y.O. Glee Club, the girls from Loretto, St. Joseph's, Notre Dame High Schools, and 500 children from the Separate Schools, all under the direction of Rev. Dr. Ronan. Harold Armstrong was at the organ. Choristers from the colleges and schools wore academic gowns, or tunics with ribbons of the Papal colours—white and gold. Front seats in the rink were occupied by Catholic Legionnaires. Places of honor were reserved for the visiting relatives of His Eminence."

* * *

His Eminence addressed several other groups, assembled to present their welcome, as: At the Royal York Hotel during the luncheon given after the Pontifical Mass on Thursday—at which five hundred clergy, including forty Archbishops and Bishops were present, and at which His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate,

was first speaker; at Holy Mass, in the Cathedral on Saturday, celebrated by His Eminence, specially for the Religious of the city, on which occasion an address from the Religious was read by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Brennan, V.G., and a spiritual bouquet presented; at Holy Mass the following Tuesday, celebrated by the Cardinal for thousands of Separate School boys and girls of the higher grades, from the City and from other parts of the Archdiocese; at Mass, on Wednesday, celebrated by His Eminence for the assembled High School Boys and Girls; at the O.E.C.T.A. meeting held in Loretto College School auditorium, when a beautiful and encouraging message from His Holiness Pope Pius XII was delivered by the Cardinal who, at the conclusion of his address, bestowed the Apostolic blessing on the assembled Catholic teachers.

The members of the Community of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, were happy in having an opportunity, on the Cardinal's arrival for the meeting, of being presented and of expressing their congratulations and wel-

come. Delighted, too, were the members of L.C.S. Glee Club who, after the opening prayer had greeted the Cardinal with a choral programme, and received words of praise and thanks in his beautiful address which followed.

* * *

As many prayers were offered in advance for the safe return of our beloved Cardinal and his party and for good weather while receptions were being held in his honour, on his return after the bestowal on him by Pope Pius XII, of the historic "Red Hat," so prayers of heartfelt thanksgiving have been offered for the ideal weather enjoyed on each day of one of the happy events, and still more for the "safe return from perils of the sea and sky."

In offering our felicitations to His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, on the many honours recently received, we extend congratulations also to his brother, Dr. McGuigan, and his sisters, Mother St. George, C.N.D., Dean of Marianopolis College, Montreal, Miss McGuigan and Lt. Alice McGuigan R.C.A.F.

Four Walls

Four walls for you, four walls for me,
Four walls for everyone we see.
Within such narrow bounds we go,
It scarcely seems a soul could grow;
Yet, in some dim, low-ceilinged room,
Incomparable blossoms bloom!

Four walls to shut the sun away,
To hide the sea's soft-feathered spray;
But, though of steel, they could not bar
This traveller from another star,
This soul that lifts its pinions white
Beyond the day, beyond the night!

One with the sea, one with the sun,
This voyager is never done,
But seeks new realms, and soars and sings
Beyond the bounds of finite things.
Four walls? The soul goes, unaware,
That any boundaries are there!

Aline Michaelis

Freighter Whistles

The deep and stately tone sounds clear
Above our city's whispering—
A welcome sound indeed to hear
This mighty herald of the spring.

The freighter plies the stormy waves,
Her throbbing engines pushing on,
And many a gale the old tub braves,
Her crew at work from dawn till dawn.

Within their rusty sides they store
(Those rusty sides that tourists scorn)
Production's life-blood—iron ore.
From mine to factory it is borne.

No wonder surging thrill is felt
At each low note those whistles blow.
No wonder common pride is felt
In each sharp blast our lockmen know.

M.A.S. (Loretto Sault Alumna)

His Eminence Samuel A. Cardinal Stritch

Fourth Archbishop of Chicago



His Eminence Samuel A. Cardinal Stritch
Fourth Archbishop of Chicago

With utmost interest we followed the excellent newspaper accounts, with accompanying illustrations, of the air trip of His Eminence Samuel A. Cardinal Stritch in the T.W.A. plane from Chicago to Detroit, and thence, with Cardinal Mooney, to Newfoundland; to Eire, where first welcome was extended by Prime Minister Eamon De Valera; to France; and of his safe arrival by the giant plane Star of Cairo at the Eternal City.

And in Rome—of his participation in the Consistory at which the Holy Father bestowed on him the Red Hat; of his taking formal pos-

session of his titular church, the historic "St. Agnes—Outside-the-Walls;" of his being entertained with fellow alumni of Propaganda University, at Exercises held at the University, to mark the centenary of Cardinal Newman's conversion—Newman having been also an alumnus of the institution.

With thanksgiving we read of the safe return trip of the T.W.A. Constellation, when the venerated Cardinal was welcomed home by millions of Chicagoans and visitors from various parishes of the Archdiocese.

Of the many sincere and elaborate testimon-

ials of esteem and welcome on his return, we feel that His Eminence has prized not least the beautifully bound volume containing a spiritual bouquet—Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries—offered for him by the teachers and students of the Catholic schools of the Archdiocese

ious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and its branch houses in Canada, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Flemington, N.J., offer their felicitations to His Eminence, Samuel Alphonsus Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago.



His Eminence enjoying the Precious Gift from the Schools.
At his left is Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cunningham, D.P.

—each page, exquisitely illuminated, showing a school's distinctive offering—and presented by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cunningham, Superintendent of Schools.

Particularly appealing also to His Eminence must have been those few days he spent as guest of honour in his birthplace, Nashville, Tenn., where memorable civic and church ceremonies were held in his honour.

Uniting with the Religious, and the students past and present, of: Loretto Convent, Englewood; Loretto Academy, Woodlawn; St. Bride's Convent; Loretto High School, Englewood; St. Bernard's, St. Cyril's, St. Bride's, and St. Aedan's Parochial Schools, the Relig-

Radiating Christ

Go forth, brave soul, to this thy glorious task—
With dauntless zeal and never fading light
To lead the way through darkness of the night.

Go, show the weary world the dawn of hope;
Thus lift the minds and hearts of tender youth
And pledge their lives to eager quest of truth.

Go, cast abroad His Fire upon the earth.
So may His Love within your heart still reign
That those who meet you will find Christ again.

S.M.P., I.B.V.M.

His Eminence Francis J. Cardinal Spellman

Archbishop of New York



His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman,
Archbishop of New York

With joy the good news came that Archbishop Spellman of New York had received from the Holy Father the high call to join the Sacred College of Cardinals.

His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, had long since endeared himself to countless thousands in English speaking lands by his excellent broadcasts, especially from the Eternal City on different occasions connected with the Papacy, and by his informing writings, of which his recent book, reviewed in the January issue of *The Loretto Rainbow*, is particularly appealing just at this time, dealing as it does with the Cardinal's appreciation of Italy from past experiences.

In connection with his new dignity we are happy to preserve in our pages this interesting item:

"Cardinal Spellman is presently wearing a pectoral cross that belonged to John M. Cardinal Farley of New York, and which bears on its reverse side engravings of St. Peter's Basilica, the North American College in Rome, St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, and Fordham University. All these have an intimate relation to the life of Cardinal Spellman.

The cross chain which Cardinal Spellman wears with his black cassock is one presented to him by Pope Pius XII, which he wore as Papal Nuncio in Germany and as Cardinal Secretary of State.

The ring which the Cardinal is wearing was once the property of Archbishop Hughes of New York, who presented it to his successor, John Cardinal McCloskey."

Amongst the countless New York citizens welcoming back their Cardinal, are many former Loretto Abbey and Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, pupils. With them the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and of all the Loretto Convents in Canada, and the United States unite in extending to His Eminence felicitations and best wishes for ever increasing blessings on his labours as Prince of the Church.

INCIDENT

"Oh, yes, we shall send the number of prayers you offer. Then the numbers can be added together, and after being totalled with the spiritual gifts of other children throughout the Archdiocese, they will be sent to our new Cardinal. This will be *your* special gift to him."

Instructions having been explicit and detailed, it was to be expected that each child would submit a paper bearing a definite number of voluntary offerings. Many did indeed, and they were generous with their prayers—but came this unique record from one good little heart:

Holy Communion	Every Sunday
Visits	2 days a week
Rosys	every days
Prays	every days
Stations	Sundays
Ejaculations	everyday

His Eminence Edward Cardinal Mooney
Archbishop of Detroit



Mayor Edward Jeffries (left) and Lieut. Gen. William S. Knudsen (centre) with His Eminence Edward Cardinal Mooney, at Board of Commerce dinner in honour of the Cardinal.

So fascinating is this sketch of Detroit's first Cardinal that many Loretto Rainbow readers who had not seen it when it appeared in "The New World" will appreciate our presenting it here:

"Services to the Church on three continents—Europe, Asia and America—have marked the career of the Most Rev. Edward Mooney, first Archbishop of Detroit and one of the four new Cardinals from the United States.

In 1926, after three years as spiritual director of the North American College in Rome, the Archbishop, then a Monsignor, was named

Apostolic Delegate to India. He is believed to be the first American priest to be given a permanent appointment in the diplomatic service of the Vatican.

.....
During Cardinal Mooney's five years as delegate to India, eleven new mission territories were erected, and three more Sees were entrusted to the direction of native Indian bishops.

Rome, India—and then Japan. On February 25, 1931, the Archbishop's residence in India ended, as he was to take up similar duties as



His Eminence Edward Cardinal Mooney takes informal possession of his Titular Church of Santa Suzanna, Outside-the-Walls, Rome.

Apostolic Delegate to Japan. A little more than two years later, after a visit to the United States, and as he was returning to Japan, he was appointed Bishop of Rochester, N.Y.

On June 1, 1937, the Diocese of Detroit was elevated to the rank of a archiepiscopal See; the entire State of Michigan was made a new ecclesiastical province, and Cardinal Mooney was named its first Archbishop."

* * *

Of many things which interested us in connection with Cardinal Mooney's recent eventful visit to Rome and new honours he there received, we were particularly impressed by the fact that to him was assigned as titular church, that of Santa Suzanna, Outside-the-Walls, which the zealous Paulist Fathers serve, and of which we have heard much. In one of the illustrations we see His Eminence kissing the crucifix before taking informal possession of the church.

Amongst the thousands who welcomed the Cardinal home after his receiving the Red Hat from His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, were the members of the Detroit-Windsor circle of Loretto Alumnae Association—our former students at Loretto Abbey, Loretto-Hamilton, Loretto-Stratford, and Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. With these we unite in offering our heartfelt felicitations to His Eminence, and our prayers that he may be given health and strength to continue his arduous labours for souls, for many years, *Ad majorem Dei Gloriam*.

A Unique Reception in Chinatown, Philadelphia

In a recent letter from Mrs. Drucilla Gorman (Loretto, I.B.V.M. Alumna) came this interesting information which many of our readers will appreciate:

"Last Tuesday I had the honor of being present at the Reception given to Thomas Cardinal Tien, first and only Chinese Cardinal, it was spectacular. Chinese boys and girls of the High School sang as he entered the auditorium accompanied by our dear Cardinal Dougherty. Two tiny Chinese children, a girl and a boy, each in native costume, welcomed Cardinal Tien to the city, and Mayor Samuel gave him the keys of the city. The Cardinal gave an address in Chinese, which was interpreted for us by a Chinese Doctor. Afterwards we went to the church, where Cardinal Tien gave Bene-

diction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the apostolic blessing.

Cardinal Dougherty had this parish formed, and built this very fine Church for the Chinese in the very heart of Chinatown. Last Sunday it was announced in our churches that if we wished to receive Cardinal Tien's blessing we should be in the Church of The Holy Redeemer (Chinese) at 11 a.m., Tuesday. It was all very orderly and inspiring—a new impetus to Mission Work! "The Bulletin" gave this account:

With streets and buildings bedecked with flags of the United States and China, Philadelphia's Chinatown today welcomes Thomas Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., Vicar Apostolic of Tsingtao, the first Chinese Cardinal in the history of the Catholic Church.

The distinguished visitor, accompanied by Card-



DISTINGUISHED VISITOR GREETED HERE

Cardinal Tien, S.V.D. (left), Vicar Apostolic of Tsingtao, first Chinese in history to become a cardinal, meeting Mayor Samuel (center) and Dennis Cardinal Dougherty at Cardinal Dougherty's office, 225 N. 18th st.

inal Dougherty, received his official welcome to this city at the Holy Redeemer Catholic Church, Vine St. near 9th, shortly before noon. Mayor Bernard Samuel, Judge Vincent A. Carroll and other prominent citizens were on the reception committee.

The reception at the church was climaxed by the celebration of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament by Cardinal Tien. Children of the Holy Redeemer Catholic parish school entertained the visiting prelate and presented him with a gift.

This afternoon, Cardinal Tien made a tour of Catholic institutions, including St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook. The tour was arranged by a committee of priests of the diocese.

Cardinal Tien and Cardinal Dougherty were the guests of the Rev. William A. Kavanagh, rector of St. John's Church, at lunch in the parish rectory.

The band of the Roman Catholic High School and a parade of school children acted as an escort of the two Cardinals in their trip from the office of Cardinal Dougherty, 225 N. 18th St., to Holy Redeemer Church.

Our sincere congratulations and best wishes are extended to Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, and Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Toronto, on being named a Protonotary Apostolic by Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII; also to the following Clergy who have been named Domestic Prelates: Rt. Rev. F. V. Allen, Chancellor in Spiritualibus of the Archdiocese of Toronto; Rt. Rev. W. T. Davis, D.D., National Director of the Propagation of the Faith; Rt. Rev. J. A. Mc-

Donagh, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society; Rt. Rev. M. W. Cullinane, D.P., V.F., St. Catharines; Rt. Rev. T. J. Manley, P.P., St. Brigid's; Rt. Rev. C. W. James, P.P., St. Mary's; Rt. Rev. William Egan, P.P., Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Rt. Rev. John O'Connor, P.P., St. Helen's; Rt. Rev. G. J. Kirby, P.P., St. Vincent de Paul; Rt. Rev. J. M. Castex, Pastor of St. Ann's, Penetanguishene.

We also offer felicitations to the Chicago clergy who have recently been made members of the Pontifical household, especially to Rt. Rev. D. F. Cunningham, Superintendent of Chicago Parochial Schols, and former Assistant Pastor at St. Bernard's; Rt. Rev. Peter Shewbridge, Pastor of St. Leo's; Rt. Rev. Henry McGuire, Pastor of St. Margaret's; Rt. Rev. Patrick McGuire, Pastor of St. Laurence Church, and brother of Msgr. Henry McGuire; and Rt. Rev. Eugene Mulcahy, Superintendent of St. Mary's Training Schools, and Alumnus of St. Bernard's.

Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that a recent letter received at Loretto College School from Reverend Father Flanagan, former pastor of St. Matthew's, Toronto, and now visiting his sister and friends in San Diego, on a leave of absence after a serious illness.



Rev. P. J. Flanagan
with Friends in San Diego

brought the good news that his health has greatly improved.

We hope to hear soon of Father's perfect restoration to health and of his prospective return to Toronto where a welcome awaits him from his large circle of friends.

Congratulations are extended to Rev. Patrick Brendan Sheridan of the Congregation of the Resurrection, and to the happy family, on his Ordination to the Priesthood; and on the celebration of his First Solemn Mass on Easter Sunday, in St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton.

MISS MARIE MCCONNELL RETIRES FROM PUBLIC LIBRARY STAFF

To Miss Marie (May) McConnell, on her retirement in March, 1946, from the Staff of Toronto Public Library, where recently she has been in charge of Order and Accession Department, overwhelming proof was given that her thirty-four years of efficient service in the Library were sincerely appreciated.

In her honour the Order Department gave a tea for the Staff in the main Library at College and St. George Streets, at which Miss Loeber, Associate head of the Reference Library, poured tea; and one in the Library Club House for all the members of the Branch Libraries throughout the City. Mrs. Richard Davidson, a member of the Library Board, paid a glowing tribute to Miss McConnell's graciousness of manner, and recommended her as a model for younger members of the Staff.

The Business Office, the Catalogue Department, the Registration Department, and the Staff of the Central Circulating Library, each gave a tea at which Miss McConnell was guest of honour. Each group presented her with a gift in happy remembrance of their pleasant association with her.

Miss Boyle, head of the Catalogue Department, gave a dinner party in her honour at the University Woman's Club.

At a meeting of the Toronto Public Library Staff Association, Miss Loeber, President of the Association, expressed the feeling of every member of the Toronto Public Library Staff, when she spoke of Miss McConnell's efficiency and the high standard of service she had maintained through the years, and said that all would miss her in so many ways; the Order Department would particularly miss her capable leadership and pleasant personality. On behalf of the Association, Miss Loeber then presented Miss McConnell with a beautiful silver salver appropriately engraved.

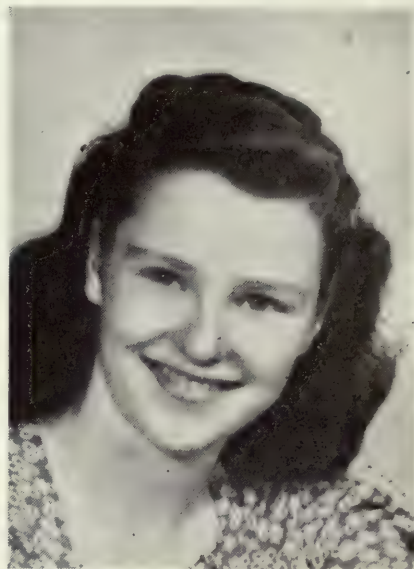
In thanking the President and members of the Association for their choice gift, the recipient praised the splendid work being done by the Public Libraries for the citizens of Toronto, remarking that she sometimes feels like calling from the housetops: "For greater efficiency,

greater knowledge and greater happiness consult your nearest Public Library."

C.W.

To Miss McConnell, Loretto Abbey Alumna, we extend our congratulations on the surpassing record she has left of over three decades of devoted service, to her fellowmen as member of the Staff of the Public Library of Toronto.

Miss McConnell is a sister of Mrs. G. H. Fowler (Gladys), Pelham Manor, N.Y., and Mrs. Sweeney (Florence), Denver, Colorado, also Loretto Abbey Alumnae.



Betty MacMillan

Miss Betty MacMillan, of Grade IX, Loretto Academy, Guelph, brought another award to Loretto, in the Royal City, when she won First Prize for her performance of Life's Balcony by Mary Brahe, at the Junior Presto Concert in January. Best music pupils of Grades 7, 8, 9 only, were admitted to the competition.

Mr. Hockin, adjudicator, praised her stage deportment and the maturity of her voice. At the Senior Presto Concert, Betty was presented with her award. She is a pupil of Mother M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M.; to whom and to Betty we offer our congratulations, and good wishes.

St. Anthony's School (Loretto) won the C.Y.O. Toronto and Suburban Separate School Hockey League Championship at Varsity Arena, scoring a 3 to 2 victory over last year's cham-



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAMPION HOCKEY PLAYERS — 1946

Back Row—L. to R. — Gerald McCracken, Donald Coulter.

Third Row—Rev. F. Robinson, Ralph Aubé, John Scola, Fred Renzetti, Jack Lorette, Jim Curran, Donald McLean, Richard Ford, G. Bedard (Coach.)

Second Row—Arnold Hill, Richard Frasca, Edward Skelton, Tom Toomey, Alvin Daniels.

Front Row — Ronald Skelton, Hubert Flanagan.

pions, St. Helen's (Loretto) to win the round by a score of 5 to 3.

The contest was by far the most thrilling game of the season, and only the final gong relieved the pressure for the supporters of the winning club.

St. Anthony's were first to score, when Tom Toomey beat DiFlorio from close in. Frasca netted St. Anthony's second counter on a solo rush late in the first period. Al Burfield on a splendid effort pulled the ex-champions back in the race with a clever goal in the second period. Frasca's second marker in the third period about clinched the result, but Al Jackson again put St. Helen's very much back in the game a few seconds later with a nice goal from Burfield. The final ten minutes of play was packed with stellar saves by Ed. Skelton, St. Anthony's star goal-keeper.

The boys on both clubs played all out hockey, and three star games could be voted to all; for

St. Anthony's, Ed. Skelton, Ralph Aubé, Arnold Hill, Don Coulter and Richard Frasca were the most prominent. For St. Helen's, Maurice Poole, Jim Bolton and Al Burfield shone, Geo. Murphy, St. Helen's diminutive forward, was the outstanding star of the game. The line-up was as follows:

St. Anthony's—Goal, E. Skelton; Defense, Frasca and Toomey; Centre, Daniels; Wings, Aubé, Hill; Alternates, Coulter, Lorette, Ford, Curran, R. Skelton, Scola, Flannigan, Renzetti, McCracken.

St. Helen's—Goal, DiFlorio, Boland; Defence, Poole, Frazee; Centre, Bolton; Wings, Goldsmith, Jackson; Alternates, Burfield, Pritchard, Acquin, Murphy, Vecchiola, Garbutt, Minister.

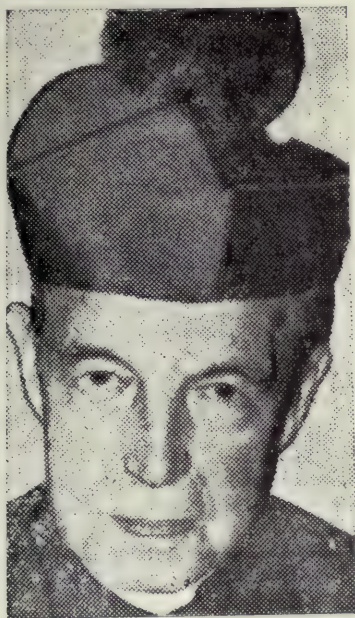
Congratulations to St. Anthony's champions, and to Mr. Bedard, their efficient coach; also to St. Helen's Team which came second

In Memoriam

HIS EMINENCE JOHN CARDINAL GLENNON

Late Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo.

The admirable life of His Eminence John Cardinal Glennon has ended, and with the regret experienced over the loss of this magnanimous, eloquent churchman comes the feeling of thanksgiving that he has gone to



His Eminence
the late John Cardinal Glennon,
Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo.

a glorious reward, leaving the memory of his golden words and his achievements, for inspiration to his fellowmen.

Oldest member of the American hierarchy in point of service when the final call came, he had been at the time of his consecration its youngest bishop. "As Priest and Bishop

he had known and served under five Popes, and received the felicitations of five Presidents of the United States. He had passed more than half a century in the priesthood, and forty-two years as Archbishop of St. Louis." He was renowned as a builder and an administrator, and was known as one of the greatest orators of the Church in the United States.

"Champion of the Christian home, advocate of temperance, foe of prohibition, Cardinal Glennon struck out unceasingly against divorce, unclean literature, materialism, and other factors which he saw undermining the sanctity of the American home."

Tribute here to the departed Prelate, and, as we re-read the beautiful lines from Bishop Byrne's funeral sermon on the saintly Cardinal, we are newly appreciative of his high merit:

"His blessed folded hands will no more lift up the golden cup of Christ's Blood in the Holy Sacrifice but, all over the land, and in foreign missions, more than 1,500 priests will pray for him as they raise up in clean oblation the Chalice he first put into their newly consecrated hands. I doubt if there is another Bishop in the land to match him in this."

May the great soul of John Cardinal Glennon enjoy eternal rest in the Kingdom of God's glory which, while on earth, he ever strove to extend.

MOTHER M. PALLADIA CONLIN, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Palladia Conlin, one of the best loved and oldest members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, died at Loretto College School, Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 26, after three years of patient suffering. Born in Belleville, Mother Palladia entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1887. Her fifty-nine years in religion were devoted zealously and faithfully, to teaching and to other works in the Institute, amongst which was the efficient business management of The Loretto Rainbow for some years. That she was a truly successful teacher is verified by the fact that former pupils—now men and women—in Toronto, Stratford and Joliet, Ill., attribute their lasting devotion to our Blessed Mother, to Mother Palladia's influence and example.

As she had been ready for all the calls made on her during her long and active life, so, death when it came, found her ready. Of Mother Palladia's family, there remain one sister, Mrs. T. Coughlin, of Toronto; one brother, John Conlin, of Joliet, Ill.; three nephews, Capt. Thos. Conlin, American Air Force, New York; Mr. Martin Conlin and Mr. Robert Conlin, of Montreal; and eight nieces, Mrs. W. Halloway, Belleville, Ont.; Misses Marie, Grace, Claire and Helen Coughlin of Toronto; Misses Marjorie and Agnes Conlin, Joliet, Ill.; and Miss Catherine Conlin, Montreal.

The funeral Mass of Requiem was sung Tuesday, January 29, by Rev. M. Doherty, S.J. Present in the sanctuary were, Rev. H. Cormier, S.J., Rev. E. McDonald, C.S.P., and Rev. C. Wilson, C.S.P. Out-of-town relatives who attended the funeral were Capt. T. Conlin and Mrs. Conlin, and Mrs. W. Halloway, R.I.P.

—M.

MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

At Loretto Abbey in the early hours of Monday, January 28, there passed into Life Eternal one of the best known members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother M. Dorothea. Mary Louise (Mina) Barry was the daughter of James and Catherine Barry of Co. Cork, Ireland. She was born in Montreal, but from her early years lived in Ottawa and received her education in the Convent School of the Grey Nuns at Rideau Street. She entered Loretto Abbey on February 2, 1890, but had to leave as a novice on account of ill-health; she returned on January 6, 1893. The perseverance

that encouraged her to enter a second time was a characteristic that supported her through more than fifty years in an active and devoted religious life.

From the beginning of her conventual life her literary talents were called upon for addresses, literary programme and records. The words of several hymns in regular use were hers, notably the stirring Mission Crusade processional, "God Wills it." After some years of high school teaching at Sault Ste. Marie and at Woodlawn, Chicago, Mother Dorothea studied for and obtained the Bachelor and Master of Arts degrees at Queen's University, Kingston. Then while on the staff of Loretto College, she pursued her studies in English, especially Chaucer and Old English, at the University of Toronto, finally completing the requirements for Ph.D. by the transcription and editing of a 15th century MSS., entitled "The Pilgrimage of the Soul."

She cultivated the spiritual life with even more assiduity than the literary, and within the community was assigned year after year not only duties on the chief executive but also in the formation of young Religious. Just as devoted pupils in the different schools became lifelong friends, so the community of which she was so zealous a member has been permanently enriched by her example and her spirit.

The funeral Mass was sung by Rev. W. Hingston, S.J., on Wednesday, January 30, in the presence of community, relatives and friends. Mother Dorothea is survived by one member of her immediate family, Miss Lily E. F. Barry of Montreal, and by her niece, Miss Lillian Steers, of Ottawa; her nephews, Barry and Noel Steers and their families; also Mrs. Frank Steers of London, and another niece, Miss Doris Barry of Wrens, Georgia. R.I.P.

—M.

MOTHER M. BENIGNA, I.B.V.M.

On Tuesday, March 5th, Mother M. Benigna Lacey, a senior and dearly loved member of the Community, died at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Daughter of the late Daniel Lacey and Mary Howard, Mother M. Benigna was born in Eganville, Ontario, July 25, 1866. She entered Loretto Abbey in September, 1890, where her sister the late Mother M. Melanie, was a novice. God spared both these devoted Sisters to labor and to suffer for the salvation of souls for more than fifty years.

Mother M. Benigna had an exceptional gift

for teaching young children—the understanding, gentle heart that gains the loyalty and love of Christ's little ones. Not only the children, but her Sisters in religion will cherish the inspiring memory of her gracious kindness and gentle courtesy in all their intercourse with her. She was superior at Englewood, Chicago; Stratford and St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto, when it was first opened as a residence for the nuns.

Surviving her are two sisters, Sr. Mary of St. Wenceslaus (Catherine), of the Good Shepherd Convent, Halifax, N.S., and Mrs. P. L. McNamara (Teresa), of Los Angeles, Calif., and also several nieces and nephews. Rev. Brother Ireneaus of Quebec is a nephew. Miss Anna Lacey and Angus Lacey, a niece and a nephew, and two Good Shepherd nuns, representing her sister, were present at the funeral.

The Requiem High Mass was sung in the chapel of the motherhouse on Thursday at 9.30 by Rev. Peter Hendriks. Rev. W. Fraser, the Abbey chaplain, was in the sanctuary. Interment was made at Mount Hope Cemetery where Rev. G. Breen said the prayers at the grave. R.I.P. —M.

SISTER ST. DOMINIC, C.S.J.

In the death of Sister St. Dominic of Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, on March 22nd, Loretto lost a loved and devoted Alumna. As Catherine Corkery she received her education at Loretto Convent, Lindsay, where she was an exemplary student, and from which she went forth to carry on zealously the work of education, first as a secular teacher, and then as a religious of St. Joseph's Community. Through the long years—more than a half century—she kept in touch with the Loretto Nuns. Her appreciative words with regard to the Loretto Rainbow were always an inspiration. As a former Loretto student she will continue to be remembered daily in our prayers.

To her Community, and to her sisters, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Dwyer, Loretto Alumnae, as also to her devoted nieces and nephews, especially Mother M. St. Fergus, I.B.V.M., and Dr. O'Brien, we offer sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

MRS. ROSE L. LEE

With grief the many friends of Mrs. Lee learned of her sudden serious illness while on a visit to her sisters in Guelph, and of her death, on February 18th, in St. Joseph's Hospital in that city.

Mrs. Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heffernan, was an Alumna of Loretto Academy, Guelph, and, after her marriage resided in Toronto, where her husband predeceased her in 1921. She was a member of Blessed Sacrament Church.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, which she had attended in her girlhood days, and interment took place in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Guelph.

To Mrs. Lee's bereaved daughters, Mother M. Yvonne, I.B.V.M., and Mrs. F. Wallace Clancy (Eileen), Loretto Alumnae; and to her devoted sisters, the Misses Mary E., Agnes J., and Ellen Heffernan, Loretto Alumnae, we offer heartfelt sympathy; also to her grandson, Master Michael Clancy.

MRS. JAMES J. MOONEY

(Contributed)

Mrs. James J. Mooney, daughter of the late Patrick Ford, founder of The Irish World, died at her home in Brooklyn on last Friday, February 22nd, following a brief illness. Her death



Mrs. James J. Mooney

came as a great shock to her numerous friends as well as to her immediate relatives.

After a Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Saviors Church, Eighth Avenue and Sixth Street, Brooklyn, at 10 a.m. on Monday, February 25th, the funeral cortege proceeded to Calvary Cemetery where she was gently laid to rest, the Rev. Ulick Buckley of Baldwin, L.I., said the last prayers at the graveside.

The late Mrs. Mooney was born in Brooklyn, and was educated at Mount St. Vincent in New York and at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, where she won several medals.

She is survived by her husband, James J. Mooney, and by three daughters, Mrs. Odile Sheridan, Mrs. Catherine Dickinson and Mother Mary Patrice of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Chicago, Ill., and by a son, James Mooney, Jr., veteran of the African and Italian campaigns in World War II, also by two sisters, Miss Nellie Ford and Mrs. Leo R. O'Brien, and by two brothers, Thomas and Paul.

For this dear Loretto-Niagara Alumna who through the years preserved her enthusiastic

devotedness to her Alma Mater, where she and her sisters, cousins and friends—among them Mr. Mooney's sisters and cousins—formed a little Brooklyn colony for some eight years, loving memories remain. The Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary extend their deep sympathy to Mr. Mooney, and to Odile (Mrs. Sheridan), Catherine (Mrs. Dickinson) and Mother M. Patrice, I.B.V.M., Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, also to Mr. James Mooney, Jr., Miss Nellie Ford, Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Ford and Mr. Paul Ford, with the loving assurance of their prayers for the departed and for those who have been so sadly bereaved.

MISS MARGARET HALEY

The following account sent to us in March of one of our devoted Loretto-Joliet Alumnae, who recently was called to her reward, will interest many of our readers:

Miss Margaret C. Haley, 17 South Center St., who devoted her life to social welfare work and for the past 18 years served as director of county welfare work in Will county, died at 7 o'clock last night at St. Joseph's hospital.

A patient at the hospital since Monday, Miss Halley underwent a major operation there Wednesday.

The daughter of the late Patrick C. and Mary A. D'Arcy Haley, she was born in Joliet and had lived her entire life in this community. Her father, who practiced law here for more than a half century, served as mayor of Joliet from 1891 to 1893, prior to which he was an alderman for 14 years.

Her early education was obtained in the Joliet schools. She was graduated from the Loretto Academy, now known as the Providence High school, with high honors. Miss Haley was class valedictorian.

Subsequently she enrolled at Loyola University at Chicago where she obtained a degree in social science. Following her graduation from the university, she began her welfare activities and for many years was attached to the Catholic Charities and Catholic Home Bureau which had offices in Chicago. Prior to her appointment as county welfare worker in 1928 by the county board of supervisors, Miss Haley performed her social service work without compensation.

She considered it a privilege to be able to help others less fortunate than herself and spent her entire lifetime doing it. Thousands of de-

stitute persons in the community have her name firmly engraved in their hearts and their memories because of the aid and service she provided for them when it was needed most. Miss Haley always treated the troubles of the individuals who came to her as personal problems and gave them the same devoted attention as she would her own.

Regardless of race or creed, she was at all times ready to aid unfortunates and in some way lend a helping hand.

A week ago today Miss Haley was named "heroine of the week" by a Chicago concern and was presented with a plaque commemorating her work. The presentation was broadcast from Chicago. The award was made for her work in general and in particular for her assistance in obtaining housing for a Purple Heart veteran, his wife and their five children who were forced to sleep in their automobile for several nights due to the housing shortage.

She was a charter member of the Joliet Catholic Woman's League and a past president of the organization.

The funeral will be from the home Monday morning at 9.30 a.m. to St. Patrick's Catholic Church at 10 o'clock. The solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated by the Rev. Philip L. Kennedy, pastor. A sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Eligius Weir. Burial will be in Mt. Olivet cemetery.

The Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Loretto) extend, with assurances of prayer for their dear departed Alumna, their sympathy to her bereaved sisters, Mrs. Columbia Haley Donner, of Evanston; Mrs. Angela Haley Keeley; Miss Madeline C. and Miss Genevieve C. Haley, of Joliet; and brothers, John P., Joliet, and Paul C., of Akron, O.

Sketches

SIXTH STATION

To my sister Hilda Veronica—Franciscan Tertiary
Loretto Alumna, who died February 27, 1945

Veronica, walking the bitter way
That led to Calvary
That she might see the Master, near Him stay
In His extremity,
Bore by desire, the Cross, His heavy load,
On her own shoulders frail.
And when—oh, wonder! there upon the road
She gave her snowy veil
To wipe from His dear Face the sweat, the
grime,
Her soul in worship bowed—
And He knowing her heart, graved for all
time
His Likeness on her shroud!
Named for the saint so singularly blest,
She who lies here serene,
With folded hands upon her brown clad
breast,
In life had ever been
Swift in His service, and her habit's cord
Is no more strong, more white,
Than the pure love that binds her to her
Lord.
Near in the candle light
Her husband and her sons and daughters
kneel—
A daughter wears His veil—
Two sons, young souls aglow with priestly
zeal,
Will hold aloft His Grail!
Surely for Heaven, she too was set apart,
Because His Face was graven on her heart!
Angela Harrison, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Loretto Abbey Alumna.

A LAUGHING CHILD

A laughing child can fill the air
With mystic music, everywhere;
Can lift sad hearts above dull earth,
To know true joy's
Eternal worth.
A laughing child can spread sun-cheer;
Can radiate the atmosphere,
And lead men back to happy youth,
To Faith sublime,
To Love and Truth.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

PERHAPS — SOME DAY

The river is a gypsy
Dancing in the sun;
She twirls and skips and pirouettes
As down her course is won.

The river is a gypsy
That lures me far away
To fun and new adventure—
All on a summer's day.

She flirts and twinkles in her smile,
And calls to follow after;
And from the bend below the tree
Floats back her calling laughter.

The river is a gypsy
Which stole my heart away;
And I shall follow after—
Perhaps . . . some day.

Frances Burke.

TO THE HILLS

Ah, to turn my footsteps backward
To the hills I loved of old,
With their emerald summits outlined
On the sunset's molten gold;

With the proud young pine trees lifting
Upward to the blue,
And the wild flowers breathing fragrance
To the breeze the whole day through;

Ah, to see the mountains mirrored
In the river, clear and deep;
And to watch the dusky twilight
Upward from the village creep.

While the whip-poor-will is calling
To his mate his sweet refrain;
How the happy memories lure me
To the mountains once again.

Would I find them there—the visions
That were once the joy of youth,
When the earth lay like a garden,
And its flowers were love and truth—

Where the minds of men were lofty
And their mothers pure and good;
And the whole wide world was banded
In a loving brotherhood?

Aline Michaelis

ALLIES

With cloud-white sash on gown of sky-light-blue,

The Spring Queen rides on her imperial way:
The courtier, budding flowers her pathway strew,

The sprouting trees, her breeze-blown banners sway.

In pomp and circumstance; with trump and bell,
Such as of minstrel wind and laughter glee,
Winsome, she enters APRIL'S citadel—

Her handsome, smiling, sunny consort, HE!

Come, let us, too, Spring's golden cortege join,
And on the trump of joyful freedom blow,
As with the Cross, our peaceful triumph sign,
We radiate the Truth where'er we go!

Frederick B. Fenton

WINTER VISITORS

You couldn't believe it when you were told about it away ahead of time. You couldn't picture it. But it's true. It really happens, as you now know, having watched with delight, and never-waning interest.

Up and down they go, according to the rules of their splendid game! Such fun they have, these smart-looking Black Ducks, with their neat white markings! You noticed they came in the fall, just as the hunting season closed, and, seeing them playing around, swimming, diving, acting as though this portion of the Niagara River belonged to them, you wondered if the reports were true which said the ducks wintered right here. And you found that they were quite true. The entire winter—up to the first mild days, heralds of spring—was their playtime at Fort Erie.

In places near here the river deepens, and seems in a great rush to reach the Falls and take part in that magnificent, thrilling leap. Early in the season it begins carrying along pieces of ice, some fairly large. You believe the ducks think these are supplied specifically for their pleasure! You have been intrigued at the sight, so common, yet never tiresome, of whole families of ducks enjoying their ride, now swift, now leisurely, on the blocks of ice. They coast down a couple of miles, then fly low, with that peculiar flight of theirs, back up, nearly to the Peace Bridge, only to repeat the fun of riding down. If the raft, which never seems too cold, slows up too much, you might see a pair or a small group riding the current part of the way. One day you counted fifty-

two of them, sharply etched on the white background of a large cake of ice.

All day they thus disport themselves, nothing to interrupt the fun save an occasional long dive when a glistening object below attracts a hungry eye. No wonder those who have been tempted to taste the visiting ducks, hoping for a delicacy, have reported "the most fishy flavour!"

But spring is here, and you must say good-bye to the fascinating ducks. You'll be waiting for them next fall. And will they play the same game all through the winter? You hope so. Yes—you believe they will.

M. V. B., I.B.V.M.

TREASURE TROVE

However much I may change and modernize my room in the future, I shall leave one part undisturbed, namely, the lowest drawer in my dresser.

On a rainy afternoon, I love to sit by it, and rummage through its contents—treasures of the past. Most of these things are beyond the utility stage, but one hesitates about destroying them; they are still so good; and how the sight of them stirs memory and imagination!

Here is the silly little party hat, with the "Hostess" card I had at the canteen the first night I met Gord. It was a Hallowe'en dance, and I had arrived so much earlier than any of the others in our crowd. I still recall the uncomfortable aloneness I experienced as I thought of the other Hostesses at least knowing one another. Would our girls never arrive? But HE came upon the scene, and I scarcely even saw the girls when they did arrive, nor until it was time to leave.

And here, I find my once lovely first corsage, its flowing blue velvet streamers bravely proclaiming its former beauty, despite the curled brown edges, and withered appearance it now presents. How it recalls that night—and my anxiety when the other girls had all received their bouquets and were chattering gaily about one another's, each secretly believing her own to be the loveliest! I was nearly beside myself, fearing that HE might forget, and I in my perfectly gorgeous, new formal! He arrived with the pretty, little box tucked under his arm—oh, the relief! I would have been content with daisies, at that point. Picture my delight when I peered in at the most exquisite white gardenia, surrounded by a circle of seven pink rosebuds!

Oh, and this painted dwarf flowerpot! To

me it represents one of the happiest times of my life—the months I spent working as a farm-ette, last summer, at a nursery. All thoughts of drudgery are completely eclipsed when I recall the wonderful times we had, during those thirteen glorious and happy-go-lucky weeks working out in the fresh air and sunshine, and being toasted from indifferent city-white complexions to that enviable golden tan we prized so highly.

No one admitted the regret with which she finally bade farewell to those relatively new, but already tried and true, friends and pleasant surroundings; it is significant, however, that we all still return there for visits when an opportunity presents itself.

Beneath a pile of old letters—reading through which is a day's entertainment in itself—I come on my diary for the year I was in Entrance class, and my year in grade IX. What a contrast I find in it! Looking at it objectively, one might expect to see a marked mental advancement after I had settled down to work in my H.S. Form, but, in my case, at least, it was the direct opposite. I remember so clearly, and the memory is supported by jottings in the diary, the feeling of accomplishment I experienced in Entrance class, of having attained what I had hitherto spent my life trying to attain—a feeling not even approached in Junior College—and the thrilling anticipation of beginning High School. Then came the shock on getting there in September. It was like beginning kindergarten again, starting at the bottom once more, with the hundreds of other students so far ahead of me. At this point I realized that life would always be like that. One could never quite reach the top while on this earthly globe.

This is but one corner of a drawer that, to my way of thinking, is crammed full of old things—of perennial interest. Every spring there is a renewal of Mother's secret ambition to clear out every drawer, and "get rid of all the trash" we have spent years accumulating, and I am kept busy thinking up reasons that will dissuade her, and finally impress her with the importance of having just such a drawer.

Twenty-five years from now, I shall, probably, still be devoting time to looking through out-dated belongings, but by that time there will have been added to the collection a host of things that are possibly not invented yet, so—say for "morale boosting"—the whole of my bureau will have to be converted to this essential use of preserving such treasures.

Mary P. Hickey, Junior College,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto

OUR FAMILY SKELETON

Everyone seems to have a skeleton packed away in some secluded closet, but ours just will not keep out of sight. It crops up every few years and is a constant source of embarrassment. You see, our skeleton is "the Jumping Jenny."

The Jumping Jenny is an automobile (but any resemblance is purely coincidental). My father acquired it while he was a medical student at college, and it has been with us, except for a few interruptions, ever since.

It was originally a mousy shade of brown (although it has changed color frequently) with autographs and expressions painted all over it in red and black. It had two doors, one of which opened. The convertible top disappeared one night when the wind blew, leaving the car draughty and somewhat uncomfortable. But this was soon rectified. A large, brightly colored canvas beach umbrella was carried at all times. At present, the car goes at about twenty miles an hour, but I'm told that in days gone by it did a good thirty.

The car served its purpose admirably for some time and was my father's pride and joy; then he met my mother, and the Jumping Jenny became a source of embarrassment—for my mother, at least. My mother's aunt forbade my father to park the car anywhere near her home, because she felt that it reduced the value of her property. Going for a drive was no pleasure since my poor mother was blown to bits and practically paralyzed from holding up the heavy beach umbrella.

Then my father finished college and sold the Jenny to a fraternity brother—and all was quiet for several years.

But all good things come to an end. One day the Jenny caught up with us. Our car developed some mysterious ailment and had to be sent to the garage. As my father had to have a car to make his calls, he asked a friend if he could borrow his, the friend found that he was going to need his, but he said that my father could borrow his nephew's, although it wasn't in very good condition. The car arrived and to my father's delight and my mother's horror, we once again had the Jumping Jenny.

My father had to make his calls in the Jenny for a week, which he thoroughly enjoyed. He always announced his arrival with a deafening backfire, and the beach umbrella created quite a sensation. When our car finally returned from the garage, my father reluctantly got rid of the Jumping Jenny for good—we thought.

One evening in the early part of the Summer, we heard a roar that sounded vaguely familiar. My father said, "Only one car could ever make a noise like that," and dashed out to investigate—the Jenny was back again.

The boy who lives across the street had seen it, and fallen madly in love with it, and now proceeded to paint it chartreuse with red and black trimming. As they had several cars in their family already, the boy found that he had no place to park the monstrosity,—no place, that is, until he conceived the brilliant plan of parking it in front of our house. My mother winces visibly every time she sees it, but the worst may be yet to come, for my brother has been wistfully eyeing the Jumping Jenny for some time, and, as the young man who now owns it is soon leaving for the army, our skeleton may again be very much out of the closet.

Adele Dodge, XI,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

A DIFFICULT FEAT

I had been instructed to be home by nine o'clock, but for some reason or other it was long after that time before I timidly walked up the front sidewalk to home. Trying to get into the house without making a noise, ought not to be too difficult.

With great precaution I walked up the steps and stopped, warily, on the veranda. Everything was in darkness inside the house. In the dim light from the street lamp. I could see the door knob. Very softly I gave it a deft turn. What luck! The door was unlocked. It opened quietly. I stepped cautiously into the hall and noiselessly closed the door behind me.

My shoes were the next object for consideration; something had to be done with them. Carefully I unlaced them and to my dismay one dropped to the floor with a loud thump. All was lost! But no! As I stood there, tense and waiting, no sound came from the room at the head of the stairs. This was certainly my lucky night.

Of course, I had to have my habitual night-snack before going to bed. With panther-like stealth I made my way into the kitchen, taking care to keep close to the wall, where the floor creaked the least. I had to admit I was doing pretty well so far!

Everything went all right, except for the jingling of the spoon on a cup or the rattle of the utensils in the spoon drawer. These caused varied noises to echo through the house. At

my touch the lights went on and off as if by magic, to my great joy.

After assuring myself of complete quietness I continued on my journey. Back across that great expanse of creaky floor I went to the foot of the stairs. The greatest feat of all, lay ahead in the silent gloom.

I attempted the first step, the second, the third. Fine! But the fourth groaned, and creaked, and sounded as though it were going to break down. The fifth was worse. All the sounds were combined into one enormous noise that seemed to resound through the whole house. Soon perfect silence reigned again. Had that been my imagination? Oh! this suspense of waiting was killing! Then, to my unutterable dismay, a calm, deep voice from the head of the stairs called, "What's keeping you? You've been coming up those stairs for the last ten minutes." Imagine my mingled feelings, after having gone to all that trouble!

Rita Butler, XI,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

LOCKED OUT!

I was enjoying a wonderful vacation with two of my friends, Jane Miller and Susan Drake. We were in a strange city, just the three of us, and everything seemed glamorous and gay. Every day we shopped and visited, and every night we went sight-seeing to all the famous buildings. At night we were to be home by eleven, or drastic measures would be taken, or so we thought. We even imagined staying in for the rest of our vacation, and in Sue's words "That would be too dreadful!" For the first week we could be seen trotting merrily up the walk, a very few minutes before eleven, to be sure—but, nevertheless, before eleven.

But, life was not to go on so luckily; one night we passed our bus-stop, and when we finally got off, we found to our chagrin, that a little journey of almost a mile was necessary for us to arrive home. In view of the circumstances, it is no wonder that on this particular night, we could be seen trotting up the walk, (and not merrily) at half-past eleven.

Our faces must have looked very dazed, and I'm sure our mouths were open when we found that the door was firmly bolted—on the inside. Sue had said she thought we would be locked out! How right Sue was! Jane began to grumble about "people who have to be so punctual," and announced that never again would she go out with girls like Sue and me.

After staring aimlessly at the door for a short

time, I suggested ringing the doorbell, but at the look which my friends threw in my direction, I subsided into silence.

We laid our coats on the steps, and then trailed around to the back. Jane rattled the back doorknob, but naturally it, too, was locked. Then bright little Sue spied a fire escape. With one accord we rushed to it and ascended to the third floor. Just as we reached the top, Jane's shoe fell off. We waited while she hobbled back down and collected the shoe and a comb which had fallen out of her pocket. Jane had almost reached us when she gave a little squeal and hoarsely whispered that we would have to come down and get our coats. Back down we went, and actually collected all our belongings, and started for our room. But we had closed a little gate as we returned to the front, and now we saw that the lock had caught.

By this time we were becoming frantic. We decided the only thing to do was to climb over. So a shower of coats, hats and purses flew through the air and we proceeded to "vault."

Three-quarters of an hour after we had arrived at the building we entered our room. Luckily—and it was our first piece of luck that night—the door from the fire-escape to the hall had been left open. Then we tip-toed down the hall to our room and slumped exhausted, on our beds.

The next morning, some kind soul, thinking that we might wish to stay out after eleven, told us where a key was always left for late-comers!

Angeleen Conway, XII.
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

"I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR"

As every average girl knows, fashions are always changing. I do not think there is one girl who can truthfully say, that she has never stood in front of her closet, gazed at countless skirts, dresses, suits, blouses, and wearily said, "I haven't a thing to wear."

The changes in fashions have often been credited to movie stars and ideals. Frank Sinatra is an average example. Last September, one thought one would never stop seeing checkered sports jackets, two-toned suits, coloured bobby-socks, and bow ties. Then "Frankie's" popularity dropped off.

Fashion experts sought for new styles, and the only answer they could think of was to

have clothes directly opposite those of the latest fad. Smart feminine suits were fashioned; light wool stylish dresses, pastel blazers, pleated, plaid, and checkered skirts, drawstrings, and jabot blouses and many others. These completely changed the styles from masculine baggy clothes, to smart, feminine creations.

So the saying, "I haven't a thing to wear," does not mean that the girl has not a variety of clothes, but really, that most of them are out of style. This will always be the case, as fashions are continually changing.

Joan Sheppard, XI,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls

ANXIETY!

The evening was exciting. I was among a group of girls making our debut as concert pianists at the age of eight. We were not children now, but like the young ladies in a concert. Everyone was fidgety, but I was outstanding.

"I'm scared," I stammered several times in a most unusual voice. Then I combed my hair; with shaking cold hands I straightened my bows; tugged at my stockings; smoothed the folds of my dress; twisted my poor little hanky and this procedure was repeated several times. Then I strolled over to where the programme was pinned up. I scanned the names to find mine, and discovered that I was on next. Oh-h-h!

The applause for Betty terrified me and Sister's gentle voice announcing to me that I was next did not calm me either; but I walked out bravely. "That piano is too far away!" But I managed to reach it, bowed, forced a smile and sat down.

"Can't I run off?" I demanded of myself. "No, not now; remember your mother and father are waiting to hear you play." This stern reply came from my conscience. The first chord rang clearly through the hall. I was frightened at first, but then I left behind me the audience and the stage and took a quick glimpse into the land of the butterflies. At the last note I sped back to the stage, bowed and smiled for I was a real pianist! I had just played my great masterpiece—The Yellow Butterfly—Grade Two—Conservatory!

Marie Thérèse O'Meara,
Junior College,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

For Better Things

FROM LONDON

The following letter was received at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, from the General Secretary of the Anglo-Polish Society. The headquarters of the Society is in London, England, and it is sponsored by the Archbishops of Westminster and of Edinburgh. One of its aims is to give aid, spiritual and temporal, to destitute Poles and other displaced persons in Europe who are suffering not only from lack of food and clothes, but also all spiritual help. The Society is trying to provide prayer books, prayer beads, catechisms, missals, etc., for these unfortunates.

39 Eccleston Square,
London, S.W.1, England.

Dear Mother St. Clare:

I am glad to tell you that the five boxes of clothes, etc., arrived in perfect condition. We are most grateful to the students of Loretto Abbey and the other Loretto schools who contributed.

Mr. Gilbertson asked me to thank the Loretto pupils also for the cheque for £20 enclosed in your letter. The Finance Committee will, I think, spend the money on New Testaments, Missals, and Catechisms for displaced persons in Germany.

We are not sending parcels directly to Poland and as we have no assurance that they would reach needy persons. You may be sure all gifts sent will be put to good use.

With grateful thanks,

Irene MacKenzie,
General Secretary.

THE SACRED HEART PROGRAM

Lost in the stratosphere during the last war a pilot twirled his radio and heard a voice that brought comfort to his distracted and troubled spirit. He had dialed the Sacred Heart Program and listened to a message of peace.

On the afternoon of March 19th, Father Murphy, S.J., of St. Louis, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Walsh and Rushman, delighted an attentive audience at Loretto Abbey with an account of the origin, procedure and progress of the Sacred Heart Program Broadcast every morning.

Father spoke on devotion to the Sacred Heart and explained how interest in this program

as a field for apostolic endeavor would attract a radio audience of millions.

The Sacred Heart Hour, attractive, appealing, satisfying, has won attention and favor by supplying food for soul hunger, by prayer, spiritual instruction and hymns.

The Rev. speaker demonstrated a typical broadcast consisting of a hymn in honour of the Sacred Heart, a short instruction, special choral number and the Angelus.

The aim of its sponsors is to have the best speakers, the best music, and some particular attraction, for each broadcast.

Numerous appreciations have been received from mothers of families, invalids, the aged, prisoners, and soldiers. These have come from every direction.

It has spread to many regions and is heard from the Arctic to the South Seas, from Trinidad to Japan.

Mary Barbara Selman, XI-B,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE GYMNASIUM DEMONSTRATION

On Friday evening, March twenty-second, the girls of Loretto Abbey, under the capable direction of Mrs. Kennedy, presented a colourful display of talent in their gymnasium demonstration. Entertainment was provided by every class, beginning with the tiny tots in grade one to the young ladies of grade thirteen. There was interesting variety in the numbers, all of which showed both skill and intensive practice.

Grades one and two opened the Demonstration with a pretty Doll Dance to the tune of Paper Doll. Each little girl represented a different country. Second on the program which progressed according to grades was a dainty Fairy Dance done by those of three and four. This imaginative tale of the fairies and big bad wolf was most picturesque. The stately Minuet of grades five and six was an artistic delight. Next, a Hoop Drill by grades seven and eight, given expertly with perfect precision, met with prolonged applause. Grade nine offered a Dutch Dance. Dressed in bright blue skirts with white blouses and Dutch caps, the girls performed a most attractive number. The Sailor's Hornpipe, performed by the girls in grade ten in navy skirts with middies and sailor hats, was a lively number full of fresh vig-

Loretto Abbey Gymnasium Demonstration



DOLL DANCE



FAIRY DANCE



MINUET



HOOP DRILL



DUTCH DANCE



DUTCH DANCE

Loretto Abbey Gymnasium Demonstration



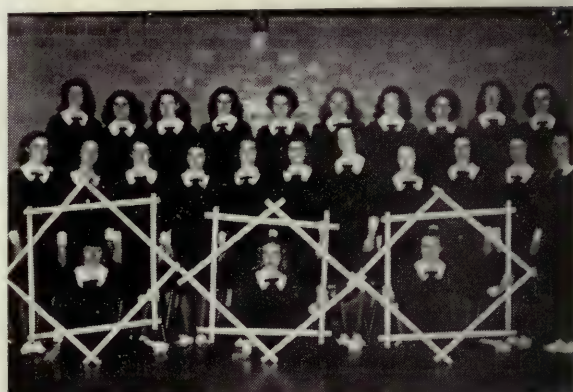
SAILOR'S HORNPIPE



BETWEEN DANCES



FARMERETTES



SWORD DANCE



FASHION GROUP



JUNIOR COLLEGE GIRLS IN WALTZ

our. With grade eleven came the good old square dance, Duck and Dive. The farmerettes with pig-tails, peasant blouses and bright skirts, and farmers in well-frayed straw hats and plaid shirts presented a gay and zestful picture. Another arrangement of good-timing and precision was found in grade twelve's Sword Dance. One intricate step was a quick movement which amazingly made a star pattern in the joining of swords. As a closing number, girls of grade thirteen gowned in "formals" of pastel shades waltzed in couples, spelling Loretto with blue and white streamers. This original performance was a well chosen finale. Effective lighting and spring flowers gave a decorative background.

Interesting musical numbers on the program were, violin solos by Miss Cecilia La Tour and Miss Patricia McDonough, and a piano duet, Brahms' Hungarian Dance, by Miss Lenore Kennedy and Miss Jane Timmins.

Mary Labatt, XI-B,
Loretto Abbey

LORETTO - GUELPH PUPILS IN GYM DISPLAY AND CONCERT

Students of Loretto Academy presented a colorful gymnastic display and choral concert recently in the Church of Our Lady Hall. Proceeds from the well-patronized performance, directed by Mrs. Helen Costigan, physical education instructress, and Mother M. Dorothy, head of the music department at Loretto, will go to the Boys' High School Fund.

The physical training demonstration featured tap numbers, a Hungarian country dance, a comedy dance selection, "Meet Me in St. Louis," which was encoored several times; an exhibition of club swinging and a series of "Jerks and Stretches."

Selections by the Choral Class and Glee Club, with solos by Betty MacMillan, winning soloist at the recent Junior Presto concert, were particularly well received by the large audience.

The demonstration in which pupils from Grade IX to XII participate was staged in the afternoon for the pupils from St. Stanislaus and Sacred Heart schools.

The programme follows:

Choral Class: O Canada, Ave Maria Loretto, Ave Verum.

Physical training: On Parade (Grades XI and XII); Winter Wonderland (from Grade X).

Skaters' Waltz (Grade IX).

Jerks and Stretches (Grades IX and X).

Grade IX Glee Club: It was a Lover and

His Lass; Life's Balcony, solo by B. MacMillan; Old Black Joe; Alleluia, Mozart.

Physical training: Country dance, Hungarian (Grades XII and XI); Meet Me in St. Louis.

Club swinging: Grades XI and XIII.

Choral Class: On Wings of Song, Mendelssohn; Hiking Song, Eng. tune arr. by Krone.

God Save the King.

LORETTO STUDENTS LAUNCH COURTESY CAMPAIGN

Wait a minute now! Don't let that title scare you. "Another campaign," you sigh, "as if there haven't been enough lately." Guelphites shot magnificently over the top in their Victory Campaign, and now Loretto Students are determined to do the same in this courtesy campaign. We might even venture to say it is more important: for how far can one go on in this rapidly changing world without being courteous?

An ingeniously sketched poster by one of the students outlines the way Loretto pupils are tackling this courtesy campaign. They've resolved not to speak indistinctly in class—or elsewhere and to be lady-like in speech and actions at all times. Each girl is given a card with "My Courtesy" printed on it. When she fails in one of the ways outlined, she surrenders a letter. At the end of two weeks the winners—the girls with the most letters remaining, are rewarded.

This whole affair was designed by the students themselves. Few of us will ever become known outside the circle of our friends; we will never be Greer Garsons or Madame Curies; our names will never blaze with theatrical lights, but we can all be polite and courteous at all times—and that is what Loretto pupils are going to be!

Nancy Goetz, XIII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

COMMEMORATION PROGRAMME BADEN-POWELL WEEK

Boy Scout - Girl Guide Week is the time set aside by all the Scouts, Guides, Brownies and Cubs of the world, in which to honor and commemorate Lord Baden-Powell, who founded Scouting in 1908 and Guiding in 1909.

To celebrate the opening of this week all of the Catholic Scouts, Guides, Cubs, Brownies assembled in the Holy Rosary Cathedral auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 17th.

Right—
Costumed for
Hallowe'en

Centre Left—
Off we go
Tobogganing

Bottom, Left—
When June
days come
again.



Centre Right —
Hamilton snowed in
by Freak Storm.

Bottom Right—
And all on a Blue Mon-
day morning in March.



LORETTO - HAMILTON STUDENTS MERRILY MEET THE CHANGING SEASONS.

At 2.30, entering in a procession, all took their places in the Cathedral pews. Rev. A. J. Goski, V.F., Scout Chaplain, delivered an eloquent sermon on the first and most important part of the Scout Promise—"On my honor, I promise to do my best, to do my duty, to God and to the King."

The sermon was followed by Solemn Benediction, during which the large church resounded with the voices of the children, singing hymns.

After Benediction, a Scout Rally, to which parents and friends had been invited, was held in the Cathedral Auditorium.

The programme, which consisted of Guide and Scout demonstrations, opened with a flag-breaking ceremony, in which Scouts and Guides in full uniform took part.

The programme continued with an Investiture of Holy Rosary Scouts.

Following this the Cubs from St. Anthony's Parish displayed the knots they had learned. Each Cub showed how to make a certain knot, while he explained it, and its use.

St. Joseph's Scout Troop silently acted ten incidents to show the meanings of the Scout laws.

The Cubs of St. Joseph's sang a short Wolf Cub song, then went through the motions of a Flag Drill.

A reproduction from Rudyard Kipling's "The Jungle Books" was staged by the St. Augustine Cub Pack. The Cubs could scarcely be recognized as boys, behind the paper masks, which resembled the heads of different wild animals.

St. Joseph's Brownies showed the audience how a Brownie Meeting is carried on. During the meeting the Brownies acted, "The Three-Sided Question," and by means of a short play told us, "Where to Find a Brownie."

The Scout Troop from St. Anthony's Parish gave a First Aid Demonstration, in which they dressed and bandaged imaginary wounds, made splints and slings, and carried the patient out on an improvised stretcher.

Acrobatics, in the form of tumbling and building pyramids, were given by the Scout Troop of St. Augustine School.

All Girl Guides in full uniform, sat around a camp-fire, which consisted of small branches, lit by an electric bulb covered with red paper, and which was built in the centre of the stage. Following a camp-fire ceremony, in which the Guide laws were explained, the girls sang a few Guide songs, made their promise, then sang "Taps."

The programme ended with the lowering of the flag, and the singing of God Save the King.

Shirley Fahlman, X,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

ST. MICHAEL'S, FORT ERIE

The Sodality of Our Lady continues its regular meetings at St. Michael's Convent, twice monthly, alternating business and social meetings. Their latest project is a party, proceeds of which are to help the new Building for Our Lady, the Central Office of the Queen's Work, St. Louis; a worthy cause, our Sodalists decided. A special meeting was held at the home of Miss Jean Kingston, and preparations continue, the young ladies entering into the plans with great zest.

After a recent meeting the group departed *en masse* for St. Michael's Church, where Sacred Heart Devotions, a Eucharistic half-hour, has already a good attendance, growing with each succeeding Sunday. The Novena to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, Wednesday evenings, is excellently attended, also. It is evident that Fort Erie people have deep devotion to Our Blessed Mother. May her protection always be with them!

LORETTO CONVENT. ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN

We arrived here on September 13th and opened classes on the 17th. Besides our regular sessions in catechetical work with the Estevan Catholic children, we have noon hour religion classes for the Catholic children from the country who are attending school here. After each Mass on Sundays we have religious instruction classes for the children who attend country schools. Some live fourteen miles from here, but all seem to travel in cars—no more sleighs! Every Thursday evening we have instructions for high school students, and every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon for altar boys.

Just before Christmas we had the children make a novena in honour of the Christ Child. All were enthusiastic about the Christmas concert which with a slightly different programme was also given by our Bienfait, (Sask.) children. Both concerts were well attended and apparently enjoyed. Santa Claus appeared at the end of each programme and distributed the gifts from the gaily decorated tree. Every child was remembered.

On January 6th we were at home to the ladies of the parish from 2 o'clock till 6. The



A GROUP OF LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL STUDENTS FASHIONING FAVOURS FOR CHRISTIE STREET HOSPITAL

STANDING: Betty Regan, Mary Hickey, Gwen Cobham, Teresa Thompson, Monica Paul.
SEATED: Colombe Cousineau, Phyllis Burns, Margaret Donohue, Joan Barton,

ladies served tea, dainty cookies and fancy sandwiches from a table, beautiful with its white and mauve baby 'mums, fine china, and silver. They presented a most acceptable gift to Mother General as a token of gratitude and expressed their thanks for the interest and generosity she had shown in making the foundation. They expressed regret that she was leaving Estevan the following day at duty's call. This pleasant afternoon reception was sponsored by our kind pastor, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hughes.

On January 23rd we entertained the high school girls in the evening from 7.30 to 9. Chief features were—opening hymn, favourite songs, prize-winning games, and a door prize. As a reminder that it was Mother Mary Ward's birthday, the farewell word went with a picture in her honour.

Three parties were held in honour of St. Valentine. On February 14th, twenty-two high school students came for an evening of songs, quizzes, games, refreshments—and a door prize. In the afternoon of February 16th, we entertained the children of the first four grades, and in the evening, those of grades V to VIII inclusive.

On Sunday, February 17, sixty-six of the Estevan children were enrolled in the Holy Childhood Society. Msgr. Hughes after a talk to the children on the Holy Childhood, and on their new duties and privileges, performed the ceremony and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The children sang very well. There will be an enrollment for the country children when the roads are in good condition and the weather milder.

M.S.P.

O.L.O.L. CLUB

You may have read something about our Club in a recent issue of Loretto Rainbow; we would like you to become better acquainted with it. Our Club is called the Club of Our Lady of Loretto; we voted for that unanimously. It includes about thirty members from grades seven and eight of Fort Erie's Public Schools. Our meetings take place twice a week in the Club Room at the Convent, lasting about an hour. At present we are making good use of the two fine tables recently built to order



Some Members of O.L.O.L. Club,
Fort Erie

for just that purpose. Besides Club business, at these meetings, we have our share of Religious Instruction, often in the form of quizzes or contests, which prove very interesting. Don't you just love quizzes?

Our members are divided into two teams, and we compete against each other in contests taken from our Religion books. Sometimes the losing team must treat the winners at a party, and, speaking of parties, ours are always pretty smooth, and looked forward to with great enthusiasm.

Among other plans for future activities, we hope to have a snap-shot scrap-book; so there will no doubt be some broken cameras! And we hope to include at least one hike in our schedule, as soon as the weather permits. Naturally, as we are the O.L.O.L. Club, we pay special attention to each Feast of Our Blessed Mother as it comes along.

Our very first party was held on December 10, Feast of Our Lady of Loretto. Then we went to work in our competitions, for the next party was to be a treat from the losing team! It was held at the Convent, Miss Barbara

Brand, Captain of the defeated team, proving a competent chairman. Games were played, prizes awarded, a "sing-song" got everyone going, then some of our talented members provided entertainment for a while, and refreshments were enjoyed by us all, before the party ended with the singing of "Mother Beloved." The program: (piano):

Country Gardens, Duet—Fred and Michael	George
The Swallow	Joan Skingley
Woodland Songsters	Mary Rath
Selections (popular)	Eleanor Clara
Sonatina	Barbara Brand

St. Valentine's Day brought another party, to the enjoyment of everyone. Refreshments were provided by volunteers, and proved very delicious, especially the hot chocolate. Among other games, a Valentine competition in which some very beautiful ones were made, and forfeits including realistic cries of a baby by Reine Marie Pilote and a fine Indian dance by our President, Fred George, provided much amusement. A special committee of girls did nice work in decorating the Club Room, and there was a decided air of gaiety . . . Good luck, now. You will be hearing from us again soon.

Eleanor Clara, Grade VIII,
Wintemute School, Fort Erie, North

Book Review

VILLAGE IN THE SUN. By Dave Chandos.
G. P. Putnam Sons

Ajijie (A-ji-ji) is real; the events are real, as is also lovely Lake Chapala, the description of which is so vivid and beautiful that it makes one wish to sell one's holdings, and like the author build a home on its banks; or, as Grant Allen said in his guide book of Florence, Italy, "go there and live always, and then go back and die there."

When you have read the last word you will close the book with regret, and your hope will be that now Dave Chandos' house is completed he will write another book about life within it, and tell us more about his charming friends among the simple folk who live in and near Ajijie and enchanting Lake Chapala.

Nellie A. Burke

Loretto



College

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1945 - 1946

President of Sodality—Mary Farrell
 Head of S.A.C.—Eleanor Foster
 Head of House Committee—Mary Farrell
 Senior Representative—Eleanor Foster
 Junior Representative—Helen McLoughlin
 Sophomore Representative—Virginia Robertson
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy
 Debating Representative—Gyneth Stencil
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Samson
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
 Social Representative—Marcia Keating.

COLLEGE CAMERA

Returning to college after Christmas requires a good deal of courage. In the first place one must try term-exams; and in the second place one must write those four, six or eight essays. Our first weeks in January found us engrossed in study.

January 23—Mother Mary Ward's Birthday afforded us some relaxation. Mother M. Marguerite visited, and entertained us with an interesting review of Mary Ward's life.

January 24—Most of us in beauty parlors preparing for the morrow.

January 25—St. Michael's At-Home. The faculty entertained us with a coffee-party at Loretto—and then followed the dance at Brennan Hall which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. A delightful evening.

January 27—Rev. Father Dore, C.S.B., addressed the Thomistic Society on the topic of Christian Education—a lecture both interesting and profitable.

January 29—Loretto vs. St. Michael's in a debate: "Resolved that the war-crimes trials at Neuremberg are a travesty of justice." Loretto in the persons of Millwood O'Shaughnessy and Sally Chiovetti upheld the affirmative by a vote from the House, 46-22.

February 7—Patricia Joyce represented Lor-

retto in the Interfaculty Debate held at Brennan Hall. Loretto girls were hostesses.

February 8—Rev. Father Shook, C.S.B., gave us an appreciative insight into the poetry of G. M. Hopkins.

February 11—Our own Ruth O'Shaughnessy 4T7, woman representative from the University of Toronto, went to Cornell University to debate there.

February 17—Sodality Sunday. Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.B., was our guest of honour.

February 25—Helen McLaughlin, Virginia Robertson and Marie Clarkson defeated St. Joseph's Congress in a debate concerning woman's place in the post-war world.

February 28—Father Keating, S.J., spoke to us on marriage; his speech was followed by a student discussion.

March 8-9-10—Retreat—magnificently conducted by Rev. Emmet Carter of Montreal.

March 14—5 p.m.—Dr. Gerry Maloney, graduate of Loretto College, gave us an interesting lecture on Motherhood, blending her knowledge of medicine with sound moral and theological doctrine.

March 14—7.00 p.m.—Elimination debates. Freshmen Joan Macdonald and Doreen Cullen defeated Sophomores Mary Schuett and Marilyn Barry, but were overcome by Seniors Mary Farrell and Sally Chiovetti, who walked off with the Debating Shield. The debates were impromptu—five minutes for preparation.

March 22—Loretto-Brunswick represented by Mary Hickey, Betty Ryan, Monica Paul won the laurels from Joan Macdonald, Jean O'Shaughnessy and Doreen Cullen of Loretto College.

March 24—2.30 p.m.—Rev. Father Flahiff, C.S.B., illumined the Thomistic Society on the Theology of History.

March 24—6 p.m.—Graduation Banquet with the reading of the graduates' last will and testament, and the class-prophecy enacted by Sophomores and Juniors.

March 31—Last meeting of the Music and Drama Club was brought to a delightful close by a splendid array of student talent.

April 2—Dr. John Frederick Nims, brother of our Mother St. Francis, poet and lecturer, gave us an appreciation of the poetry of E. E. Cummings.

April 4—The Freshmen entertained the graduates at a lovely dinner at Chez Parée, and presented them with appropriate gifts.

Sally Chiovetti

EXAMINATION TIME

Sitting still and meditating,
Heart's in mouth and palpitating;
Wisdom not precipitating
 Into my flurried brain.

Scribbling off in desperation
Figments of imagination
Thought up in exasperation—
 Everything in vain.

Thoughts are not at all synthetic,
Brains (if any) quite hermetic—
Situation *so* pathetic!
 Head and elbows sore!

Answers are no doubt fallacious;
Blanks on paper very spacious;
Half an hour left! oh, good gracious!
 Wish I'd studied more!

Clock is quite inexorable;
Failure now is inescapable
While I sit here, still incapable
 Of answering all but three.

Can't do more; no use in faking;
Hot in here—I'm nearly baking;
Time is up, so stop that quaking!
 St. Jude, pray for me!

Ethel M. Farkas, 4T8.

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION

To bring out the subject matter, imagery, and
Philosophy of Life in the Anthology
of Yeats' Poems.

The subject matter of Yeats' poems which generally pertain to Ireland, may be divided into three stages. The first stage contains his earliest poems which are concerned with Celtic mythology. In these a deliberate attempt is made to write about the mythical people of Ireland, and to give a feeling of mysticism and aloofness. Such poems as "The Indian upon God," "Lake Isle of Innesfree," "The Stolen Child" and "Euprema" belong to this stage. The next stage is concerned with actual people, the fisher-folk, their religion and dreams, and their everyday life. "The Rose" and "A Dream of Death" are examples of this stage. The third stage contains his last poems and deals with politics, patriotism and his own religion. Examples of these are "Politics," "Death," and those poems contained in "The Wind Among

the Reeds," "The Tower" and "Ego Dominus Tuus."

The language used throughout is lyrical. Yeats makes great use of alliteration and repetition to obtain a mystic and rhythmical effect;

"My spirit rocked in sleeps and sighs" from "The Indian upon God," and

"I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore" from "Lake Isle of Innesfree." His earlier poetry bears a resemblance to Shelley, and has simple and haunting language, but lacks subtlety. "The Rose" contains much repetition and the refrain;

"Red rose, proud rose, sad rose." It is a cold and aloof poem but subtle and poised. The most successful in the combination of craft and beauty are his later and more mature poems such as the "Hound Voice" which opens with; "Because we love bare hills and stunted trees And were the last to choose the settled ground,"

Yeats uses symbolism throughout his poetry as his method of expression, since he feels that suggestion is more powerful than other means. However these symbols differ in the three stages of his poetry. In the first stage he uses a rose to express the love of the Irish people for their country;

"My love is like a red, red rose," and the mythology of Ireland to express bravery. In the second stage he no longer uses myths, but turns to realism and attempts to convey the sturdiness of the Irish people through such poems as "The Fisherman." In these he clings to the stark, clear-cut essentials of poetry rather than beautiful imagery and long lines. In the third stage he wrote of great Irish patriots, using them as a symbol of courage and perseverance. All of these symbols, however frequent, are very subtle, and reveal an undercurrent of thought which can be easily missed.

His philosophy of life can be seen most clearly through his appendix to notes which he wrote to elucidate his poems. This statement, written at middle-age, reveals his attitude to the world;

"These controversies, political, literary, and artistic, have shown that neither religion nor politics can itself create minds with enough receptivity to become wise, or just and generous enough to make a nation." His philosophy, as revealed by his poems and their symbolism, shows that his world is a world of theories and ideas, based on Irish patriotism, Platonic philosophy, and Christian Science. His was not a happy or optimistic philosophy, but rather sad and tending towards fatalism. He says in "The Stolen Child:"

"For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand," Other of his poems contain a similar theme. However he does prefer to use the more beautiful things for his symbols rather than the coarse or tawdry ones that he could possibly have used.

Denyse Snow, 4T8,
Loretto College

ST. STEPHEN

With dauntless zeal and burning love,
With faith that makes mere mortals brave,
The noble Stephen took his stand,
To fight for Christ, Who all things gave.

And as he spoke, the forceful voice
Amazed his hearers, made them stare
'Stiff-neck'd,' he called them, 'hard of heart,'
Let them defy him, them who dare!

Their hearts were cut, and teeth were gnash'd,
And fierceness blaz'd through eyes grown mad;
They hated him, the figure, form,
The voice, the eloquence he had.

Unhappy state! The crowd grown mad,
Took up blunt stones to kill the saint;
The weapons whirl'd and tumbld fast;
The body fell, the strength grew faint.

But Stephen, dauntless, unafraid,
With body blue and cold with pain,
Was warmer yet with fuel divine;
Eternal love, undying gain.

The breath was slow, the final gasp,
Expression of a martyr's care,
Begged God forgive his murderers;
And crown'd his death with selfless prayer.

Sally Anne Chiovetti, 4T6,
Loretto College.

MEXICO

The earliest authentic date in the history of Mexico is 1325, which is generally accepted as the year in which the Mexicans or Aztecs, in their wanderings came to the shore of Lake Texcoco and settled upon the site of what was afterwards Tenochtitlan, and is now Mexico City. A legend says that the Aztecs while wandering about in search of a place of rest, saw in one of the islands of Lake Texcoco an eagle standing upon the "nopal" (Prickly Pear Cactus) strangling a serpent. This was taken as the sign given by their gods to select that

spot for their future home, and without considering whether the place was suitable or not, they there laid the foundations of their city.

Nowadays Mexico is considered as up-to-date as any European metropolis. Among its most modern and beautiful buildings is the Palace of Fine Arts, recently inaugurated and considered the finest theatre in America. It is built entirely of white Italian marble from Carrara.

Paseo de la Reforma is a beautiful drive along which one sees remarkable monuments. One to Columbus, another to the memory of Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec emperor who struggled courageously against the Spanish conquerors; the third, the monument of Independence, erected in 1910, to commemorate the celebration of the first centennial of the Mexican independence. At the end of the Reforma Drive is Chapultepec Park, a veritable forest of cypress, which the Indians called "ahuehetes," and which are said to be several centuries old.

The large building on top of the hill in the center of the park is Chapultepec Castle, now the History Museum. This castle, built by the earliest Spanish viceroys on the site from where Montezuma had a palace, has undergone many transformations.

Mexico has the greatest natural museum in the world. Here can be seen pyramids, ruins of ancient temples, marvels in sculpture and painting, the caves of Cacahuamilpa (seventh wonder of the world), the priceless jewels of Monte Alban, and the dress and manners of many ancient and modern nations.

Margarita Martin, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

SUMMER STORMS

The rain has passed, and now the summer day
is passing too.
The lake is calm; the sky is gray, but the moon
is shining thro.'
Leaves now are rustling with the evening breeze,
And birds are singing their sweet melodies;
All now is calm.

But see—the lingering rain seems fain to fall at
last—
Upon the troubled waters of the lake, it falls so
fast.
Studding, as if with precious stones, the swells
Sounding like little, tinkling, silvery bells—
Then, lo, it stops.
The wind has gentle grown, and the rain's torrential
roar—
The summer rain has passed, and reigns sweet
peace, once more.

Ruth Maden, Junior College,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

Secretarial Department

387 Brunswick Avenue

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Toronto 4, Canada

The Sodalists offer to their esteemed Cardinal Archbishop felicitations on the recent Papal honours he has received.

SODALITY—NEW EXECUTIVE

Prefect	Miss Rita Cullen, St. James' Parish, Toronto
Convener of Spiritual Committee	Miss Rose Kelly, Kapuskasing, Ontario.
Convener of Apostolic Committee	Miss Shirley Rucker, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
Convener of Social Committee	Miss Catherine Baker, St. Clare's Parish, Toronto.
Convener of Catholic Truth Committee	Miss Bernadette Fudge, St. Cecilia's Parish, Toronto



MISS DINA PERESSOTTI

Winner of "Acquaintanceship Contest," a Sodality project for the purpose of helping class members to become better acquainted.

olic girl, who even in casual conversation may show her readiness to practise her religion.

The attributes of the great vocation of Christian Motherhood were extolled by Miss Rita Cullen, who brought to mind the reality that every good mother is another Mary, and every good home, another Nazareth.

Miss Maureen Whalen, as a "Bride of Christ," spoke of the great grace received by those who are called to the religious life, and pointed out that true happiness cannot be attained in the pursuit of merely earthly things.

In anticipation of Vocation Week, the Sodality of the Secretarial Department, L.C.S., gave an interesting and informative Symposium. This presentation, based on the poem "Ite Missa Est," was capably narrated by Miss Dina Peressotti.

Miss Ruth Hughes, speaking on the Teaching profession, told of the sublime privilege of the teacher in being called to pass on to youth the torch of civilization.

As her contribution to the Symposium, Miss Helen McNevin pointed out that many people today not only owe their life, but salvation, too, to the undying efforts of the Catholic nurse.

In her portrayal of the business profession, Miss Jaqueline Waddell stressed the fact that the field of business contacts is a fertile one for the Cath-



MISS PATRICIA NEAL

Winner of "Mission Stamp Contest," a Sodality project arranged for the collection of stamps for the Missions. "Stamps Save Souls."

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BENJAMIN'S GUESTS

Old Benjamin, the inn-keeper, slouched in his chair, squinting contentedly at his surroundings. To him, the noise and confusion of the tired, irritable people in the low-ceilinged, dim room were a pleasant thing indeed. Just a few weeks before, this very room had been deserted save for the occasional pedlar who stopped to rest for a few hours before going on to the city. But now it was full, and consequently, the purse of the aged proprietor was likewise full. For three days travellers had been pouring in; some had gold to offer; others gave livestock or other valuables. Those who had neither were left to the piercing cold of the fields and road sides. Old Benjamin did not let charity interfere with business.

Suddenly, wearying of the smoke, and the incessant hum of unfamiliar dialects, Benjamin groaned and raised himself to his feet. His wizened old face became even more distorted as he narrowed his eyes in an effort to discern the intentions of a stranger who had just entered. A more understanding pair of eyes would have noticed that the newcomer, although brave in bearing, was half dead from worry and fatigue. However, to the calculating ones of Benjamin, he was an unprosperous looking tradesman seeking accommodation; there was nothing available in this inn for such a person.

Before the old landlord could make a hurried exit into his own chamber, the younger man interrupted him. He pleaded; he offered his extremest means; he mentioned an ailing wife for whom a lodging was absolutely necessary. His efforts were in vain. While he had been speaking, the old Jew was edging closer to the door of his room.

Now he shrugged, as if dismissing all responsibility by the action, and turned to pass through the doorway. Strangely, the thought came to him, as he stood in the warmth and comfort of his chamber, that the one who stood at the entrance, rejected, but still unwilling to leave, had more need of it than he.

Such a thought had not entered that callous old heart for a long time, and now, because it seemed so unfamiliar and meaningless, it was dismissed. Yet a trace of it still remained, disturbing and persistent.

Turning, Benjamin feigned a small grunt of surprise at the sight of the forlorn figure in the doorway.

"Still here?" he muttered savagely. Then he dismissed him curtly, with studied irrelevance.

"If you need a place that badly, you could always use the stable."

Again he turned and, ignoring the sincere gratitude of the thankful man, tottered over to a couch and eased himself into its softness. He wondered, first at the feeling which had prompted him to help this stranger, and second, at a warm glow he felt, the like of which had never before illumined his unyielding soul. He would sleep, and perhaps in the morning he would find some explanation.

Catherine Givens, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE GOATHERD

One day, not long ago, I entered a china shop in search of a new addition to my collection of miniatures. At first the clerk told me that all such objects had come from Europe and were no longer available. Suddenly, however, her face brightened as she said:

"There is just one miniature figure left. I will show it to you."

Eagerly I watched as she produced a tiny image from the huge cupboard.

"This is Dresden China, from Germany. At present it is very rare and costly. For example, this figure is valued at thirty-five dollars," she told me. I was astounded by the price, but also enraptured by the beauty of the tiny image.

It was the figure of a boy, a Swiss goatherd, and the entire height was not more than two inches. He was wearing a suit, raggedly typical of goatherds, which was complete to the little cockade with its bright red feather. In his right hand he held a slender crook, while the left hand clutched a plump knapsack. His face was tilted upwards, and was enhanced by such a sad and prayerful look, that I immediately wondered what had made him unhappy. Thinking back over all the books I had read about goatherds, I decided that his favourite lamb had just fallen over a cliff to its death.

I suddenly realized that the store was filling with people while I gazed at the tiny goatherd in the clerk's hand.

"Thank you," I murmured as I hurried from the store. I had not intended to be abrupt, but a lump had come up in my throat, perhaps because I could not have the beautiful little goatherd for my own, and perhaps, because I sympathized with him at the loss of the lamb which he had loved for such a short time.

Dorothy Hannaford,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

DAY DREAMS

Day dreaming is a state in which many times a day you find yourself being whisked away, on a "magic carpet" from the ordinary routine of your city life into a land full of romance and adventure—considered by you the best thing "this side of heaven." In your reveries, your every wish comes true. You are the "Queen of the Realm," the noble heroine—anything your heart desires. And there is always that handsome hero! Always, that is, until the motorman calls, "Hillcrest, next stop! Hillcrest!" The magic carpet is no more, and you plummet back into hum-drum daily tasks, disappointed and regretful that your day dreaming could not last on.

Regardless, however, of how often, or how great are these disappointments, you, dear day dreamer, will still allow yourself to be carried away to the enchanted lane of "make believe," will you not?

Helen Attaid, X-A,
Loretto College School,
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ST. JOSEPH

He was with Mary through all those days,
And became accustomed to all her ways;
They shared together the cares of each day,
And the Third little Person was ever their stay.

Sally De Luca, XI,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

TO MY MOTHER

(With all my Love)

Since you have gone away, dear,
You know that I've been blue;
It's hard to be without you,
And I can't help missing you.

I loved your brave and tender smile,
Your courage and your love,
But now I know you're happy
With our God in Heav'n above.

Sweet memories I have of you
And all your charming ways,
And I think of them, dear mother,
And I will, for all my days.

Friends think I don't remember you;
Or, perhaps, but little care
When I come home your face to kiss,
And find you are not there.

But I am truly grateful
For all they've done for me—
It's just that they don't realize
What a child's love can be.

I love you more, my mother, dear,
Than ever I can say,
And I'll always love you, mother
Unto my dying day.

Grade IX
Loretto Student.

When I was just a wee, wee lass
Of only six or seven,
Someone told me that the stars
Were daisies gone to Heaven.

But now that I have grown a bit,
Things like *that* seem odd;
I know that the stars and all things
Can only be made by God.

Rita Perona, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Of the New England poets, Oliver Wendell Holmes is the one who has captured my interest at present. The reunion poet, as he is sometimes called, had a deep understanding of human nature, as is evidenced in his delightful poems. He looked at everything on the bright side, and still did not lose sight of common sense in his writings. As you read his poetry, you will find yourself smiling, or even laughing aloud, but on a second reading you discover the truth conveyed in the verses.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in 1809, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a descendant of Puritans on both his father's and mother's side, and was related to Anne Dudley Bradstreet, the cultured girl of sixteen, who came from England to make her home in a cabin of the American wilderness, and gave us our first book of American verse. Holmes was an eminent physician. His writings were his amusements and not his vocation. He was a great favorite among his friends, and was a welcome member of a Boston Society called "The Saturday Club." He contributed a series of delightful Essays to the Atlantic Monthly, and each year for forty years he wrote a poem for the annual Harvard class reunion. He concludes the one he wrote for the reunion of 1829 with these words:

"Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue
or with pen
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?"

The humorous poem "My Aunt" is a lyric concerning Holmes' spinster aunt. These lines express the whole thought of the poem:

"Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Not Bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid."

From the concluding stanza of the "Last Leaf", we see that Holmes had a good sense of humor even at his own expense:

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

Marion Smyth, XI,
Loretto High School, Englewood,
Chicago.

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LA TRINIDAD

At the north-eastern corner of Venezuela lies the little boat shaped island of Trinidad. The Indian name for the island before Columbus discovered it, was, Cairi, meaning "The Land of the Humming Bird," but Columbus, on his third expedition in search of India, placed his voyage under the special care of the Most Holy Trinity and vowed that he would name the first land he might discover after the Most Holy Trinity. On approaching the island Columbus first saw three peaks, "The Three Sisters" of the Southern range. At the sight of this which seemed a beautiful emblem of the Blessed Trinity Columbus called it "La Trinidad," meaning The Trinity. And henceforth it was to be known as The Land of the Most Holy Trinity.

The official language of the colony is English, but creole, an offshoot of the French language, is still spoken among the natives. Apart from this you hear almost all languages, due to the mixed population—French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Hindustani, Chinese and Syrian.

The greatest natural curiosity of Trinidad is the Pitch Lake which is recognized as one of the seven wonders of the world. As our asphalt or pitch is shipped to Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Africa, India, Egypt, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Japan, Chili, Argentine and many other places, a Trinidadian, visiting any of these countries, can actually walk on the soil of Cairi, though far away from home. Trinidad is not only richly supplied with asphalt, but is also actually flowing with oil.

Everywhere colourful flowers please the eye and perfume the air with their sweet fragrance. Parasites of the rarest kinds exhibit in their curious flowers a perfect waxwork-like museum of the insect kingdom. Lianes of all sizes in-

tertwine in the most fantastic manner, while creepers, with leaves of various shapes and with flowers of the brightest hues, robe the trunks and hang in streamers and graceful loops from the great boughs of the forest giants.

Tall ferns and tree-like grasses grow in profusion. The majestic bamboo fringing the rivers and gracefully arching them makes a soft sweet music as its trembling leaves rustle at every gust of wind. The long and interesting family of palms flourishes in all its varieties, from the giant palmiste to the smallest dwarf which is used in decorating the home.

The soil of Trinidad is richer than all the gold mines of the richest El Dorado. "You tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest."

June Coussement, XII,
(Trinidadian)
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

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TWO JOSEPHS

Bending o'er his daily work,
Finding beauty in a board;
He reminds me of his Patron Saint
The foster Father of Our Lord.

Both are carpenters by trade;
Both are patient, pure and kind;
Both have tasks they ne'er evade;
Both are clean in heart and mind.

Working ever for their loved ones,
Of themselves, they never think.
How can I be e'er ungrateful,
Bound to them by a golden link?

When in despair, to them I turn,
Two Josephs—both so kind and glad,
With all my heart for them I yearn,
St. Joseph, and my own dear, Dad.

Marilyn Goyer, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

THE ROSE

The day was beautiful, more beautiful than any that had yet been seen that year—one of those days when May suddenly pours forth all its beauty, and when nature seems to have no thought but to rejoice and be happy.

It was the day when the pupils of Grade V of "St. Maria's" had planned to crown "Our Blessed Mother" and have a procession with flowers and hymns. The boys were each presenting Our Mother with a special flower. The girls, dressed in white, were giving violets, snowdrops, daffodils, roses, and even a few had lilies.

Everyone was happy, everyone, that is but Karen. She had come with nothing to offer. She did not even own a white dress. Some made fun of her strange speech, for she was from a country far across the sea, and had come to live here in America when the war had torn her parents from her, destroyed her once happy home, and left her destitute and alone.

The good sister with all kindness in her heart had said Karen could walk in the procession and even if she had no flowers to offer, she could offer a hymn.

The procession started. The children's

beautiful voices blended sweetly with the singing of the birds, as the little people wound their way across the spacious grounds of "St. Maria's." Karen could not sing, for she felt the Blessed Mother, would like better an offering of flowers.

The children began laying their offerings at "Our Lady's" feet. Karen could not look. She kept her eyes down, and suddenly she spied a rose—just a small, insignificant rose, but it was a rose! She picked it up. Now I have something to offer, she thought, as she lifted her voice in the beautiful hymn.

When her turn came she laid her rose, small but fragrant, at Mary's feet and stepped back, thinking the world was not such a bad place after all.

Do you not think that Mary looked down from her throne in Heaven and smiled at this sweet little girl, who had only a small withered rose to offer, but offered it with the best love her heart could give?

Marvel Rosart, X,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

ON DREAMING

Some of us may imagine that the only time we dream is at night. If a survey were to be made, I believe we should find, that the majority of us do more dreaming during the day, than we actually do at night. Of course, before we have strayed too far away from Latin or supper dishes, someone brings us back to our class-room or kitchen. Often, we seem to be spiritually on a magic carpet, which in a few seconds can take us, wherever our thoughts may drift. We may find ourselves back at last night's C.Y.O. meeting or party; we may be in Hollywood, or back at that thrilling movie we saw lately. We delude ourselves by saying we don't day-dream; if you notice, we are day-dreaming now—aren't we?

Josephine Faragher, X-A,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The Second Quarterly Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto College, St. George St., on Saturday, January 19th. A feature of this meeting was the draw for the winning ticket in the raffle which the Alumnae ran in aid of the Scholarship Fund. It was felt the response to this appeal was very gratifying, indeed; in the draw, which took place during the tea hour, Miss Margaret Lorsch of Toronto was the winner. Tea was served under the convenership of Mrs. R. S. Weir, and presiding at the tea table were Mrs. J. J. Hurley and Mrs. W. H. Murphy, assisted by Mrs. G. O'Connor, Mrs. Ward Markle, Miss Ruth Hobberlin, and Mrs. Lorne Hodgins.

Following up the success of the raffle, the members of Loretto Alumnae Association continued their splendid efforts on behalf of the Loretto Alumnae Scholarship Fund, and held the very enjoyable Blue and White Ball in the Concert Hall of the Royal York Hotel, on Wednesday, February 20th. This happy event was convened most capably by Miss Margaret McCormick, who was assisted by Miss Gladys Enright and a committee which included Mrs. W. A. Smythe, Mrs. E. Bebee, Mrs. Ward Markle, Miss Helen Conderan, Miss Helen O'Loane, Miss Gerarda Rooney, Miss Loretto Parnell, and Miss Gertrude Tackaberry.

G.T.

LORETTO - HAMILTON

Parents-Teacher Association

The annual St. Patrick's Day bridge and tea of the Parent-Teacher group, of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, was held at the Academy with a large number in attendance.

Mrs. C. V. Pickett, President; Mother M. Ermingarde, Superior; Mother M. Chabanel, School Directress; and Mrs. W. G. Pulkingham received the guests. Mrs. J. H. Sephton was in charge of the bridge, with Mrs. C. E. Tuck and Mrs. J. J. Gray as her assistants. Tea was served under the capable convenership of Mrs. C. E. Dwyer and the mothers of the Loretto graduates for 1946.

DETROIT - WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Mrs. J. A. Roe, Misses Myrtle Lloyd and Mary Woods were hostesses to our January meeting held at the League of Catholic Women Activities building. Mrs. Lula gave us an interesting and amusing account of her unexpected visit at Woodlawn Academy in Chicago.

Our February meeting was held at the home of Mrs. T. Aquin Moormann (Beatrice McKeown, Stratford) in Huntington Woods. Mrs. J. J. Timpy, chairman of the Bridge Tea, gave a detailed report on the success of our Annual party at Kerns Auditorium in January, with the addition of three hundred dollars to our treasury.

A Lenten luncheon was held before our March meeting, at the Abington Hotel, with thirty-five attending. Our president, Mrs. Thomas Shea, introduced Father Alvin Deem, O.F.M., who spoke to us of his Negro Mission on Eight Mile Road, Detroit.

The Nominating Committee was appointed with Mrs. A. H. Priebe as chairman, assisted by Miss Iris Sullivan, Mrs. Zoe McCormick, Miss Margaret Moriarity and Mrs. V. J. Lordan, to draw up the slate for the May elections.

Mrs. F. N. Wilson displayed the quilt which is in the making for the Nuns' Green Trunk. The girls are bringing enough pieces to make up six quilts for the Detroit Loretto Foundation.

Miss Iris Sullivan reported the sum of \$350 invested in United States Victory Bonds.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Marvin E. Beach (Mary Vipond, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Florence Mary, January 22nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hohenadel (Olive French, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of twin sons, Billy and Teddy, February 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCurdy (Monica Flannigan) on the birth, on March 14th, of a daughter, Colleen Anne.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lyall Elliott (Mary Whaling, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Anne Marie, on December 31, 1945.

To Captain and Mrs. Donald McAlpine (Elizabeth (Betty) Baker, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Donald Cameron, Dec. 11, 1945.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Twocock (Inez Mae Biggar, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Nancy Carol, on February 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Werrett (Elaine Coté, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, George David, on February 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thanis (Margery Kratz, St. Bride's and Loretto-Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Anne, on Dec. 31, 1945.

To Mr. and Mrs. James McKay (Frances Hanlon, St. Bride's Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Anne, on December 31, 1945.

To Mr. and Mme. Sylvio Pothier (Mary Bishop, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Marie Madeleine, on March 15th. Marie M. is a niece of Mother M. St. George, I.B.V.M., and a prospective third generation Loretto student.

MARRIAGES

Miss Helen Marie Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan, was married, February 9th, to Mr. Joseph A. Phipps, Jr.

Miss Teresa Mildenberger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mildenberger of Sedley, and sister of Mother Margaret Mary, I.B.V.M., and Sister M. Colmbiere, I.B.V.M., was married on October 29, 1945, to Mr. Steven Dick. The bride and groom were both pupils of Sedley (Loretto).

Miss Clara Mann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mann, was married, October 23, 1945, to Mr. Wendelin Mildenberger, brother of Mother M. Margaret Mary, I.B.V.M., and Sister M. Colmbiere, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Dolan, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, was married to Mr. J. W. Stanton, in Immaculate Heart Church, Stratford, in January.

Miss Elsie Hutchison, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, was married to Mr. Gerald Moore, in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, in January.

Miss Joan Colgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Colgan, and Loretto-Brunswick Alumna, was married, November 10, 1945, in Holy Family Church, Toronto, to Mr. Frank Stortz. The bride is a niece of M. M. Isabel, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Daley on the death of her husband, Mr. Russell Daley, on January 15th, and to their bereaved children, Geraldine, Donald, and Allen, pupils Loretto-Guelph.

To Mr. Raymond Hanlon on the recent death of his sister, Miss Ellen Hanlon.

To Mrs. Duffey on the death of her husband, Mr. James Duffey, and to the bereaved children, Maxine, Pat, Joe and Tommy, pupils Loretto-Guelph.

To Very Rev. Clement Adams, Rector, Pro-Cathedral, North Bay (former pupil of Loretto-Guelph) on the death of his dear mother, Mrs. Adams, on March 5th.

To Mrs. Alex. Mildenberger on the death of her sister, Miss Teresa Ubdler, on March 5th, also to M. Margaret Mary, I.B.V.M., and Sr. M. Colmbiere, I.B.V.M., devoted nieces of the deceased.

To the bereaved relatives of Mrs. Fred Rose (Marie Schmuck, Loretto Alumna) who died recently in Los Angeles, Calif., especially to her mother, Mrs. B. F. Schmuck, and her sisters Mrs. Fred Clarke (Marguerite), Mrs. McConkey (Geraldine) and Dorothy, Loretto Alumnae.

To the bereaved relatives of Mrs. Goetz who died recently, especially to her granddaughters, Nancy and Joan, Loretto-Guelph pupils.

To the bereaved relatives of Corney Williams, aged seven, and to his classmates in St. Agnes' School (Loretto-Guelph), on his recent sudden death.

To Rev. James A. Walsh, D.D., pastor of St. Felicitas Church, Chicago, on the death, on March 5th, of his brother, Rev. Henry Walsh, D.D., Chaplain of Bethlehem Academy, La Grange, Illinois.

To Rev. Joseph Maguire, C.S.C., Notre Dame, and to Miss Agnes Maguire on the death of their beloved brother, Rev. Oswald Maguire, pastor of St. Mary's, Tampico, Ill., on March 18th. The late Mother M. Emiliana, I.B.V.M., was a sister of Father Maguire.

To Mr. Walter Mott on the death of his wife on January 8th, and to their daughter, Rose, a St. Bride's Alumna.

To Mrs. Conroy (Rita Schuett, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the death, on February 16th, of her husband, Mr. Michael Conroy (Loretto-Guelph former pupil); to his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Conroy; his brothers, Frank and Patrick, and his sisters, Helen, Mary and Patricia, Loretto-Guelph Alumnae; also his sisters-in-law, Srs. M. René and Marina, I.B.V.M., and the Misses Schuett, Loretto Alumnae.

To Mr. Michael McNamara, Niagara Falls, on the death of his wife, in February, and to their bereaved daughter, Mother M. St. Gerald, I.B.V.M.

To Sr. M. Bertille, I.B.V.M., on the death of her dear sister, and to all in the bereaved family.

To Miss Marguerite McManus and to each member of the bereaved family on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. McManus, of St. Thomas, on March 27th.

To St. Joseph's Community, Peterborough, on the recent death of their venerable Sister M. Dominic Corkery (Loretto Alumna) and to her bereaved sister, Mrs. O'Brien, and her devoted nephews and nieces, especially M. M. St. Fergus, I.B.V.M., and Dr. O'Brien.

To Rev. Felix Devine, S.J., and Misses Margaret and Anna Burns on the recent death of their aunt, Mrs. Hughes, of New York.

To Mrs. Costello on the death of her husband, Mr. James Costello, on February 16, and to their

daughter, Lucille, student at Loretto-Niagara.

To the Carmelite Fathers on the death of Rev. Chrysostom Anderson, O. Carm., on February 17th, at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

To Mrs. Lloyd O'Connor on the death of her mother, Mrs. Anna Bowen Murphy, also to Mrs. Murphy's bereaved mother, Mrs. Anna Bowen, and to her brother, Rev. Frank Bowen, S.J. The late M.M. St. Ignatius Bowen, I.B.V.M., was a sister of the deceased.

To Mrs. McAuley on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Lawrence McCauley, Trenton, Ont., on January 8th, and to the bereaved family—Mrs. Brosley (Marion, Loretto Alumna); Mrs. Cawthorpe (Genevieve); Mrs. Jennings (Eileen); Mr. Harold McAuley, and Mr. Ross McAuley; also to Mr. McAuley's sister, Gertrude, a Loretto Abbey Alumna, and to his nieces M.M. St. Andrew, I.B.V.M., Loretto-Stratford, and M.M. St. Bernard, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey.

To Mr. and Mrs. Allan Forhan (Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the death of Mrs. Forhan's dear mother, Mrs. Lynch, and to Allan Forhan, Jr. (Alumnus of St. Anthony's, Loretto) bereaved nephew of the deceased.

To the Redemptorist Fathers on the death of Rev. George Fee, esteemed member of their Community, St. Patrick's, Toronto, who died, March 9th; also to Father Fee's bereaved brother, Mr. James Fee, and sister, Mrs. Edward Dwyer of Montreal.

To Mr. Albert Austin on the death of his wife, on March 20th, and to the bereaved sons and daughters, especially Rev. J. E. Austin, of Arnprior.

To the Christian Brothers on the death of Rev. Brother Julian, and to his bereaved father, Mr. Henry Sutton, and brother James, in the Canadian Army.

To Mr. James, Mr. William, Mr. Angus, Mr. Leo, and Mr. Gregory Kerr, on the recent death of their dear sister, Miss Jewel Kerr, R.N., A.T.C.M., Loretto Alumna, Toronto.

To Mother M. Gabriel, I.B.V.M., Chicago, on the recent death of her brother, Mr. Bernard English.

To Mrs. Robinson on the recent death of her sister, Miss Dorothy MacMahon, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. MacMahon; also to Mother M. Constance, I.B.V.M., cousin of the deceased.

To Mr. Frank Barry and Mrs. J. M. Kennedy on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Hickey Barry, Loretto Alumna, on April 10th, and to Mrs. Barry's sisters, Mrs. T. J. Smith and Mrs. B. Thompson; also to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Barry, and her grand-daughters, Mary Frances Barry, and Rosemary Kennedy, Loretto College School students.

To Mother M. Dymrna, I.B.V.M., Chicago, and to each bereaved member of the family, on the death of their dear sister, Miss Martha Sherlock, on March 19th.

To Rev. Father, J. J. Coleman, Chaplain St. Teresa's Unit, Toronto, on the death of his sister, Miss Sophia Coleman, on April 9th.

To Sister Beatrice Marie, St. Joseph's Community, Peterborough, and Mrs. P. J. Hitchcock (Inez), Loretto Alumnae, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. P. A. Mulligan, on April 14th.

To Miss Louisa Gibbons, Loretto Alumna, and Capt. R. J. Gibbons, on the recent death of their esteemed father, Mr. Joseph Gibbons, who had been, in turn, business agent of the street car union, Toronto; alderman, controller, and at the time of his death, Toronto Hydro Commissioner.

To Sister Mary Agnes, St. Joseph's Community, Toronto, on the death of her dear mother, Mrs. Francis M. Murphy, on January 31st.

To Mrs. Lahey on the death of her husband Mr. William A. Lahey, on April 2nd, and to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. B. Lobraico and Miss Jean Lahey.

To Mrs. Powers (Helen Coulson) and the bereaved children, Mary Lou, William, Jack, Jim and Gale, on the death, on April 9th, of their dear husband and father, Mr. John Joseph (Jack) Power, of Hespeler, formerly of Elora; also to his sisters, Helen, Eileen (Mrs. Shea), Marie (Mrs. Ryan), and Louie (Mrs. Kransmann), Loretto-Guelph Alumnae. Mr. Power was a nephew of the late M. M. Assisi, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Harry Swift and the bereaved children, Doreen, Margaret, Gregory, Graenne, and Tommy, on the recent death of their dear mother, Mrs. Rhona McDonagh Swift, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mrs. McDonagh and the late Dr. Andrew McDonagh; to her mother; her brothers, Rt. Rev. Msgr. McDonagh, Mr. Frank G. J. McDonagh, Mr. Cyril McDonagh, and her sisters, Aileen (Mrs. Arthur Kelly), and Pauline (Mrs. Shirley MacDonald), Loretto Alumna.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

January 7—Back after a festive holiday, with best possible resolutions for the New Year.

January 15—Congratulations to Mother Margaritha on the delightful publication in book form of "Mary Ward and Her Institute in America." It is of exceptional interest to us all.

January 22—At our Sodality meeting to-day, members of the Mary Ward House pleasingly presented scenes from the life of the renowned foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

January 23—Mother Mary Ward's birthday celebrated royally—a half-holiday with a banquet in her honour. Rev. Father Fraser was guest of honour, and Muriel Smith, toast-mistress.

January 30—We sang at the Casavant Concert in the Eastern Auditorium, under the direction of Mr. Caesar Borré—a thrilling evening.

February 2-11—Novena in honour of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, conducted in our chapel by Rev. Father MacDonald, C.Ss.R., will be long remembered, especially the beautiful closing ceremonies.



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THE REGISTRAR
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February 20—The Loretto Alumna Dance, long anticipated, gave us a most delightful evening.

March 3—Sodality Convention at the Royal York. Miss Willman spoke to us inspiringly on "The Marian Way of Life."

March 5—Spanish and Dutch lassies; gypsies and fairies, invaded the gym today for Mardi Gras, sponsored by our Junior College. To Helen McGough who organized the party, congratulations.

March 10—Vocation Week begins with an impressive talk by Mother General to the senior students. During the week other welcome speakers were heard—Very Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P.; Father Fullerton, Father Schwalm, Father McGinn, Mother Mary Aloysius, Miss Ruth O'Shaughnessey, and Miss Frances Mary MacDonald. Class discussions, and an effective series of tableaux representing various vocations, presented at Sodality meeting on Wednesday proved of great interest to us all.

March 15th—Grade IX-B girls add to the Chapel Fund by tagging us, one and all, with attractive shamrocks.

March 17—A beautiful new Casavant organ in the chapel adds to the joy of our St. Patrick's Day celebration.

March 19—In honour of the Feast of St. Joseph we attended the informing movie, "The Story of the Vatican." It was a delight to see our dear Holy Father, and the Cardinals, especially our own grand Cardinal Archbishop.

Later in the day Rev. Father Murphy, S.J., of St. Louis, Missouri, gave us an interesting talk

on the "Sacred Heart Program." We look forward to having it available over all Canadian stations.

March 22—Orchids to Mrs. Kennedy, our Physical Education teacher, for the attractive gymnasium demonstration she so capably directed.

March 20—As a Sodality project we are pledging ourselves to help the much needed Chapel Fund. Our Junior College girls today presented Mother General with a hundred dollars as their mite.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

October 17—Grade XIII students hold their oratoricals. After some anxious moments, the adjudicator announces the winners in order of merit—Elaine Lefnesky, Betty Klein, and Pat Hanlon. Congratulations to our orators!

October 30—With gym gaily decorated by Grade X, a colourful Hallowe'en party is staged, and dancing, games and refreshments all play their part.

November 9—Our Junior and Intermediate teams win grandly from fellow Stratfordites in Inter-Loretto Basketball. A good showing, Loretto-Guelph! Keep it up.

November 23—In Grade XI oratoricals held today, Gloria Noonan wins first place, with Peggy Cartledge and Pat Craven close competitors.

December 8—With the close of the Novena in the Church of Our Lady, Sodality girls form the beautiful living Rosary.

December 19—Grade IX presents its orators, who deliver their speeches in masterly fashion. Rita Carere wins first place; Irene Clair, second, and Clara Embro, third.

Carol Parade through the school to the chapel puts singers and audience in the Christmas spirit.

January 23—Winter favoured us with a perfect day and girls and teacher "took to the hill" (O.A.C.) in the first toboggan party of the school year. From cellars and garages came toboggans, wax was applied, and over the hill swept the happy celebrants of Mother Mary Ward's birthday. Later, refreshments were served at school. A scene from the life of the Foundress was portrayed for the student body, and again for the Sodality. The cast:—Archbishop, Betty Klein; Mary Ward, Joan Vipond; Topcliffe, Nancy Goetz; Lackey, Lucille Seitz; Speakers, Patricia Hanlon, Marion Prior.

February 13—Oratoricals this afternoon. All the competitors spoke on Cardinal Newman. Rina Pagnan, displaying poise and ease, was adjudged first place, with Rita Cremasco coming second.

February 17—Grade X orators, on the invitation of the Newman Club, delivered their speeches on Cardinal Newman at the Ritz, at a Communion breakfast of the Club.

February 20—Loretto Junior and Senior basketball teams marched down the hill to take on their Collegian rivals in a hot and fast basketball double-header. In the Senior tilt Loretto girls outclassed, outfought and outscored the green and white, with finals 30-24. The Junior game was snatched by the rivals, 16-12.

February 22—Loretto girls held a gay Valentine dance. Streamers in blue and white; long

tables set in our concert hall; novelty dances and prizes in our gym, were features of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. Prior, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Costigan were patrons and patronesses.

February 27—Students presented a colourful gymnastic display and choral programme under the direction of Mrs. Costigan and Mother M. Dorothy; proceeds for the Boys' Catholic High School. Tap numbers, club swinging, Hungarian dance, Alleluia chorus of Mozart, and Ave Verum were among the highlights.

March 5—Our Senior and Junior teams set off for another game, this time in Stratford. Our Juniors managed to win, 34-9; the Seniors bowed meekly to a better team, 28-23; however, all enjoyed the lunch served later, and, in fact, the whole trip.

March 6—Our Freshies, in their first all-Grade IX game, beat our Collegiate rivals 14-8. Congratulations!

Sodality meeting featured round table discussion on Lent, and Retreat.

March 11-13—Silence reigns; three wonderful days devoted to thoughts of the things that count for time and for the hereafter, in our retreat, conducted by Rev. Father Claude Engemann, O. Carm., Niagara Falls.

March 14—First showing of films from the new Bell and Howell, 16 mm. Filmsound projector—travelogue of Canada; also sing songs.

March 21—Sodality meeting. Plans made to send delegates to Montreal S.S.C.A. Convention. Yes, indeed, Loretto-Guelph must be represented!

Nancy Goetz.



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LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Jan. 7—School reopens. Everyone seems glad to be back, and ready for work again.

January 23—A special Mother Mary Ward's Birthday treat, a delightful skating party, after which all assembled in their classrooms to enjoy "cokes" and lunch.

February 4th—The students in assembly took occasion to express their congratulations and gratitude to Mother Superior on this her feast day.

February 7—Moving pictures in the auditorium. All enjoyed the surpassing feats in hockey and skiing, and, of course, the "incomparable" cartoons. The proceeds are for books for Loretto-Estavan library.

February 8—Winning students walked, one by one, on the auditorium stage where Mother Superior bestowed the ribbon of merit, with congratulations for each.

February 11-13—Our annual retreat, with Rev. Father McGinnis, C.S.C., of Montreal, giving us these interesting and valuable three days of his delightful conferences.

February 14—Retreat over, the girls celebrated St. Valentine's day with a Box Social in the cafeteria. Lunches were raffled, "cokes" sold, and later, games played in the gymnasium. Proceeds for the European Relief Fund were considerable.

February 26—Presentation of three one-act plays by the students of Miss Devon Dabelle's Dramatic Class.

March 6—Beginning of Lent. Firm resolutions to profit by this penitential season, and to help the Holy Souls, day by day.

March 15—Stamp week ends. Grade XIII wins the reward, an appreciated early dismissal.

March 19—St. Joseph's Feast day. All were happy, and grateful to His Excellency Bishop Ryan for having proclaimed it a holiday.

March 23—Our long-anticipated trip to Loretto-Niagara, with weather, trip and hostesses, ideal! We shall not soon forget the sights, the interesting people we met, and above all the lovely hospitality of the nuns and girls at the Falls. Our numerous snap-shots recall special features of the trip.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

January 8—All reassembling and wishing each other a "Happy New Year." In the evening a "movie" treat, for which we are all most grateful to Mr. Parmer. The Spanish girls particularly enjoyed the pictures of South America.

January 10—Final volley-ball game, played between Grades XI and XII. The spectators watched feverishly. After a hard-fought contest, Grade XII came out on top. To both classes congratulations for wonderful sportsmanship.

January 22—Mother Mary Ward's birthday, and a roller-skating party, which we all agreed was marvellous—even if there were a few tumbles. To Mother Eymard and to our kind chaperones, Miss Lunan and Miss McCool, our best thanks.

January 26—A beautiful night, flood-lights on our rink, and the boarders' ice-carnival opened. Shall we admit that although the ice was perfect, a few tumbles were taken by northerners and southerners alike? Sports over, and indoors again,

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we found hot chocolate and cookies and sandwiches awaiting us; in all, a most enjoyable Saturday night.

February 1 - March 23—During these few weeks our newly-organized basketball team played exciting games with, Stanford Collegiate, Welland High School and Loretto-Hamilton, the final score, 16-13 in favour of Hamilton.

February 15—Grade XI sponsored a successful Valentine Tea for parents and students. Enjoyed by all, it gave the parents an opportunity of meeting the teachers and seeing the school. To Mother Valerie and Grade XI, congratulations!

February 8-10—The Boarders' week-end at home. All back in excellent spirits and with reports of having had a lovely time.

February 14—A roller-skating party enjoyed, in honour of St. Valentine's Day. Our school paper published. All read their copies eagerly. Congratulations to the editorial staff.

February 16—Memorable Saturday; some of us went to the Ice Follies in Buffalo and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We rather envied those geniuses on skates. Our thanks again to Miss Lunan and Miss McCool, who kindly chaperoned the party.

March 3—Leaving early this morning (Sunday) we arrived in Toronto for the Sodality Convention, which opened with Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, where we heard Dr. Ronan's famous choir. Particularly appealing was the "Panis Angelicus." During the convention, Miss Dorothy Willman's talks impressed us particularly, and we came home with renewed resolutions to do all—to do "good, for Jesus through Mary."

March 8-10—A week-end to be specially remembered—our annual three-days' retreat. To Rev. Father C. Keating, S.J., who conducted it, we are most grateful for his beautiful, helpful conferences.

March 14—In honour of St. Patrick's Day the Athletic Committee entertained us. Laughter and admiration helped us to forget all our troubles. Congratulations to this committee and to the instructor, Miss Lunan.

March 18-22—Postponed Vocation Week. Attractive posters were prepared by the Publicity Committee. During religion periods girls of our Catholic Truth Committee gave talks on the "three states of life." The speeches were so convincing that we found it hard to decide on our "state." This committee also sponsored vocation week "quiz" for our next Sodality meeting. This week the Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee held a tag day: "Buy a lily?" Who could resist, knowing that the sale was to help the fund for flowers for Our Lady's altar on the feast of the Annunciation? Congratulations! The objective was achieved within two days, in good time for the 25th.

LORETTO CONVENT, STRATFORD

January 23—A birthday celebration, our dear Mother Mary Ward's, takes the form of a day's recollection, made most interesting by Rev. Dr. McKenna's inspiring talks. In the evening a banquet in the Assembly Hall was followed by a delightful recreation.

February 13—Two one-act plays cleverly presented by Grades XI and XII, were exceedingly amusing. Congratulations to the players!

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March 4—Basketball games with Loretto, Guelph, played on our home ground, brought victory to our senior team. Our Juniors, although not winners, made a good showing too, 16 to our visitors 18. Congratulations to both teams—and to Guelph Juniors!

March 6—Lent begins with our best possible resolutions, which we mean to keep.

March 12—Everyone busily writing poems and essays for the contest in the London diocese. The alluring topic is, "In the Home is Cradled the Greatness of the Human Race."

March 22—The Twentieth Annual musical Festival is in full swing, and we are all enthusiastic about it.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

January 7—Back to school after a season of fun and frolic.

January — Grade X girls made their annual retreat under the spiritual direction of Father Stone.

February 13—Another movie-treat in our auditorium. This time Bing Crosby in "East Side of Heaven."

February 19—We get our reports and character cards. Fortunately there is still time for improvement.

Father Stone is giving us a series of three lectures on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Father Murphy, S.J., of St. Louis, Mo., gave a most interesting and enjoyable lecture on the League of the Sacred Heart. Father punctuated his talk with reading from some of his "fan mail." As a fitting closing we listened to a transcription of one of his daily programs heard over many networks.

March 12—Feast of St. Gregory, our dear Mother Mary Gregory's patron. We honour them both with a little musical program and presentation.

March 15—Grade XI-B presented a most enjoyable St. Patrick's concert. "MacNamara's Band," one of the special numbers, added to the afternoon's entertainment.

March 27—Our beloved Cardinal-Archbishop returns to his diocese. Loretto College School formed a guard of honour along a section of the route of the parade.

March 28—Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral. The Cardinal is the celebrant and Bishop Carroll of Calgary, the speaker.

March 29—Seems as if spring is really here. Robins singing merrily outside our windows, are a common occurrence along with green grass and warm sunshine.

March 30—Public reception for James Cardinal McGuigan in Maple Leaf Gardens. Twenty-five of our vocalists formed a portion of the choir.

April 2—Brunswick's Junior College have the afternoon off to see "St. Francis of Assisi" at the Royal Alexandra.

April 3—All Catholic high school students in Toronto and many from schools in other parts of the diocese attended High Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral, celebrated by the Cardinal.

April 5—The lower forms of L.C.S. attended the movie of "St. Francis of Assisi." Truly a great picture.

Mary Frances Barry

LORETTO - REGINA

On February 14th, St. Valentine's Day, we, Loretto-Regina, students, enjoyed a Valentine skating party. Shortly after noon we gathered together for a brief parley, and then set off from the school for the neighbouring rink where we put in some pleasant, active hours. When, on a special invitation, we returned to the school in the late afternoon we found a treat in readiness for us, prepared by our teachers. We can still see that creamy chocolate milk, those rosy apples, cake, and some other good things. The music provided during the repast, and afterwards, added much to the general enjoyment.

Before leaving we gave proof that we have some acquaintance with Domestic Science. School looked again quite ready for serious students.

Kathleen Smith,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.



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Affectionately
and
with heartfelt gratitude
we dedicate
this issue of Loretto Rainbow
to
Saint Anthony
Wonder Worker, by God's grace,
while yet on earth, and since,
through centuries,
Whom
on account of his outstanding sanctity
and eminent divine learning
Our Holy Father, Pope Pius twelfth
has in this year, 1946,
appointed and declared
a
Doctor of the Universal Church



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LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. **Niagara Falls, Ont.** For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. **Hamilton, Ontario.** Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. **Stratford, Ontario.** High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. **Englewood, Chicago.** Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. **Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.** Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Com-

Mary, in America—1847-1946



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work. Social Work. Music.



He Came Unto His Own, and His Own Received Him Not

ST. JOHN I, 11



How Does Faith Come?

How does Faith come? What answer can you make
When you have subtly searched your inmost thought?
Is it a prize for greedy hands to take?
Is it through wonders seen and marvels wrought?
Is it a sudden glow of dazzling flame —
A splendor and a glory on the Earth
Which touches all things, leaving naught the same,
Making small great, and great of little worth?

How does dawn come? Upon the eastern sky
A fleck of light against night's sombre shield,
Which swiftly waxes to the watchful eye
Until the day stands, glorious, revealed.
And so with Faith, a light that through the years
Grows brighter — as the hand of God appears.

— ALINE MICHAELIS

Recollections of an Irish Summer

By KATHLEEN MARKLE

Standing on deck of the *Manhattan* in the grey of the early morn to glimpse the hills of Kerry . . . lavender shadows in the fog.

The harbor of Cobh in the bright June sunlight. . . . The emerald-green hills. The new stucco houses—colored blue, cream, white and pink with red or green tile roofs. . . . The beautiful cathedral on the hill.

Cork: Climbing the steep cobble-stone street which twists up the hill to hear the bells of



Eagle's Nest from Old Weir Quay, Killarney

Shandon ring. Walking along the quay . . . Swans on the river Lee . . . Calla lilies in brass pots in the windows of the little homes in the drab city-lanes. Clerks in drapers' shops wearing wing-collars and black tail-coats.

A Killarney business man saying, "I used to be a Cosgrove man, but now my vote goes for 'Dev'." . . . His wife adding, "There were terrible times in Killarney during the civil war. There were, just! There is bitterness yet, often between two brothers who had opposite political opinions during the trouble."

Through the gap of Dunloe on horseback. . . . The guide telling bits of folk-lore and legends. . . . "Am I a DeValera man? Now, Miss, what else would a sensible man be?"

Yellow water lilies on the blue lakes of Killarney. . . . The musical lilting quality of the voices of the Kerry boatmen who row passengers over the lakes of Killarney. Ennis, County Clare: Rows of new government-built houses.

Limerick: Eating that savory boneless sea-fish called "place" Hearing about the Limerick slum-clearance from a man who bought and sold Irish racing greyhounds.

Galway: The Saturday market in Eyre Square. . . . Farmers selling red calves and black calves. . . . Rows and rows of new government-built houses in the residential district. White two-story with red tile roofs. Prim little flower gardens in the hedge-bordered lawns.

Connemara: The little fields hemmed with grey pile-stone fences. . . . The unforgettable grape-blue of the Twelve Pins mountains. . . . The white-washed cottages with roses climbing to the yellow thatched roofs.

Clifden: In a chill June rain. . . . High tea and a sparkling drink by the fireplace. The village market. . . . Dark people from the coastal islands selling fish. . . . The raucous-voiced peddler on the small canvas-covered stage calling his wares.

Across country to Dublin: Sheep and cattle grazing in the green pastures. . . . Thatch-roofed houses and new stucco houses side by side; the old Ireland and the new. Fewer stone-piled fences, farms being separated by green hedges.

Athlone: Smoke stacks. . . . Red brick mills. . . . The bridge over the Shannon. . . . The river traffic.

Dublin: Georgian doorways. . . . The double-deck trains at Nelson's Pillar. . . . The busses at O'Connell Bridge. . . . The graceful, curved span of the old Ha'penny bridge over the Liffey.

Trinity College: The amusing hauteur of a Trinity student when asked if the students ever acted as guides. His replying in accent more English than the English, "Why, I never heard of such a thing."

The kindly old custodian who showed us the Book of Kells saying, "No, Miss, that erroneous report has travelled far. Queen Victoria had more sense than to expect the Irish would permit her to write her name in the most wonderful piece of book-craftsmanship that exists in this world today. She wrote her name on a slip of paper and put it in the book."

Dublin again in July: Cadets from an Italian training ship anchored in Dublin Bay dancing the Lambeth Walk with pretty Dublin girls at a dinner-dance at the Gresham Hotel. . . . The

beautiful Dublin accent, which lexicographers say is the most beautiful English spoken, and the harshly contrasted accent of hucksters and people in the old section of Dublin. . . . The grandiloquent oratory of Dublin men who collect to talk, and sip whiskey and soda at the Shelbourne Hotel.

The Abbey Theatre, surprisingly small and rather shabby. . . . Watching the play and forgetting it was a play . . . Feeling akin to the people in that three-sided room called a stage . . . rejoicing with them and, yes . . . almost weeping with them . . . The curtain falls . . . Back from the land-of-make-believe, sitting on a hard little seat in the Abbey Theatre . . . a hard little lump in the throat! The audience rises for the Soldier's Song, the anthem of Eire.

Train across country to Mayo. Well-dressed Dublin school children going to the Gaelic-speaking section of western Ireland for two weeks' practical knowledge of the Gaelic. . . . A charming pleasant-faced Irish woman saying to me at the station, "Welcome to Ireland!"

Clooncormack, the home of the McCartan's in Holly Mount, County Mayo. Talking history and politics by the white marble fire-place with the family and two young priests from neighboring parishes. A red rose from the old walled garden laid across my plate at dinner. . . . Pulling up the rugs in the spacious McCartan drawing-room at Cloghans to dance to violin and organ music. . . . Angela singing "West Awake."

Galway races in the rain. . . . A tinker, a gypsy woman, carrying a rosy-cheeked black-eyed child in her rain-soaked shawl, asking for a copper. . . . "Not for myself, Miss, but for the wee darlin' in my arms. May Jesus, Mary and Joseph bless you, and God guard you safely home this day!"

A slightly inebriated young Irishman in well-tailored Irish tweeds saying to a turf accountant who had taken his bet, "You are an ignoble creature. . . . an unworthy sort of an Irishman."

Driving with Mona into Ballinrobe, County Mayo, to tell the village doctor her daddy had caught cold at the Galway races.

"You should have come in with me. His house is lovely. . . . A great crystal chandelier, paintings and statues . . . like the Dublin Museum, and he such a plain little man!"

Sunday Mass in the little white chapel at Ballinrobe. Men and boys sitting at one side of the chapel, women and girls at the other. Passing little ponies hitched to brightly varnished jaunting-cars on the roadway.

Standing on the bridge at Foxford watching the coffee-colored river Moy rushing by.

Lough Corrib with its seven shades of blue reflecting the blue sky over Mayo.

Passing a great estate, which at one time had been owned by a landlord who had lived in feudal splendor in the great turreted manor house . . . most of the estate now subdivided into small farms owned by Irish farmers who were raising good crops in the fertile soil and living in neat modern stucco homes.

A Connaught farmer saying: "The best lands of Ireland were always parceled out to the favorites of the kings and queens of England, or owned by wealthy landlords . . . but it would take more than seven hundred years to make a serf out of an Irishman! Put him on a miserable barren rocky wasteland . . . take his schools away . . . crush him, but he'll keep his pride. He'll never come licking the paw of his master. He'll not be a success, as the world terms success; but he'll be a man, as Bobby Burns says, 'for a' that'."

Small dark figures of pilgrims climbing to the mist-veiled summit of Croagh Patrick to pray.

Turf-cutters in the bog loading their creels . . . others stacking the brick-shaped peat into cone-like stacks to dry. . . . "God save Ireland. John Dunleavy, August 1938" carved in the side of the hill-bog from which the turf was cut.

Driving across country to the Dublin Horse Show.

Wynn's Hotel: Priests on a holiday . . . Country gentry to the city to see the Dublin Horse Show joking with the waitresses in their prim black uniforms . . . Professional men and public-house politicians in the Commercial Room for a short drink . . . and a long conversation.

The color and drama of the famous Dublin Horse Show at Ballsbridge . . . Young red-cheeked girls dressed in trim riding clothes laughing into the eyes of bronzed army riders . . . Flags waving, bands playing, cheering, and the hush that comes over the spectators when a hunter is making a difficult jump . . . The murmur of sympathy when a red-coated English rider is thrown from his mount . . . Days of keen competition . . . The flag of Eire raised above the flags of the competitors of other nations. . . . The cheer that comes from English, Scotch, Continental, American, and all Irish when Eire's army jumpers are declared the winners.

Wicklow: The beauty of the Vale of Avoca on a summer's day . . . Glendelough, the glen of two lakes, and the old Irishman telling the ancient legend of Saint Keven and Kathleen.

"Och, 'tis beautiful she is! She comes every night at ten o'clock, and sits there on that rock with her milk-white feet in the water, combing her long golden hair. But there's a bit of sadness about her. Keven turned his back on her, you see. Wasn't it higher things he had to be thinking about . . . building churches and teaching the faith? Women do be a trial sometimes! Haven't I got two of them? One left me twenty-five years ago. I thought she was dead. I married again, and back she came . . . and now, wisha, haven't I got the two of them on my hands, and me working here trying to make a few honest shillings."



Shooting the Rapids, Killarney

Sunset on the Wicklow hills . . . The lights of Howth harbor across the bay from Dalkey. The drive back to Dublin in the foggy dew.

Castellwellan, County Down: Generous hospitality . . . Climbing Bunker Hill to see a splendid panorama . . . The brown, yellow and purple fields bordered by stone walls spread like a patchwork quilt over hillock and valley. Seeing off in the distance the misty, dim outline of the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea.

The gold-blossomed gorse and purple heather on the Mountains of Mourne.

A girl pulling flax in a hill-side field near Ballynahinch, County Down. Her red jacket a vivid patch against the blue sky.

A *ceilille*, a night of Irish songs and dances, in Warrenpoint, County Down . . . Talking politics with an ardent young rebel who had deep scorn for "those who were content to accept the crumbs which fall from the British Government table."

A twenty-four year old chemist who owned a prosperous drug store, or chemist shop, in Northern Ireland saying, "We young men of the

North feel deserted by DeValera . . . We are neither of Ireland nor England . . . Partitioned off in a small section called Northern Ireland . . . The Union Jack for our flag and *God Save the King* for our anthem. . . . We are supposed to be content, but there is an under-current of rebellion."

Dinner at Bangor with Dublin people holidaying at the seaside resort, . . . Young Irish businessman of Newtonards saying, "We businessmen of Northern Ireland are not interested in a Republican Ireland at present. Business is good. We have no desire to break with England. I dare say I would not make as much money in Eire."

The poetic beauty of the Glens of Antrim . . . Port Stewart and Portrush . . . Scotch and English tourists in holiday mood . . . The comic little tram to the entrance of the Giant's Causeway in the misty Irish rain . . . The coast road with fine golf courses along the dunes and black-faced sheep grazing on the green hills. . . . Waves dashing against the rock-bound coast near Cushendall . . . Fine horses grazing in the fenceless fields of heather that end abruptly at the cliff overlooking the sea.

Londonderry. The City Hotel near the Liverpool dock . . . Tommy O'Kane, the manager and his vivid descriptions of Sir Roger Casement, Padraig Colum, and Cardinal O'Dougherty . . . The rich splendor of the cathedral . . . The poignant appeal of a ragged ten-year-old girl carrying an undersized, undernourished child a year-and-a-half old in her tattered shawl . . . Their shy, wistful smiles revealing the baby's decayed teeth . . . The little girl's answer to my question: "My mother is not well. I care for my wee sister."

Walking up the hill over the historic walls of Derry . . . The little girl proudly acting as guide, pointing out places of historical interest. . . . Going into a sweetery to buy fruit and little cakes for the children.

"Will you go straight home, and take this to your mother?"

The child answering gravely, "Aye, I will. God bless you, lady."

Buncrana, a little town of grey cobblestone streets and grey shops on the shore of blue Lough Swilly. . . . The Irish racing greyhounds . . . A solitary tea in a little white cottage tearoom.

Driving down into Donegal into the hills of Glendowan with Peadar O'Donnell, author of *Adrigool*, and his wife. Peadar stopping along the way to talk to men who had served under him when he was an officer of the Irish Republican Army.

Glendowan: The home of Mullens, friends of O'Donnell's . . . The thatch-roofed house was known during the days of the trouble as the "Death Trap." The Black and Tans never passed it without making a search. John Mullen, known in the hills as the Bard of Glendowan, was imprisoned in Newbridge prison in the time of the Civil War.

Two days in the bleak hills of Glendowan—walking along the rain-soaked road that twisted through the treeless hills, talking to cottagers, and sitting on a three-legged stool by the turf-fire listening to grizzled John Mullen talk. How well that Donegal farmer could talk! History, legends, politics, poetry all "came asy to him." Almost a primitive way of cooking in the big black pots hanging in the salmon-pink fireplace and Virgil's *Aeneid* among the books in the old mahogany bookcase in the upstairs sitting-room.

Letterkenny: Boxes of vivid blue flowers and red geraniums in the windows of the thatch-roofed cottages. A small boy swinging on the half-door singing in Bing Crosby fashion, "When I Grow Too Old to Dream."

Donegal: Two friendly girls of the town — one a nurse trained in Liverpool and the other in charge of a turf accountant's office—introducing themselves and many of the townspeople to me.

Ballyshannon: Seeing house after house roofless . . . the interiors in grass-covered ruins. A townsman saying: "Och! Don't speak of it. It makes my blood boil. The dirty Tans!"

Bundoran: That lovely resort of Donegal Bay . . . Tea at McManus's, friends of the Donegal nurse . . . Interesting conversation with the scholarly Mr. McManus, his wife and son. Passing a wake-house about midnight on the road out of Ballintra . . . Hearing the keening . . . "O, wirra, wirra, O, wirra, wirra, O." The man driving the car and the nurse singing an ancient lament in Gaelic.

Train from Donegal going east . . . Enniskillen . . . Young men going to Larne on the Antrim coast to take the boat to Scotland with the hope of finding work . . . One thin-lipped and pale . . . The fraternal concern of his companions . . . "Are you feeling better, Shaun?" . . . The pale one answering, "Och, 'tis just a spell. I'll be as right as rain when I have tea."

Dublin: An interview with DeValera . . . He spoke of the success of the national housing scheme in town and country of Eire and the development of new manufacturing industries. . . . He said he disliked pseudo-Irish songs with such mawkish sentiment as "the angels

sprinkled it with star-dust. Sure they called it Ireland."

"They are heard on the wireless today," he said, "and the lovely old Irish ballads are seldom heard."

On the subject of the partition of Northern Ireland from Eire, he said very seriously and rather sadly ". . . it will take time . . . I'm



An Irish Cathedral

afraid, a long time . . . before we have a united Ireland."

DeValera spoke very affectionately of Dublin, saying he liked the country, but he always experienced a nostalgic feeling on his return to Dublin . . . "It is home to me," he said, a smile lighting his lean dark face.

The green hill of Tara, County Meath, on a sunny afternoon in September. Hearing for the first time the classic Gaelic legend of Tir na n'Og, the land of eternal youth.

Greenore, County Louth: The blue-green of Carlingford Lough . . . A slim Irish Colleen with amber-brown eyes and hair almost the shade of a tangerine dancing Irish step-dances

for me. Walking a mile and a half up the white-walled road at twilight with her father to visit the sister of a Detroit man. Hearing stories of the time of the trouble . . . "The Black and Tans shot two sons from that house. That was the home of an informer. Our boys burned it the night Danny and Phil were shot. It has been built. Reprisals! I would never want to see those times again; but we'll have them until all Ireland is free."

Belfast: The thousands of working men coming over Queen's Bridge when the day's work is over . . . Shopping in Royal Avenue and Donegal Square . . . Theatre bars, theatre tea-rooms.

Going with a journalist to the home of one who had spent two years in prison falsely accused of being the man who had fired into the midst of an Orange demonstration. He did not seem bitter. He was a quiet-voiced, sad-eyed young man who seemed content just to be back in his small terrace home in the narrow back street of Belfast with his wife and child.

Sailing from Belfast: Standing on deck of the *American Shipper* to say farewell to the green hills of Ireland—to Ireland, the land where the people gave me "Cead Mile Failte" (and said I was too "homely" to be an American!).

Contentment

The old bridge stretched
And yawned o'er the stream,
An old woman crossed
To market with cream.

The old bridge called
To the woman weary,
"Do you find life lonely
And sometimes dreary?"

"Life has been kind,"
Said the woman old,
"I never mind
The winter's cold.

I have a white cow
And she gives me cream.
I have a brass kettle
And I like its steam."

Kathleen McEveney Markle,
Loretto Alumna.

Tea with a Poet

Dreams of my childhood I keep in the heart of me.

Tenderly love them for they are a part of me.
Mem'ries of Erin, the home that was dear to me.
Scenes of Tralee, so oft they appear to me.

Through the half-door I see Moura a'churning—
Through the half-door glimpse a peat fire
a-burning.

Old Moura whispers, "Be silent! be still!
Fine friends are coming from over the hill.

"A poet is coming to visit your father.
Go comb your red hair, and call your dear
mother.

Put out the blue china. Put on the wee cakes.
For the poet's no other than great Mister
Yeats."

Ah! 'twas a fine day—I wore my green broach.
The poet himself arrived in his coach.
He quoted, "Dierdre" and the "Countess
Kathleen."

I sat in a corner and sadly did keen.

His words held such beauty—like the haw-
thorn's new green;
Like the silvery magic of morn's dewy sheen.
For the tragic Dierdre in silence I wept.
O'er the sea of enchantment my poor heart
was swept.

My father related the folklore of old.
My mother remembered sweet legends oft told.
Ah! 'twas a great day—I wore my green broach.
And the fine Mister Yeats drove off in his coach.

Ah! maybe you've guessed it before I confessed
it!

I was never in Ireland at all, you see;
But down in the heart of me, Ireland's a part
of me

Since my sires, the "Wild Geese," left their
home o'er the sea.

Ah! 'tis a fine day! I wear my green broach.
In fancy my poet arrives in his coach.
I have out my blue china, my wee cakes, and tea
Though I'm far, far away from the Vale of
Tralee.

Kathleen McEveney Markle,
Loretto Alumna

A Memorable Celebration

The Community, and students, past and present, united forces in making the Golden Jubilee of Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, one of the most delightful celebrations on record. Then, by way of sharing the festivities with the members of the Institute who could not be present, the Community sent to each of the houses a copy (or copies) of the attractive and most informing Jubilee Souvenir book, "Loretto" "50th Anniversary," also, a charming account of details—some 280 typed lines on legal paper, front page prettily decorated, and bearing the Institute crest. From these pages, "Golden Anniversary at Sault Ste. Marie, May 26—June 2," we shall select some of the items for "Rainbow" readers:

SATURDAY: The last minute touches, dusting and shining, caused a generally pleasant hum of anticipation. The afternoon brought Mother General and Mother Ambrose, conducted home by way of ferry, Mother Superior and Mother Fabian. The railroads would not have gone on strike had they known about our Jubilee!

.....
Saturday also brought Sister M. Corona, S.S.J., (Teresa Sullivan) of Class 1912, from Sudbury, who for six days helped us celebrate, with her gay spirit.

SUNDAY: The dawn of a week of bright and glorious sunshine. In the afternoon at three, the Loretto-St. Mary's Orchestra and Band gave a concert in Baraga Hall under the direction of Mother Berenice who at the conclusion of the program, was pleasantly surprised on being presented by one of the children, on behalf of the musicians, with a beautiful bouquet of crimson roses. After the concert our friends came to the Solemn Benediction in our convent chapel. It was magnificent. Sister Marita had worked out our dreams with golden-hued roses, amber lights and tall tapers. The three priests wore the gold dalmatics. You would all have approved of the singing.

Benediction was followed by a reception line—some three hundred being introduced to dear Mother General. "Tea" came next. The room was attractive with its many bouquets of garden flowers, tulips, jonquils, narcissi, in gold vases and for table center yellow roses.

MONDAY: Church decorating went forward. There were dozens of talisman roses for the main altar and gay bunches of sweet peas for the side altars and statues.

The graduates and their mothers were here for Mass and breakfast; a grand custom in all our schools, is it not?

In the evening His Excellency Bishop Magner paid the Community a kindly, informal visit. He showed us, and then let each one hold the pectoral cross and chain handed down to him from Bishop Baraga, first Bishop of Marquette. It was a gift from the Emperor Franz Joseph I. to Bishop Baraga when he visited Austria in 1854.

Nothing could have gladdened our hearts more than this visit of our beloved Bishop. His Excellency graciously referred to our Sisters in Joliet who had helped to initiate him in his priestly life.

Mention of our new Wheaton Novitiate made him very happy—in fact, he applied for the chaplaincy! Despite fatigue, His Excellency graciously presided at the Jubilee dinner. On Ascension Thursday he said Mass in our chapel, and at breakfast, he added to his blessing a week of "Congé."

Father Guertin, our good Pastor, has been one of our foremost benefactors. Large gold vases, gold drapes and altar hangings he procured for this memorable occasion. He quickly solved the problem of "no flowers, due to the strike," by getting them from Toronto. He took care of everything connected with the Jubilee dinner—and for a culmination of generosity, came a substantial check from St. Mary's Congregation. In true French fashion, he graciously entertained the Bishop and visiting priests during Jubilee week. For all benefactions, may God bless him!

TUESDAY: Father Bassett said the Community Mass, which was preceded by the "Jubilate," and followed by Benediction. We had just finished breakfast when Father LaForrest arrived for Mass.

At 10 o'clock we began to assemble for the procession to Church. With us were seventeen guests from other Communities, Daughters of Wisdom; Dominicans, Grey Nuns, including Sister St. Matthew, our Sr. Henriette's sister; Ursulines and Sisters of St. Joseph.

The Jubilee Mass was celebrated by our esteemed Pastor, Father Guertin with Father Joseph Seifert, and Father Thomas Anderson, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. We were touched at the tribute paid to Loretto Community by the presence of our dear Bishop Magner, and so many of the clergy: Rt. Rev. Msgr. Crowley, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Zyrd, Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. T. Holland, Rev. M. B. Melican, Rev. H. C. Cormier, S.J., Toronto, Rev. George La Forrest, Rev. Joseph Dufort, Rev. Emil Beyer, Rev. Paul Prud'homme, S.J., Rev. Robert Cordy, Rev. Geno Ferraro, Rev. Nolan McKevitt, Rev. Charles Schloss, Rev. Fr. Ryan, Rev. William Schriener, C.S.C., Rev. G. Marek, C.S.C., Rev. Matthew Gorman, Rev. W. Franzezek, Rev. Clifford Nadeau, Rev. Thomas Anderson, Rev. David Spelgatti, Rev. T. Bateski, Rev. Joseph Ling, Rev. Oliver O'Callahan, Rev. Joseph Seifert, Rev. Thomas Dunleavy, Rev. Father Le Motte, and our own Very Rev. Joseph Guertin, Rev. Elmer Bares, and Rev. Ronald Bassett.

The Academy choir was superb. Under the direction of Mother Lucia, the "Jubilate" was a paean expressing the emotions of our happy hearts.

The sermon, eloquently delivered by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Zyrd, spoke of the tribulations of our predecessors, valiant followers of our loved Foundress, Mother Mary Ward. After tracing Loretto's history to present achievements, Monsignor looked to the future, when our dream might be realized of a full Catholic education for all the Catholic youth of Sault Ste. Marie.

The dinner at 12.30 was served in the recreation room. At the head of the priests' table sat Bishop Magner. Two smaller tables provided for the nuns. The menu left nothing to be desired and, as the Bishop rose from table his eye lighted on the three-tiered Jubilee cake. "Don't worry about the cake," he said, "I'll be back to cut it tomorrow."

In the evening, Loretto graduation took place at St. Mary's. Everything lovely. Father Bares exhorted the girls to live up to the graces that had come to them through Loretto. His Excellency, Bishop Magner, was also heard on the occasion, with great delight.

WEDNESDAY: Rose-buds and crinkled streamers gave the right decorative effect to the recreation room as Mother Aileen and the Junior Class made preparations for home-com-

ing, former Loretto students. Mother St. Mel and a group of ladies set the tables for 120 expected Alumnae guests.

The Alumnae enjoyed the turkey dinner. The speakers referred lovingly and gratefully to their old teachers. Songs, and happy intercourse, and the presentation of a \$500 check to Mother Superior towards the purchase of a new organ, and the acquisition by each Alumna, of the Souvenir Jubilee book—while the supply lasted—filled in the after-dinner hours till thirty.

ASCENSION THURSDAY: Eighty-five little ones made their First Holy Communion in St. Mary's Church. This is the first year we used attendant angels. The Pastor bought the white satin and Ann Korth (Mother St. David's sister) made the dainty costumes. The cherubs wore gold cinctures and head-bands, and had golden wings too.

In the evening at six, the Junior--Senior banquet. The place-cards were gold-crowned graduates. After the chicken dinner the girls went across to Baraga Hall to enjoy a semi-formal dance, planned for the Catholic Youth of the city. A four-piece orchestra provided the music.

FRIDAY: Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church at 11 o'clock—first Confirmation in this new parish church.

SATURDAY: The sun shone out, and we had a "box social" at Bell's cabin. The spring woods and flowers were a real treat. The Sault words to "Ave Maria Loretto" were in mind: "Beside St. Mary's crested wave
'Mid wild birds' trill and birchen shade."

SUNDAY, JUNE 2: There were forty-two First Communions at St. Joseph's Church this morning. To Mother Thecla and staff go congratulations.

Our Alumnae baby party took place in the afternoon. There were tiny red chairs and low benches and tables in the "rec. room;" indeed, this room has been a real kaleidoscope these days. A high wind prevented the planned dance around the "darling May Pole" in the yard. Some of the ladies took choice snapshots of the wee tots.

Chicago came to us for the week in the persons of Mrs. Dennehy, Mother Mary Ellen's mother, and Teresa Sullivan, Mother Kenneth's sister. They were splendid company and such a great help to us. Mrs. Dennehy brought a large box of gold vases all the way from Chi-

cago, a very generous loan from our Loretto-Englewood Community.

We received many gifts from friends, religious and secular. Many priests and others sent telegrams—but the treasured letters came from you, our own dear Sisters of the Institute, who know the glories of the Sault.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th grade English classes of St. Mary's School composed Jubilee tributes to the Ladies of Loretto. The productions were bound into a beautiful gold and blue booklet, and presented to us on our Jubilee Day. This is a sample:

JUBILEE

Moving up the vast young nation,
To the wilds and desolation,
To the white and frozen northland,
Came a brave and stalwart band.
There were days when they grew weary
Of their work, to others dreary,
But their faces held a glow,
For they were Ladies of Loretto.

That was in the deep, dark past.
Now is heard the mighty blast
Of the fervor of the children
In their haste to praise and cheer them,
But while the pupils praise and laud,
They turn all this praise to God,
And in each face the loving glow
Still shines—they're Ladies of Loretto.

Bob Moher, Grade VIII.

Then and Now

In ninety-six, Loretto's work
Began in dear Sault Ste. Marie.
A small but brave and noble group
Had come to this far northern See.

They had no fear; the call was God's;
His guiding light would show the way;
His Providence would lead them on
And bless their labours, day by day.

The work was hard, the comforts few,
But trust like theirs could never fail,
The spirit of the pioneers,
A dauntless courage, must prevail.

Their number few, the field so great,
Their earnest prayer to God ascends:
His blessings come, and not the least
The gift of true and loyal friends.

The people of Sault Ste. Marie
Deserve Loretto's grateful heed;
With loving hearts and generous hands
They've stood by us in every need.

We love St. Mary's sparkling speed,
Its state'y ships, its locks, world-famed;
Its islands in primeval garb,
Their scenic beauty never maimed.

We love this home. We love our work.
We love our friends so good and true.
We thank you. We appreciate
The kindly help we've had from you.

As long as our Loretto stands,
So long your deeds in memory live.
"God bless you everyone," we pray,
And prayer is all we have to give.

M.E.M.

Saint Anthony

Forsaking wealth to cherish poverty—
True follower of famed Assissi's saint—
You, Anthony, a genius among men,
Bought humble ways to shun all earthly taint.

But God decreed that such high gifts as yours
Must win poor sinful souls to ways of grace—
Must turn men's thoughts to Him Who died for
them,

Our Lord, Redeemer, Who would sins efface.

So you were ordered from your humble tasks
To preach—to teach God's high eternal plan,
His mercy and forgiveness—all the fruits
Of Christ's blessed Passion for the cause of
man.

Hence with the scriptures as your guiding books
You drew vast multitudes to shun earth's
strife;

On bended knees they sought forgiveness, then
With contrite hearts received the Bread of
Life.

Since your departure, Anthony, from earth,
Your miracles have raised up hearts de-
pressed;

In countless ways your blessings have been sent
Upon the fervent ones who faith confessed.

The great and lowly, both rely on you
To aid their search when treasures have been
lost—

O Doctor of the Church, now hear our plea,
Find peace for us in this world tempest-
tossed!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

The rare and glorious distinction accorded to Saint Anthony on January 16, 1946, has filled his clients throughout the world with very great joy. Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII proclaimed him a Doctor of the Universal Church, a title bestowed on only twenty-eight Saints previously. The requisites for this high honour are eminent learning, a high degree of Sanctity, and proclamation by the Church.

We recall that St. Anthony was born in Lisbon in 1195; died June 13, 1231, at Vecelli and was canonized within a year, namely in May, 1232, by Pope Gregory IX. Miracles have continued for seven centuries through his intercession. For those who may not have read of wonders wrought in his life time, we have translated the following from "Revue—Eucharistique, Mariale et Antonienne:":

ANTHONIAN LEGENDS

Beautiful Florence, City of Flowers, concealed beneath her blossoms and her prosperity a depth of degradation.

In the Lent of 1229, Father Anthony applied the "iron and fire" to this shameful wound of Florentine corruption. In the course of his sermons one of the kings of finance happened to die. At the funeral, the apostle took for text, Our Saviour's words: "Where your treasure is there is your heart, also." At Anthony's request some neighbours and friends of the deceased brought and opened his money chest.

Upon the glittering coins the usurer's palpitating heart was discovered, apparently suffering tortures.

At that time, there lived in Puy a notary, a clever man and wealthy, but whose manner of life was a scandal to the town.

Each time that Anthony met him, he bowed with marked deference, to the great surprise of passersby. Finally, the notary, tired of these bows, which he took for mockery, stopped and asked in an angry tone, "Well, what do you want with me?" Anthony replied, "my brother, all my life I have wished to die a martyr for the love of Jesus Christ, but the happiness which has been refused me, the Lord has revealed to me, will be yours."

The notary with a laugh passed on. Soon after this, it was reported that the Bishop of Puy was leaving for Palestine, with the purpose of visiting the Holy Places, and of preaching the Faith to the Saracens.

Upset by the news, the notary experienced a

change of heart; and hastened to offer the Bishop to accompany him on his painful journey. They set out and, like his pastor, he began to preach the Faith of Jesus Christ, declaring to his hearers that their Mahomet was only an anti-christ, and an impostor.

The Saracens, infuriated, seized him and for three days subjected him to tortures, which he endured with joy, happy to seal his Faith with his blood. In his last hour he recalled Anthony's prophecy.

One day while Father Anthony was in the pulpit the demon, irritated by him, appeared, under the form of a courier, in the assembly of the faithful. At first, he spoke in low tones, then raised his voice, and moving through the congregation caused some disturbance. Presently, a noble lady attracted his attention. He told her that he had to remit to her a letter of the utmost importance. The sympathy of all was aroused when he announced that his missive informed the poor mother that her only son had had just been assassinated.

Suddenly Brother Anthony's voice resounded. The apostle addressed the weeping mother: "Madame, this courier comes to you straight from Hell. Weep not; your son is living. He will be waiting for you at the very door of this temple. It is Satan, the enemy of all good, who wishes to prevent your deriving profit from the Word of God." A horrible cry, issuing from a cloud of black, fetid smoke, affirmed the Saint's assertion.

At Bourges, after one of his discourses, in which Anthony had endeavoured, in a particularly forcible manner, to prove the divinity of our holy religion, one of the Albigenian leaders presented himself before him. He was, however, a man of good faith, who, after the Saint's discourse felt the need of discussing beliefs which seemed to him unacceptable. What particularly troubled him was belief in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist. Anthony notwithstanding all his knowledge and authority did not succeed in making him accept our faith in this adorable mystery. Then, he had the inspiration, with all the ardour of his faith, to call a miracle to his assistance. This it was: The heretic's mule, deprived of food for three days, turned away from the oats which its master presented, to prostrate itself before the Consecrated Bread. After having vainly attempted to lead the mule back to its oats, the heretic finally knelt likewise, and adored Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth.

Flemington, New Jersey

Obeying the call to New Jersey last December, did not mean the actual beginning of the work of this new mission, for Divine Providence had ordained a long and trying period of preparation. Protracted delay in the completion of alterations on the house purchased for a convent, and the severe illness of three of the nuns from pneumonia, while waiting at the orphanage until the convent would be ready,



Loretto Convent, Flemington, N.J.

were sufferings calculated to try their souls, to strengthen and to cast them into the mold of the Divine Will. Only after this trying preparation was the work of Flemington and its outposts to begin, solidly laid, by the hand of God, on a deep foundation of disappointment and suffering.

But trials, rightly borne, do not exclude happiness, even merriment, as we well know, so these "Mary Ward" foundresses were not slow to see the humorous side of much that happened. They tell of one of the earliest days, while they were still living in Hopewell with their newly acquired and ever cherished friends, the Sisters of St. Francis, that they set out for Flemington to see how the work on the convent was progressing. On this occasion, their first appearance in the town, the eyes of all were upon them, though few dared make any approach. A young girl behind the counter of a small store, where they wished to make a purchase, tried for a time to ignore them; then,

summoning up all her courage, she served them with cool and cautious reserve; however, friendly remarks and winning smiles from her strange customers had their effect. The girl's fear vanished like mist before the sun. Instead of the seeming enemy she had at first appeared to be she now remarked, "I knew you were coming here. Father told us so at Mass one Sunday."

A postman's notification, slipped under the door in their absence, informed them there was a parcel awaiting them at the post office. They went to claim it. Looking through the wicket they saw a young lady working at a desk. Without speaking a word, she held up to them a sheet of postage stamps, as if to say, "Do you want some stamps?" "No, thank you," Sister replied, "We did not come for stamps, but for a parcel." The girl's eyes popped open wide, her lips parted. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you speak English!" Suppressing their amusement at the time, the nuns enjoyed a good laugh later, at the expense of one who, having heard the nuns were coming from Canada, had taken it for granted they must be French.

There seems to be working out, in this foundation, an example of the old conviction that crosses in the beginning of undertakings are an earnest of future blessings. The extreme hardships of the first three months have been producing fruits surpassing all hopes, since, the work, finally got under way towards the end of March. In spite of earlier impressions, the nuns found there was positively no ice to be broken. The Catholics, and even several non-Catholics, gave them a hearty welcome into their midst. Just before the nuns took up their permanent abode in the house so generously provided by His Excellency, The Most Reverend William A. Griffin, D.D., the people were invited to go through the convent. The nuns went there for the occasion, and had the pleasure of meeting some of the finest and best-hearted Catholics of the vicinity, who came, not only to look around, but in many instances to offer substantial gifts. So friendly were they that an amusing reflection of their kindly spirit showed next morning when eight-year-old Barbara rang the door bell, and, holding out a card to the sister who answered the call,

said, "Do you think this is a good picture of me?" The people had completely taken the nuns into their confidence.

When Easter came, one would think everyone in Flemington and its neighboring missions felt under obligation to bring something to the nuns. A path was almost worn on the varnish leading to the front door, so many calls were made. Since then the gifts and favours have continued. The American Legion donated the use of two rooms in their club house in Baptistown for the use of the religion classes. A farmer left his work in the fields, brought in his mower and trimmed the nuns' lawn. Thirty ladies of Flemington banded together and gave a shower, from which nothing was missing, from a can or jar to a gadget or even a clothes basket. And thus the spirit of generosity and good-will keeps on growing.

The social aspect of this missionary project is also advancing. The senior religious class, consisting of pupils mostly of high school age, were given the consideration of being separated from the younger ones who are taught in the parish hall. For the elder pupils the convent parlour was converted into an informal class room, where the more advanced might be instructed without compromise to their dignity as seniors. Among these were two who graduated from high school this year. In their honour, the class gave a party in the convent, learning for the first time what our more experienced pupils know so well, that a very good time can be had in a convent.

A great many families have been visited in quest of children not attending religious instructions. Results have been more than gratifying. Among many, one instance stands out particularly. On one of their tours, the missionaries, guided by Providence, came upon a family in dire need of the spiritual help the nuns were anxious to give. The father was not a Catholic. The mother had grown careless in the practice of her religion. The three children were being neglected with regard to religion. With a little encouragement from the nuns, the children began going to instructions. Since then, the mother has come back to the practice of her faith; the eldest boy has received Holy Communion for the first time since his First Communion two years ago, and the two younger children have made their First Communion. The non-Catholic father is the one referred to above, who came in from his farm to cut the

nuns' grass. Happiness had come back to his home through these zealous, good women, and this was one way he could show his gratitude.

Nor is it always necessary to go in search of souls. They seek help of their own accord. A girl of twelve rang the door bell one day, offering as explanation, "I was baptized a Catholic, but that is all. Could I be given instructions for First Communion?" She was welcomed most heartily, and was soon joined by others, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen.

Not only are the strayed sheep of the fold returning, but Christ's "other sheep" are coming in. The missionaries have had their first real convert, a young woman preparing for marriage with a Catholic of Flemington, who insisted on postponing the affair until she had been received into the Church. Four nights each week she spent a good hour learning the truths of faith from one of the nuns. The hour over, a devoted young man was waiting at the door. Together they would go to their anticipated paradise, their future home, where they would work at putting all in readiness for the great day. Then, through God's grace, came the day of Baptism, succeeded by First Holy Communion, the next morning, Sunday. The following Saturday brought the Nuptial Mass and all the joy of a Catholic wedding. Straight from the church went the whole bridal party over to the convent. The nuns were not there. Someone suggested they were probably at Milford. Off they all started to look them up. On their way, they met the nuns returning from another mission, and all went back to the convent together, where the nuns shared their joy and wished them every happiness for the future.

And so the story runs. Hardly a day fails to bring its consoling recompense for all the tireless search for souls. Day after day, from Flemington to Whitehouse, Milford, Baptistown, Frenchtown, or Stockton they travel, up and down the hills of modern New Jersey, with Him in mind who trod the weary ways of Judea and Galilee. The sincere, the unworldly, the little children flock to them, while those who have strayed take courage and return. So observable is the increase in these that one of the pastors remarked, half jokingly, that if this influx kept up, his new church would not be large enough. We trust that this is not so much a jest as a prophecy.

M.B.B.

Our Cardinal Archbishop Visits The Abbey



Tuesday, June 4th, was the day set for our dear Archbishop's first visit to the Abbey since his elevation to the Cardinalate. Community and children had been present at the Cathedral and other public events of welcome on his return, but now we were to be privileged to have him in the setting of our own Alma Mater. Everything was to be simple and yet everyone was to be included in this reception tendered to our great Prince of the Church. At four-thirty precisely, His Eminence drove up to the wide-open doors from which red carpet stretched

to a shrine of Our Lady, with great banks of white gladioli and red roses to mark the way. Silken flags of the Holy Father and of our country adorned the archway. A few moments of smiling greeting to the Community assembled in the vestibule, and the Cardinal, followed by Monsignor Allen, turning to the main corridor, found himself facing rows of the Junior pupils on either side bearing a rich garland of white and green fresh summer foliage on their shoulders, a cordon of homage. Six wee maidens in long frilled white dresses with a touch

of narrow scarlet ribbon on each dress, and in their hair, courtesied low to His Eminence and won, of course, a spontaneous reply as he, taking off his biretta, laughingly returned the bow. With a stately dignity the little ladies turned about and led their beloved Archbishop and Cardinal down the hall between the double line of garland bearers until they reached the Reception Room. Here were massed on either side the Senior School—the Graduates of Loretto Abbey and of Loretto College School in the front row. It was a beautiful sight in a beautiful setting. As the little guard of honour led His Eminence to the episcopal chair awaiting him while Mother General, Mother Constance and Mother Superior were also conducted to assigned places, the whole group of girls with Rev. Dr. Ronan conducting broke into the *Ecce Sacerdos*, the musical arrangement of which had been specially composed for this occasion by César Borré, choral master in both Loretto schools for 1945-46. Following this number was a brief address delivered by one of the graduates, Miss Muriel Smith, a simple summing up of all the congratulations that have been given so abundantly, and a pledge that his Loretto children would endeavour to live in the light of his motto, "Ambulate in dilectione;" and closing with a few lines of verse:

"We humbly ask your Blessing and pray
That Christ the King, Who stoops to bless
And guide you day by day to holiness,
Your Friend in joy, Your Comfort in distress,
May grant
That every cloud may lead you to the light,
That He may raise you up from height to height,

Himself the Day-Star of your darkest night."

Two of the little honour maidens, Marilyn Phelan, speaker, and Patricia Brunt, were now privileged to present the Loretto offering of \$500 for the Cardinal's collection for the starving children of Europe. After the singing of Ave Maria Loretto, His Eminence spoke to the assembled school of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, and of his great love for all, then of the plight of thousands of children in Europe especially in the Russian zone who are in actual want of the food and clothing necessary to preserve their lives. With the singing of Long Live The Pope, the short reception was over and the climax of not only one but of many school years was etched into the memories of all present, a happy event forever.

After dinner, with the guests in company with the Cardinal, Msgr. Harris, Msgr. Allen, Rev. H. Callaghan, Rev. Dr. Ronan, and Rev. Wm. Fraser—His Eminence was again the central figure of another gathering in the Reception Room. This time it was the Community that assembled and listened with utmost pleasure to the Cardinal's informal account, "en famille," of the great events in the Holy City, as he gave in his inimitable way personal impressions of the Holy Father, of the new and the old cardinals, his own Church, Maria del Popolo, and lastly his visits to the Houses of our Institute in Rome at Via Nomentana and at Via Abruzzi. All in all the visit on this perfect June day of our beloved Cardinal Archbishop will be a memory long treasured in the hearts of all at Loretto. May God bless forever His Eminence James C. Cardinal McGuigan!

—M.

SOMEWHERE

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Son of God,
To say Thy name, to touch Thy garment blest,
Who knows like Thee this one unworthiest?
Yet loath am I to leave my favoured seat
Until I hear Thy words, powerful and sweet,
"Rise up immaculate, and sin no more!"
What though a scornful world may sneer at me,
Are not such words Thy Kingdom won in fee,
Enriching Time, and long Eternity?
Think not too lightly of the vast affair,
O world! Through endless eons—oh, somewhere
For thee, for me, and all who shall be there
Where rich white roses grow and bloom
O'er meadows—an eternal afternoon!

Lucile B.

PROOF

Only so little done of all our dreams—
So few of all our fancies came to bloom;
We doubt, at last, the promise of hope's gleams,
And feel our dearest longings formed for doom;
Time ruthlessly cuts down where we have sown;
Desires must wither in unfriendly soil,
And often we must journey on alone
While others reap the fruit of all our toil.

Only so little done! Herein it lies—
The certain proof we thirsted for in vain
While Earth vouchsafed unto our seeking eyes
No answer from green hill, or sea, or plain;
So little done—but justice yet must be
Achieved, and so God made eternity.

—Aline Michaelis.

RECEPTION OF HABIT AT LORETTO ABBEY

At the close of a retreat conducted by Rev. Robert Macdonald, C.S.S.R., eight young ladies received the habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Loretto Abbey, on Saturday, April 2. The radiant brides entered the chapel to the strains of a traditional march effectively rendered on the newly-installed Casavant organ, and knelt before the rose-adorned altar, where Msgr. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. Wm. Fraser, Loretto Abbey chaplain, conducted the reception ceremony.

In an appropriate sermon, Rev. V. L. McGivney, who used as his theme: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all else will be added unto you," likened this little group to the zealous women who followed and ministered to Our Divine Lord during his public life. The world does not understand the peace that is theirs, a peace which comes because they have found the Kingdom of God within their own hearts. The happy faces of the eight aspirants reflect the joy and peace which they have found, and which they will radiate to parents, relatives and friends. He assured the parents that they were not losing a daughter—they were safeguarding the union of that soul with Christ, a union which began on her First Communion Day.

Mass was celebrated by Rev. Elias Coffey, O. Carm., of Chicago, Ill. Other members of the clergy and Religious from Toronto and other places present at the ceremony were: Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan; Rev. H. MacMillan; Rev. V. Fleming, C.S.S.R.; Rev. C. Schwalm; Rev. D. J. Hourigan, S.J.; Rev. L. P. Woods; Rev. F. O'Reilly, South Adjala, Ont.; Rev. W. L. Ryan, Hamilton; Rev. T. G. Hill, Guelph; Rev. Vincent Egan; Rev. Sister M. Corinne, and Rev. M. Colette, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

While the procession was on the way to the chapel, the choir sang the Alleluia-Benedictus by Rev. Wm. Finn, C.S.P., and during the interval when the brides left the chapel to replace the bridal white with the novices' black, the seasonal Haec Dies, the Magnificat, and Saint-Saens Tollite Hostias, were rendered. The Mass of the Shepherds by Pietro A. Yon, and Regina Coeli, also by Yon, were effectively sung in parts and the service concluded with the Te Deum.

The names of those receiving the habit follow: Miss Mary Bergin (Sister M. Charlotte), Tottenham, Ont.; Miss Flora Dean (Sister M. Donata), Guelph, Ont.; Miss Emma Felice (Sis-

ter M. Teresina), Thorold, Ont.; Miss Gertrude Hensel (Sister Mary Andre), Chicago, Ill.; Miss Helen Kenifiek (Sister M. Hilary), Chatsworth, Ont.; Miss Catherine Oliva (Sister Mary Celine), Chicago, Ill.; Miss Gertrude Mahoney (Sister Margaret Anne), Saskatoon, Sask.; Miss Margaret Turano (Sister M. Gilda), Toronto, Ont.

A YEAR

It begins in January with sleet and snow,
You think the dreariness will never go,
But Spring breezes in with light, warm rain,
And the flowers begin to grow again.
Everything's right, nothing seems wrong,
When—hark! You hear the Summer's song,
A song of holidays gay and free,
Of sitting under an apple tree,
Of reading books to your heart's delight,
With never a care by day or night.

But suddenly your dreams go "boom!"
You find yourself inside a room—
One that is filled with desks and books,
With questions that bring puzzled looks—
And so it goes until at last
You feel the winter's biting blast
You can't imagine how or when
A whole long year has passed again.

Judy Brooker, IX,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton

OUR PRAYERS*

By ALINE MICHAELIS

Our prayers are such accustomed things,
The words slip by like beads on strings;
Across our lips the phrases go
As rosaries through hands that know
Their touch so well they hardly feel
The meanings that the beads reveal.

But when fear comes, or grief, or pain,
Ah, then our prayers grow real again!
And then our rapt petitions rise
In ardor to the bending skies!
Then in our urgency and need
With quickened zeal we humbly plead
For mercy from that heavenly One
Whose gifts to men are never done.
And swiftly—how we can not tell—
Peace comes to us, and all is well;
Peace comes and heals us, unawares,
Through power ever in our prayers.

*In Houston Chronicle.

Loretto College

IN THE

University of Toronto





STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1945 - 1946

President of Sodality—Mary Farrell
 Head of S.A.C.—Eleanor Foster
 Head of House Committee—Mary Farrell
 Senior Representative—Eleanor Foster
 Junior Representative—Helen McLoughlin
 Sophomore Representative—Virginia Robertson
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy
 Debating Representative—Gyneth Stencil
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Samson
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
 Social Representative—Marcia Keating.

THE GRADUATING CLASS

Loretto College bids farewell to yet another group, the Senior Class of 1946. Of the twenty-two graduates, seven are Honour students. Leading her year in Latin and French (Greek option), Jacqueline Samson won the Leonard Reuben Wells Fellowship, the Bon Entente prize in French, and also the gold medal for standing first in her course. Jackie was the pride and joy of our year; the zenith of her triumphs was the lovely valedictory which she composed and ably delivered.

Another bright light of our year was Mary Farrell. Having in her favour an exclusively Loretto education, Mary managed to couple her scholastic achievements with extra-curricular responsibilities. She was class-president for two years, Sodality-prefect and head-of-house in her final year, able director of Newman choir, and an accomplished artist in directing the singing at the graduation ceremony.

Special mention is due Gyneth Stencil, an Abbey girl, graduate in Modern Languages, who, as president of the debating society in her final year, managed to enter a Loretto girl in the debate with Cornell University. She also worked zealously to make the Loretto debating society a worth-while organization.

Polly Mutz was our Varsity "rep."; to her is owing a great deal of praise for her splendid

work on the Varsity paper, and her apt role as "Sportswoman."

Seven of our graduates came to St. George St. from L.C.S., Brunswick. They are Eleanor Foster, Pass Arts, class president for two years, and efficient head of the S.A.C.; Patricia Greator, Pass Arts; Rose Dennis and Joan Glatt, Pass Arts; Patricia Joyce, Pass Arts, Varsity cheer-leader; Sally Chiovetti, English Language and Literature, also Loretto Rainbow representative.

From Ottawa Valley we had Joan Galligan, General Course; Muriel Chisholm, Pass Arts; Anna French, Pass Arts.

Our Abbey girls were, Anita Goggio, Sociology; Ann Gilchrist, Fine Arts; Gyneth Stencil, Modern Languages; and Shirley Pezzaack, Pass Arts.

Brightening our lives with their American way of life were Edna Maloney, Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Marcia Keating, Rome, N.Y., both in the Pass course.

All the way from St. John's, Newfoundland, came Alison O'Reilly who left us fond memories of St. Patrick's Day, with the Irish jigs, costume and all. She came a great way, but her good influence was worth the long journey.

Also in our midst were Helen Barry, Hamilton; Jean Allore, Belleville; and Margaret Fortune, originally from Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Our busy days at College passed happily by. To our dear Loretto Nuns we owe a debt of gratitude. The "Toast to the Faculty" at our banquet, and the thanks given, on our behalf, by our valedictorian fail to express fully our grateful feelings towards them. The beautiful graduation ceremony at the College, and the delightful Communion breakfast came as final evidences of their love and interest in us all. The Faculty graduation gift to each of us, a copy of "The Following of Christ," renewed their lesson of blending the spiritual with the material; of dedicating our lives "Ad majorem Dei Gloriam," whatever our calling may be.

For the Faculty and for each member of our Class of 4T6 may the vacation just ahead be the happiest yet experienced.

Sally Chiovetti,

Youth goes so swiftly by!
 It fades as the rainbow in the sky;
 Or gently as the petals fall
 From roses by the garden wall.
 We may not hold it, though we try;
 Youth goes so swiftly by!

Kathleen McEveney Markle,
 Loretto Alumna.

VALEDICTORY—CLASS OF 4T6, LORETTO COLLEGE

We are celebrating tonight a memorable event in our lives, our formal graduation from Loretto College. It is an evening to which we have long looked forward with anticipation mingled with anxiety. We are now enjoying the exterior reward of our efforts in this impressive graduation ceremony, succeeding the function in which we participated this afternoon at Convocation Hall. We are leaving Loretto College, our home for the past three or four years—and it has been a dear home to us all. First I should like to thank the members of my class for giving me the opportunity of expressing the feelings of the graduates of 1946. It is indeed an honour and a privilege. It is also a task which I find most difficult. To attempt to describe the pride, the gratitude, and regret which we all feel at this moment is very nearly impossible, because the most fitting phrases are those which are always in danger of sounding trite and insincere. The pride we feel is, I hope, pardonable, since we realize only too well that this achievement but marks one very small advance on the long and arduous road to knowledge. The time for greater effort lies ahead. This is our moment of rejoicing. Gratitude to all those with whom we have spent our college years for their interest and constant help intensifies the regret at parting which casts an inevitable shadow over our joy.

I should especially like to mention those who have made it possible for us to spend these years perfecting the talents which it has pleased God to accord us. Through personal self-sacrifice and generosity they have presented us with one of the greatest gifts which it was in their power to grant. In the name of the entire graduating class I offer our most heartfelt thanks and our sincerest gratitude to our parents.

Under the expert guidance of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our dear Loretto Nuns, we have received religious, intellectual and social training, which will stand us in good stead in the future. We have studied under professors who were interested in our welfare, both intellectual and spiritual, from whom we have all received special help.

In times of worry, or difficulty, we have always found in them sympathy and understanding. For this devoted interest which the Sisters have shown in each and every one of us we are truly grateful.

The friends whom we have made during our University course will never be forgotten. Memories of our college life will be a source of pleasure to us in the years to come. The social life which we have enjoyed has helped to develop an adaptability and poise which will prove invaluable in the various professions for which we have been preparing.

The social and intellectual advantages which have been ours are richly enhanced by the spiritual benefits which Loretto has had to offer. We have had before our eyes living examples of the true Catholic way of life. The fundamentals of our religion were forcefully brought home to us not only by the example of the priests, and the nuns who taught us, but also by the annual retreats which it has been our privilege to make. When many of the dry facts of learning have crumbled into dust the spiritual helps, the deep and lasting impression which morning Mass and Benediction in the College Chapel have made on our minds will still be vivid. We have been brought to a truer and clearer knowledge of God and a better realization of what our Catholic faith should mean in our lives. We take away with us the inspiration of the Religious who are devoting their lives to God and to the education of youth.

We have been told countless times of the difficulties which await us. A glance at world affairs, at the confusion and chaos into which the modern world is plunged suffices to bring this fact clearly before our eyes. As graduates of Loretto College we set out on the voyage of life better equipped to weather its gales than are many of the young people of today. With our privileges go, of course, added responsibilities. I am sure that I am speaking for every member of this class when I say that we shall always strive to live up to the ideals which have been set before us here at St. Michael's and at Loretto, and to prove worthy of the honour paid us tonight.

Jaqueline Dawson, 4T6.



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GRADUATION, 1946, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

BACK ROW—Barbara Bradt, Jane White, Mary Macfarlane, Helen McGough, Marilyn Walsh, Muriel Smith, Marilyn Burt, Louise Bienvenu, Mary Hishon, Dana Sheppard, Joan Coffey.

FRONT ROW—Nora Kay Quinn, Joan McKenna, Helen Smyth, Milberge Gibbons, Nancy Ruscica, Suzanne Lortie, Barbara Meyers, Martha Jacob, Jean Barcant, Christine Valenti, Mary Frances Kerr.

—John Aber Studios, Park Plaza Hotel, Toronto

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Ninety-Ninth Graduation Exercises

On Thursday, May 23, there took place at Loretto Abbey the closing exercises of the ninety-ninth graduation class. Twenty-two were recipients of the honours conferred by their Alma Mater. In the morning, they, with the other pupils of the school, assisted at Holy Mass, celebrated by Rev. E. McGuigan, S.J. In the appealing words which he addressed to the graduates after Mass, Father McGuigan reminded them that the true measure of success was, achievement and effort—not the success that may be gauged merely by appearances. In the afternoon, to the strains of Pomp and Circumstances, played by the Abbey orchestra, the white-robed graduates, carrying cascades of crimson roses, advanced down the centre aisle of the auditorium to the flower-banked stage. Here the members of the school choir, likewise in white, stood massed, to form a background for the ceremonies.

Most impressive for the graduates, and of great value for all present, was the inspiring address by Rev. H. J. Callaghan. The graduates, he said, stood ready to follow in the paths charted for them by Holy Mother Church. He contrasted their good fortune in educational opportunities with the misfortunes of their contemporaries of other lands, in the bombed schools of England, France, Poland and elsewhere. These Abbey graduates had been under the guidance of the daughters of Mary Ward, a pioneer in the field of Catholic education. The Church has always maintained the right to direct the education of Catholic youth, and her history is the history of the founding of schools; so it was, that Mary Ward brought about a new development in education; that of bringing the fruits of Christian education to girls and young women who at that time were not really considered the equals of boys and young men in their capacity for achievement. The Church, Father Callaghan continued, depends to-day largely on the efforts of educated Catholic women to solve the problems of present-day life, and to preserve the honour and dignity of the home. Among such women as these graduates should be, trained in the principles of Christian living, pastors and all entrusted with the care of souls hope to find willing and capable helpers. Through the study of papal encyclicals, their years of praying together, mission and sodality activities, the graduates must have learned the basic principles, the patience, co-operation and sympathetic understanding nec-

essary for the work of their future lives, in which their aim must be—to love God and their fellow-men.

The assembled parents and friends of the graduates were graciously greeted on behalf of the Class by Miss Muriel Smith. The valedictorian, Miss Helen Smyth, spoke of the appeal to women recently issued by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in which he urged them to take part in the social and political life of their country, in sufficient measure to preserve the dignity and integrity of the family, now so grievously threatened. Relying on the principles impressed upon them by the Christian education they had received and inspired by the ideals that had been set before them, the graduates hoped, she said, that they would be able to play their part in carrying out the wishes of the Holy Father.

Under the able direction of Mr. César Borré, the choral class brilliantly rendered five selections: Arcadelt's *Ave Maria*; Lacome's *Estudiantina*; Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Hymn to the Sun*; Tchaikowsky's *Waltz of the Flowers*, and Massenet's *Remember Now, O Virgin Mary*.

Graduation honours were conferred on: the Misses Jean Barcant, Louise Bienvenu, Barbara Bradt, Marilyn Burt, Joan Coffey, Milberge Gibbons, Mary Hishon, Martha Jacob, Mary Frances Kerr, Suzanne Lortie, Mary Macfarlane, Helen McGough, Joan McKenna, Barbara Meyers, Nora Kathleen Quinn, Nancy Ruscica, Dana Sheppard, Muriel Smith, Helen Smyth, Christine Valenti, Marilyn Walsh, Jane White. Medals were awarded as follows: The Papal Medal for Religious Knowledge, presented by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, and the Governor General's Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor General of Canada, both to Miss Jean Barcant; The Cardinal McGuigan Medal for Apologetics in Grade XII, to Miss Joanne McWilliam; the Gertrude Foy Medal for English Essay, to Miss Helen Smyth; the Eugene O'Keefe Medal for Mathematics, to Miss Jane White.

Among those who honoured the occasion by their presence were: Rt. Rev. J. J. McGrand, Rt. Rev. W. A. Egan, Rev. S. Fraser, Rev. J. Breen, Rev. F. B. Coffey, C.S.S.R., Rev. E. F. Crossland, Rev. T. Curran, Rev. G. Doyle, Rev. A. Duffy, Rev. F. J. Flanagan, Rev. D. Lynett, Rev. C. L. McCormick, Rev. F. McGinn, V. Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Rev. F. McHugh, Rev. E. McGuigan, S.J., Rev. F. McKenna, Rev. Dr. L. A. Markle, Rev. H. Murray, Rev. D. O'Connor, Rev. M. J. Oliver, Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, Rev. C. Schwalm, Rev. J. Sheridan, Bro. Gabriel, Bro. John, O.F.M.



"Beauty in distress"
Cecilia, Rosalind, Duke, Wartier



Rosalind and Orlando



Lords and Courtiers and
Woodland Folk



"An encounter"
Audrey, William



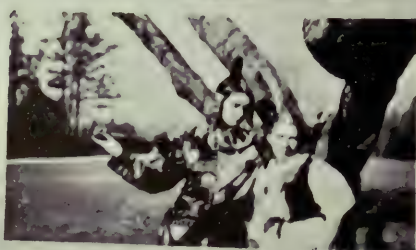
"Identities disclosed"
Rosalind, Orlando



"The rivals"
Touchstone, Audrey, William



"True love in the ascendant"
Sylvia, Phoebe



Touchstone and Audrey



"Woodland Encounter"
Touchstone, Orlando

AS YOU LIKE IT
at
Loretto Abbey

AS YOU LIKE IT

A Play Presented at Loretto Abbey

In the first week of May, Shakespeare's famous comedy was produced by the Grade Twelve pupils of Loretto Abbey. The performance was a delight throughout to the audiences which patronized it for two nights and two matinees, as they beheld a graceful Touchstone (Lethem Roden), a vivacious Rosalind (Josephite McSloy), and a lively, attractive Celia (June Coussement) disporting themselves among the fantastic trees of the fairyland forest of Arden. The delightful episode of Phoebe and Silvius was well played by Elizabeth MacPherson and Kathleen McEvenue; much hilarity was provoked by the gawky William, ably portrayed by Barbara Smith, and Alice Buscher, as Audrey, in all the glory of her woodland simplicity. Catherine Givens as the love-lorn Orlando, performed a difficult part with distinction, proving an admirable suitor for the charming fair-haired Rosalind. A fine Adam, was Bernice Doupe, who, with admirable versatility, took also the part of Charles the wrestler. Shirley Hazard, as Oliver, deftly impersonated the villainous

brother, who reforms so suddenly. Other members of the cast worthy of note were: of the court, Shelagh Johnson, as Lebeau; Catherine Hoare, Duke Frederick; of the forest, Lorraine Menard, Duke Senior; Marie Gonzalez, as Amiens, whose singing of the traditional air, "Blow, Blow, thou winter wind," and others, added greatly to the charm of the woodland scenes; Pamela Devaux, as the slyly humorous Jacques; Catherine Hoare appeared again, as the philosophical shepherd, Corin. All these were admirably assisted by others: Lords of the Court, Joanne McWilliam, Marilyn Kelly; of the forest, Ruth MacDonald, Frances Corcoran, Maria Teresa Creel; Jacques de Boys, Barbara Hicks; Hymen, Helen Labine.

The little group of actors played their parts with great swing and verve for so young a cast. Of their number, several represented five countries outside Canada. The smoothness of the production argued well for the spirit of fellowship and co-operation among the young players, and the other members of their class who were staunch workers behind the stage.

LORETTO ABBEY MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Results of 1946 Examinations Toronto Conservatory of Music

PIANO

Grade X: Emma Felice, First Class Honours; Lenore Kennedy, Honours; Grade IX: Jane Timmins, Honours; Joanne McWilliam, Honours; Julia McCool, Pass. Grade VIII: Joan Wilson, Honours; Ann McNevin, Pass; Glenna Ruff, Pass. Grade VII: Jeanne Wakely, Pass. Grade VI: Mary Lonergan, First Class Honours; Marion Hoare, Honours; Carol Broadhurst, Honours; Jacqueline Clark, Honours. Grade V: Arden Spence, First Class Honours; Ann Gonzales, Honours; Patricia Byers, Honours. Grade IV: Mary Jean Robertson, Honours; Marthe Holmes, Honours; Joan Walsh, Honours; Mary Mahon, Honours; June Marie Andrews, Pass; Joan Roy, Pass. Grade III: Martha Culliton, First Class Honours; Joannah Pryal, First Class Honours; June Marie Andrews, Honours; Sandra Switzer, Honours; Marthe Holmes, Honours. Grade II: Eileen Whelan, Honours; Delores Xavier, Honours; Mary

Kirkpatrick, Honours; Grade I: Linda Cribben, Honours; Jean Xavier, Honours; Carol Maynard, Honours.

SINGING

Grade VIII: Josephite McSloy, Honours. Grade VI: Marie Gonzales, Honours; Marilyn Burt, Honours. Grade II: Mary McNeill, Honours. Grade I: Catherine Given, Honours.

VIOLIN

Grade VIII: Patricia McDonough, Honours.

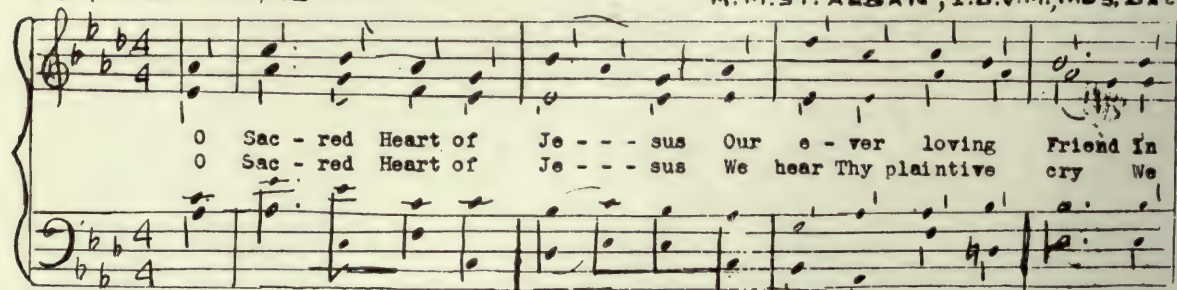
THEORY

Grade II: Betty Rosar, First Class Honours; Patricia McDonough, First Class Honours; Monica Wilson, First Class Honours; Mollie Fitzpatrick, First Class Honours; Audrey Owens, First Class Honours; Jean Brickley, First Class Honours; Rosemary Parker, Honours; Bob Jarman, Honours; Catherine Hoare, Pass; Audrey Shortt, Pass; Joan Malloy, Pass.

Hymn To The Sacred Heart

M. M. DOROTHEA, I. B. V. M. PH. D.

M. M. ST. ALBAN, I. B. V. M., MUS. BAC.



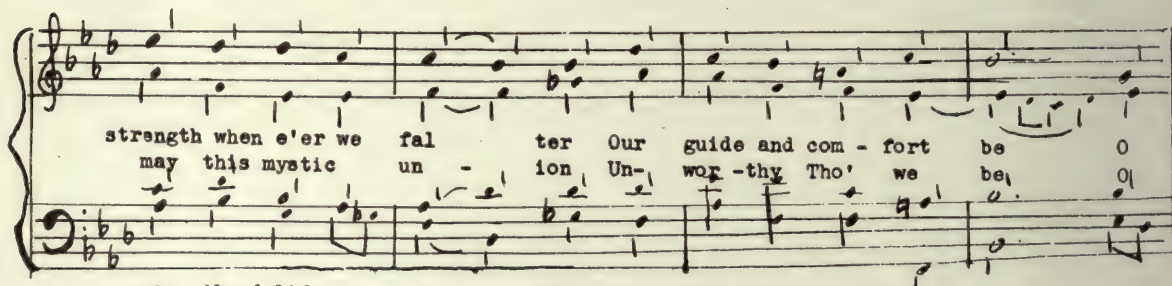
O Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus Our e - ver loving Friend in
 O Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus We hear Thy plaintive cry We

O Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus When earth - ly life is past And



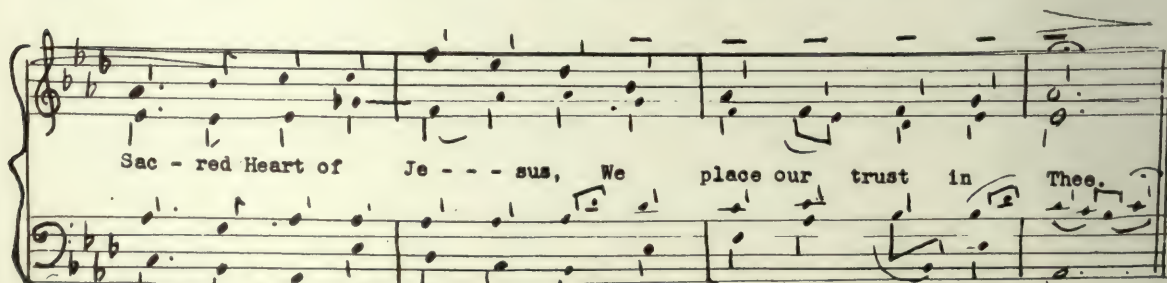
all our needs and sor - - rows Thy sweet ass - ist - ance lend, Our
 lis - ten to Thy plead - - ings To raise our hearts on high. Then

af - ter dreary ex - - ile We come to Thee at last. Then



strength when e'er we fal - - - ter Our guide and com - fort be O
 may this mystic un - - ion Un - wor - thy Tho' we be O

may thro' life e - ter - - nal Our Con - so - la - tion be O



Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus, We place our trust in Thee.

Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus, In - crease our trust in Thee.
 Sac - red Heart of Je - - - sus, The trust we placed in Thee.



GRADUATIONS 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

LEFT TO RIGHT—Marlon Prior, Yvonne Dickson, Christine Hanson, Dolores Hauser, Louise Clair, Eileen Crawley, Janette Fraser, Betty Klein, Nancy Goetz.

LEFT TO RIGHT—Flowergirls: Jane Prior, Patricia Dickson, Lorraine Kaiser, Dianne Ferraro, Joanne Cote, Gayle McKenzie, Rose Fraser, Suzanne Ide, Sharon McGee.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Graduating Exercises, 1946

"Make your vocation pleasing in the sight of God; make it worthwhile; and do not forfeit the good you can do, in order to gain prominence in the eyes of the world," Reverend Father Claude Engemann (O. Carm.), Niagara Falls, told the nine young members of the ninetieth graduating class of Loretto Academy at Exercises held in the Church of Our Lady. Reminding them that the greatest thing they can do is "to bring joy and happiness to others," he urged them to pattern their lives on that of Mary, the Mother of Christ. "As long as you cling to the ideals of Mary you cling to the ideals of Christ and you cannot go astray," he said.

Father Engemann pointed out that education had raised womanhood to summits of noble praise and dignity, until today she acts as a judge in the supreme court, practises medicine along with male doctors, writes, does research work and plays her part in making the world a better place in which to live. "Christianity, which changed the lot of woman, will live only as long as Christians will respect the dignity of womanhood," he stated.

Wearing long white gowns and coronet head-dresses, and carrying bouquets of red roses, the graduates were preceded up the aisle by their tiny flower girls, dressed in blue frocks, and carrying nosegays of sweet peas.

Graduates and their flower girls were: Miss Nancy Goetz and Sharon McGee; Miss Marion Prior and Jane Prior; Miss Yvonne Dickson and Patricia Dickson; Miss Betty Klein and Susanne Ide; Miss Janette Fraser and Rose Fraser; Miss Christine Hanson and Lorraine Kaiser; Miss Dolores Hauser and Diane Ferraro; Miss Eileen Crawley and Gayle McKenzie and Miss Louise Clair and Joanne Cote.

After he conferred graduation honors on the class, Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, P.P., announced the names of the various prize-winners; Betty Klein, gold medal for highest standing in Senior Religion, donated by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly; Patricia Hanlon, gold medal for highest standing in Junior Matriculation, donated by Dr. P. L. O'Brien; Joan LaFontaine, gold cross for highest standing in Junior Religion class, donated by the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Church of Our Lady; Rina Pagnan, Knights of Columbus scholarship for 1945-46; Mary Mitro, the John Sutherland Memorial Scholarship for 1945-46. The Confraternity of the Holy Family scholarship for highest standing in Grade 8,

St. Stanislaus School, won by Mary Lou Kelso, was transferred to another on her departure.

Following the processional the Loretto choir sang "Veni Creator Spiritus" and "In Thy Name, O Mary," and later, "Christ Triumphant," by Pietro Yon; then three Benediction hymns, "Ave Verum," Mozart; "Tantum Ergo," sixteenth century French choral harmonized by Schumann; and "Adoremus Laudate," Hedgecock. Mother M. Dorothy of Loretto Academy Staff presided at the organ.

Members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Church of Our Lady, wearing blue capes over their white frocks, and blue calots, ushered the many guests to their seats.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Graduation Exercises

The eighty-fifth annual Graduation Exercises of Loretto Academy took place in the spacious auditorium of Mount Carmel College on the evening of June fourteenth. The Graduation Honours were conferred by Reverend Daniel Egan, Pastor of Our Lady of Peace Church.

The speaker for the occasion was Right Reverend Monsignor Cullinane, D.P., of St. Catharines, Ontario, who gave an inspiring and eloquent address, pointing out to the Graduates that thus far parents and teachers have helped them to write the first chapters in the book of their lives; now the further chapters would be their own. The reverend speaker's words marked by sincerity and poetic culture were indeed an encouragement to parents and teachers as well as to the Graduates.

The Valedictorian was Miss Mary June Tesch, and the Salutatory was given by Miss Dorothy June Wicker, both of whom have been at Loretto since First Grade.

Choral singing by the student body, vocal duets, and a piano duo completed the program.

The Graduates were: Miss Sharon Broderick, Mary Luciani, Helen O'Brien, of Thorold; Moya Mason, Chippawa; Isobel Murray, Welland; Dolores O'Malley, Wanda Vallillee, of St. Catharines; Mary Van Hee, Langton; Ella May Brown, Joan Hanna, Lucy Lapenna, Jane Lipinski, Nancy Moyle, Carmel Parisi, Eleanor Pew, Ethel Podhorn, Mary June Tesch, Dorothy June Wicker, all of Niagara Falls, Ont.; Joanne Hardy, Dawn Elaine White, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Vida Krotec, Pittsburg, Penn.; Rona Holden, and June Pereira of British Guiana, South America.



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

HEE

STANDING—Joanne Hardy, Dolores O'Malley, Carmel Parisi, Eleanor Pen, Isobel Murray, Mary Van Hu, Helen O'Brien, Nancy Moyle, Joan Hanna, Jane Lipinski.

SEATED—Lucy Lapema, June Pereira, Dorothy June Wicker, Ethel Podhorn, Moya Mason, Sharon Broderick, Mary June Tesch, Dawn Elaine White, Rona Holden, Wanda Vallitec, Wida Krotec, Ella May Brown, Mary Luciani.

Prizes were awarded on the occasion as follows:

The Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine, Miss Anne Marie Passer.

The Governor General's Medal for English Literature, Miss Anne Marie Passer.

The Medal for General Proficiency in Grade XI, presented by Mr. Nars Breault of Montreal, Miss Mary Adele Lodge.

Scholarship for highest standing in Grade

XII among the resident students, Miss Anne Marie Passer.

The Medal presented to the winner of the Constance Renaud Music Trophy, Miss Marjorie White, a graduate of 1945.

Scholarship for highest standing in the Entrance Class, St. Patrick's School for 1945, Margaret Coyle.

Scholarship presented by the local Loretto Alumnae Association awarded to Lorna Bunston, Maple St. School.



DELEGATES FROM LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, WHO ATTENDED THE MONTREAL SUMMER SCHOOL, JUNE 24-29

BACK ROW—Joanne Kelly, Patricia Haidon, Concha Azurdia, Daphne Huggins, Mary Adele Dodge.
FRONT ROW—Margot Azurdia, Rosemary Aversa (Prefect), June Maingot, June Pereira.

Loretto, Niagara, Music Results, Mid-Winter Examinations, Toronto Conservatory of Music

PIANO—Grade VII Moya Mason, Honours; Grade VI: Patricia Robins, First Class Honours; Anne Mahoney, Honours; Grade V: Virginia Costanzo, Honours; Rita Mae D'Arcangelo, Honours; Lucille Costello, Pass; Ida Mae Grant, Pass; Grade IV: Muriel Doncette, Honours; Caryll Ann Fisher, Honours; Anne Willick, Honours; Beverly Armstrong, Honours;

Grade III: Rénée Pereira, First Class Honours; Marjorie Jordan, Honours; Gail Hodgins, Honours; Joan Lowe, Honours; Grade IV: Concetta De Grant, Honours; Mary Helen Baldres, Honours; Eleanor Finnegan, Honours; Grade I: Nancy Jo Whitacre, Honours; Geraldine Pease, Honours; Millicent Sainovich, Honours; Kathleen Knott, Honours.

**Certificates for Inter-Loretto Music Festival
at Loretto Abbey, Toronto**

Singing	16 Years,
June Maingot, 90 per cent	
Daphne Huggins, 89 per cent	
Piano Solo	16 years,
Marthe Puente, 86 per cent	
Piano Solo	14 years,
Teresa Willick, 79 per cent	
Piano Solo	12 years,
Anne Willick, 84 per cent	
Piano Solo	8 years,
Joan Lowe, 85 per cent	
Piano Duet	16 years,
Marthe Puente, Mary George, 91	

Congratulations are offered to all these successful musicians,, and also to all who obtained medals and certificates at the Niagara and the St. Catharines Music Festivals. Special congratulations to Miss Beverly Booth who obtained the N. B. Gunning Scholarship award for Musicianship; to Miss Beverly Armstrong who obtained the Lion's Club and the Vera Bradley Memorial Scholarship for highest mark at Festival; and to Miss Joan Lowe for being awarded the Anne Mumford Trophy.

Recital—Ensemble—May 22

The Hunt	Judd
Ida Mae DeGrant, Caryll Ann Fisher	
Gay Butterflies	Benson
Carol Bataglia, Janice Reice, Evelyn Wall	
Ann Marie Hura	
At The Party	Bilbro
Mary McRae, Elaine Maday	
Cotton Blossom Time	Blake
Joyce and Norma Beach	
Easter Parade	Anthony
Wendy Macdonald, Mary Baldus	
The Moon	Bantock
Gloria Halliday, Rita Mae d'Arcangelo	
Chicks at Play	Young
Geraldine Pease, Janice Reice	
The Ruby	Anthony
Theresa and Anne Willick	
Turkey in The Straw	Weybright
Renee Pereira, Marjorie Jordan	

March of The Tiny Soldiers	Munn
Jimmy Briand, Frank Kelly	
Meadow Lark	Martin
June Pereira, Joan Dawson	
Cherry Ripe	Horn
Rita Mae D'Arcangelo, Gail Hodgins	
Morris Dance	Weybright
Rita Glynn, Muriel Doucette	
Tales From Vienna Woods	Strauss
Shirley Hunter, Margaret Weaver,	
Jocelyn Wrong, Shirley Perdue	
Rose Garden	Martin
Mariann Fennis, Anne Mahoney	

CERTIFICATE AWARDS

As I Went A-roaming	Brahe
Beverly Booth, Virginia Costanza	
March Militaire	Bilbro
Adele Dodge, Lucille Costello	
Tumble Down Cake Walk	Weybright
Joyce Luz, Johanna Williams	
The Shepherd	Brook
June Maingot, Daphne Huggins	
Spring Song	Mendelssohn
Mary Corcoran, Rosemary Aversa	
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring	Bach
Mary June Tesch, Marilyn Peckham	
Down in The Forest	Ronald
Rona Holden, Dawn Elaine White	
Harmonious Blacksmith	Handel
Moya Mason, Eleanor Pew	
In Old Vienna	Morgan
Carmel Parisi, Rosemary Aversa, June	
Maingot, Rona Holden, Carolyn Geisen-	
hoff, Helen Vanderwater, Moya Mason,	
Catherine Wick, Daphne Huggins, Joanne	
Currie, Ethel Podhorn, Dolores O'Malley	
Hungarian Dance No. 5.....	Brahms
Martha Puente, Mary George	
Second Minuet	Besley
Patricia Robbins, Mary O'Sullivan	
Suzanne Leone, Dorothy June Wicker	
The Erlking	Liszt
Legend	Adele Dodge
Verse Choir	Grade XI
Piano ..	Martha Puente, Mary Lunan

GOD SAVE THE KING



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

BACK ROW—Jean Goodrow, Elspeth Hill, Mary Sheridan.
FRONT ROW—Doreen Hemingway, Geraldine Bowen, Marion La Tour.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Graduation Exercises

Graduation Exercises at Loretto, Hamilton, this year called for more than usual interest. It marked not only the Academy's 81st Commencement, but also Hamilton's Centennial and the Silver Jubilee of His Excellency Bishop Ryan's priesthood. Graduation day, Thursday, May 16, opened with a Missa Recitata, which took place in the convent chapel at 9 o'clock. Rev. Arthur O'Brien preached a very eloquent sermon on the importance of this graduating from the more sheltered period of study, to the great school of life. He impressed upon the graduates the necessity of practising the virtue of forgiveness in matters great and small. The graduates' breakfast was served by Grade XII students, and the usual class songs and prophecies brought the morning to a happy close.

In the evening at eight o'clock, all assembled in the auditorium where a short program, of excellent choice and performance, drew prompt and lively applause from the large audience. Bishop Ryan conferred graduating honors upon the following young ladies; Doreen Hemingway, Geraldine Bowen, Joan Goodrow, Mary Sheridan, Elspeth Hill and Marion La Tour. The salutatory and valedictory were given by Marion La Tour and Mary Sheridan respectively. In both, references were eloquently made to the important place of woman, and her influence, especially in the home.

Addresses Graduates

In his address to the "Class of '46," Rev. Corbett Warren spoke earnestly of the need of combining religious and secular education. In many schools, such as Loretto, this ideal has been accomplished only through the great sacrifices made by both Religious and laity. Father Warren exhorted the graduates to be true to God, to themselves, and to their fellowmen. In glowing terms he outlined the nobility of character which both teachers and parents have tried to develop in them. Controller Weir who represented His Worship Mayor Lawrence, spoke briefly but cordially to the students. This, his first visit to Loretto proved to be a very happy one, and the splendid program so well presented, prompted him to say that Hamilton should be proud to possess such a school. Bishop Ryan thanked all for the jubilee greeting extended him in the Salutatory. He, too, bade the graduates never to forget that sacrifice and heroic sacrifice alone made it possible

for them to partake of all the privileges enjoyed at their Alma Mater. "I am in a position to know and realize very clearly just what great efforts have been made by those responsible for Loretto, (and other schools of its kind) to give to those under their care all that is so generously and graciously provided."

Awards

Gold cross, presented by His Excellency, Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, for highest standing in Christian doctrine, awarded to Miss Ann Irene Schihl; medal presented by His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, Viscount Alexander, for highest standing in English, in Upper School, awarded to Miss Doreen Hemingway; gold medal, presented by Rt. Rev. G. L. Cassidy, for English in grade XII, awarded to Miss Frances O'Brien; gold cross, presented by Charles Land, for highest standing in Christian doctrine in grade eight, awarded to Miss Claire Johnson; scholarship presented by the Loretto Alumnae for highest standing in middle school for the years 1944 and 45, awarded to Miss Mary Sheridan; scholarship presented by Mr. Joseph Pigott, for highest standing in grade eight, St. Joseph's School, June, 1945, awarded to Miss Joan Metcalfe; partial scholarships presented by Parent-Teacher Association, for highest standing in grade eight, Loretto Academy, June, 1945, awarded to Miss Barbara Gilmer and Judy Brooker.

Senior Music Department Loretto - Hamilton

Results of Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations in June, 1945, and February, 1946: Piano—Grade ten: Honors, Geraldine Bowen. Grade nine: Honors, Joan Townsend. Grade eight: Honors, Mary Snider and Mollie O'Brien. Grade seven: First class honors, Mollie O'Brien; honors, Mary Snyder. Grade six: First-class honors, Barbara Gilmer; pass, Diane Clarke. Grade four: First-class honors, Geraldine Fahey and Mary Ann Fullerton. Singing—Grade eight: First-class honors, Eg-lantine Taylor. Theory—Grade five, history: Honors, Geraldine Bowen, Grade four, counter-point: First-class honors, Frances O'Brien; honors Anne Boyle and Geraldine Bowen. Grade four, history: Honors, Anne Boyle; pass, Frances O'Brien. Grade three, history: Honors, Lillian Orbon. Grade two, rudiments: First-class honors, Anne Morrison and Mary Almas; honors, Geraldine Fahey.

HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL SODALITY UNION HOLDS ANNUAL CONVENTION

Attending the eighth annual High School Sodality Union Convention, 850 students of Cathedral High Schools, Loretto Academy and Notre Dame Academy were present at the Cathedral of Christ the King, Hamilton, on Wednesday, May 28th.

His Excellency the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D., celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at which the students received Holy Communion to mark the opening of the one-day convention. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is the official student organization in the Catholic secondary schools of the city and district.

In the auditorium of the Cathedral following breakfast served to the 850 students, the delegates were welcomed by Miss Marion LaTour of Loretto Academy, union prefect. The pledge of loyalty to His Majesty the King was read by Miss Rita Raymond of Cathedral Commercial. The prayer for His Holiness Pope Pius XII was read by the union director, Rev. B. W. Harrigan.

Introduced by Rev. E. A. Lawlor, Joe Primeau, coach of St. Michael's Juniors, recent hockey finalists, addressed the assembled students. Likening life to amateur and professional sport, the former Maple Leaf player and present hockey coach stressed the necessity of clear thinking, of profiting from mistakes and of self-discipline and control. His address was featured by personal experiences and anecdotes from his hockey career. John Barry, Cathedral Boys, moved the vote of thanks to the speaker.

His Excellency the Bishop, speaking to the sodalists expressed his gratitude for their recent offerings of congratulations on the occasion of his silver jubilee to the priesthood. He spoke feelingly on the necessity of the youth of this country and of the world practising the principles of honest, clean and modest living in thought, word, action and dress. "One good boy or girl can exert a beneficial influence on his and her associates," His Excellency stated. "Think then of the great power for good, for the honor of God and for the advantage of our country which can result from the good example of 850 young people properly directed." The Bishop also warned against salacious literature which, foul in itself, can make foul all who come in contact with it.

At the afternoon meeting, reports were received of the student activities of a temporal and spiritual nature during the year. Mission

work, patriotic endeavour and relief work for the starving people of Europe featured the reports. A poetry contest saw first and second prizes awarded to Miss Doreen Hemingway, Loretto, and Miss Coleen Moore of Cathedral Girls, for original compositions in honor of the Mother of God. The Notre Dame choral group, first prize winners in Toronto at a recent music festival, presented well-received selections.

The students went in procession from the auditorium through the spacious grounds of the Cathedral to the church where the crowning ceremony was held. Those in the crowning party were: Anne Cappelli, Commercial; Helen Kudek, Cathedral Girls; Beverley Burjaw, Notre Dame; Michael Taylor, Cathedral Boys; Patrick DePaulo, Cathedral Commercial; and Lawrence Brunning, Cathedral Boys.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. J. E. Noonan, assisted by Rev. W. P. Murphy and Rev. J. A. Mattice. An enjoyable tea dance closed the convention.

Members of Loretto Girls' Choir sang at the opening Mass and at Benediction. Mrs. Gordon Burjaw, A.T.C.M., Cathedral organist, accompanied the choir at the organ.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Graduation Exercises

Marked with dignity and beauty, the graduation exercises of Loretto Academy were witnessed by relatives and friends of the eight young women of the graduating class in the school auditorium Friday evening, June 1st. Lovely in their simply-cut graduation gowns, and carrying bouquets of pink snapdragon tied with blue tulle, the graduates entered the auditorium in procession and took their places on the platform amid an attractive setting of purple iris, white and lavender lilaes, tulips and graceful fernery.

Following the procession the members of the choral class of the academy, in their school uniforms, joined the graduates in singing "In the Name of Mary," a composition of Rev. Joseph Mohr, S.J., as opening number of the evening's program. The honors were conferred by Very Rev. Dean D. J. Egan, who also presented his personal prize for Christian Doctrine to Miss Mary Margaret Campbell. The roll of



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

STANDING—Marie Heimbuch, Anne Rheinhardt, Elaine Culliton, Marie Reinhardt, Mary Campbell.
SEATED—Rose Butler, Angeleen Conway, Veronica McLaughlin.

honor was read by Gladys Montandon; and Eileen Herron assisted in the ceremony.

Dean Egan offered felicitations to the members of the class on attaining this important stage in their lives. He reminded the young women that the education afforded by such institutions as Loretto Academy prepares them to face the trials and difficulties of the world. "Such an education not only fits you to make a success of your lives, but enables you to gain the more important things of life, and assures you a union with your Creator, if you adhere to the principles inculcated through Catholic education."

The salutatory was given by Miss Elaine C. Culliton: Miss Mary M. Campbell delivered the valedictory—in appeal to her fellow-graduates to cherish the high ideals which they have acquired in their training and to be staunch in following the example set by their teachers during their scholastic course. Gratitude was also expressed for the sacrifices made by their parents in affording them the opportunity to acquire a Catholic education in such surroundings.

The choral class delighted the audience with the singing of "The Meeting of the Waters," as a three-part chorale. Miss Merlyn Melvin contributed two vocal numbers, Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Smiling Through." The choral class was next heard in M. Balfe's musical arrangement of Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior." The singing was under the direction of Miss Frances McKeough; Miss Angeleen Conway was the accompanist.

Balance Is Need

Addressing the graduation class and those attending the impressive ceremony, Dr. Victoria Mueller Carson, of Toronto, congratulated the class on the completion of their scholastic training and counseled the graduates to be balanced women, to be sure of their fundamentals; to be sure to know what is right, and to have the strength to adhere to their principles.

In her address Dr. Carson agreed with the salutorian and the valedictorian that "this is an occasion of great joy," but, in a more serious vein, she confronted the graduates with the query: "Now that you have been given a Catholic pattern of life, based on industry and discipline, what are you going to do with it?" She ventured to prophesy that there would be those among their number who would enter

the religious life; others who would advance in the educational sphere; and perhaps the majority would choose the married state.

Right Principles Emphasized

The keynote of the address was that the graduates had a responsibility to their Alma Mater to set a good example in their community and to co-operate with their teachers in assisting their fellow students to achieve the success which they had gained from an academic standpoint.

She stressed the great need for spiritual poise and spiritual balance to enable them to "walk the tightropes of the modern world." The role for women in the opinion of the speaker, is to know right, cling to right, and by their lives to show the beauty of right.

Dr. Carson reminded the graduates that the world needs balanced women, gracious and good women, and she admonished them to take the Blessed Virgin Mary, the patroness of Loretto Community, as their model, and learn of her that words of praise, prayers, and requests are a three-fold need in a successful career.

The choral class sang the Spanish Students' Song, "Estudiantina," and concluded their part in the delightful program with "Ave Maria Loretto," a composition of T. V. Welch-Rieger. The National Anthem was sung before the recessional.

The audience was informed that the announcement of winners of the general proficiency prize, donated by Rev. W. T. Coreoran, and other prizes, will be made after the final examinations to be held before the close of school.

Mayor J. Maurice King in a short address congratulated the graduates and voiced the opinion that the city of Stratford is fortunate in having such an educational institution as Loretto Academy. With a certain degree of pride he claimed the honor of being an alumnus of the Academy.

Among those attending the graduation were the Mother General of the Order, Mother M. Victorine, and a former Superior at Stratford, Mother M. Carmelita, from Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto; Dr. H. Powers, Principal of the Stratford Normal School and Mrs. Powers; Rev. Justin O'Brien, of the Paulist Order, Detroit, also an alumnus of the Academy; and Rev. F. J. Bricklin, newly appointed assistant priest to Dean Egan.



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

BACK ROW—Blanche Riggs, Rita Myette, Dorothy Futchik, Virginia Stevenson, Constance Belleau.
FRONT ROW—Barbara Mansfield, Mary Giacchetto, Mary Massey, Lorraine Colasanti, Helen Ermattinger, Jeannette Convier.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Graduation, 1946

On Monday, May 27th, the Mother-Daughter Breakfast was served in the Academy following the Mass celebrated by the Reverend Joseph E. Guertin.

On Tuesday evening at eight-fifteen o'clock the procession, consisting of members of the graduating class and the student body, was the opening number of the Graduation Exercises at which His Excellency The Most Reverend Francis J. Wagner, D.D., presided.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by The Reverend Elmer J. Bares.

The following received diplomas: Constance Belleau, Lorraine Colasanti, Jeanette Couvier, Helen Ermatinger, Dorothy Futchik, Mary Giacoletto, Barbara Mansfield, Mary Massey, Rita Myotte, Blanche Riggs, Virginia Stevenson.

* * *

May 29th, Wednesday Evening at six o'clock, the Graduates were the guests of the Loretto Alumnae Association at a banquet held in Loretto Academy.

Thursday Evening the Junior class entertained the Graduates at a formal dinner, which was followed by a semi-formal dance held in Baraga Hall.

The Loretto-St. Mary's Orchestra and Band presented a colorful program in Baraga Auditorium Sunday afternoon to a capacity audience.

* * *

Honors Assembly, on the preceding Friday, May 24th, had provided an event of marked interest to the successful students of Sault Loretto High School when certificates and medals were awarded:

Certificates of Proficiency in Bookkeeping were merited by Jean Couvier, Dorothy Futchik, Mary Massey, Rita Myotte, Blanche Riggs, Virginia Stevenson, Ruth Sylvester, Delores DeNomie.

As Competent Typists, Certificates were merited by: Rita Myotte, Virginia Stevenson, Ruth Sylvester.

Gregg Shorthand Speed Certificates were merited in the Senior Class by: Constance Belleau, Mary Giacoletto, Dorothy Futchik, Rita Myotte, Blanche Riggs, Virginia Stevenson, Ruth Sylvester.

Complete Theory Certificates in the Junior Class went to: Mary Andary, Mary Louise

Bernier, Theresa Bedore, Rita Quigley, Rose Marie Suriano, Mary Toland, Julia Tolliver.

Medals for General Excellence were merited by Mary Giacoletto and Dorothy Futchik. Scholarship key awards were presented to: Constance Belleau, Lorraine Colasanti, (highest average), Barbara Mansfield, Virginia Stevenson.

In Grade XI, Scholarship awards were merited by: Mary Andary and Mary Louise Bernier.

Honorable mention: Bonnie Pell, Rose Marie Suriano, Mary Toland.

Grade X Scholarships awarded to: Donna Mae Barras, Patricia Donnelly, Shirley Doran, John Harns, Merle Hinds, Jeanne Le Blanc, Teresa Pezet, Carole Zelmer.

Grade IX, Scholarships awarded to: Sada Jane Blain, Kathleen James, Lenore Krell, Geraldine Kroll, Donald La Londe, Mary McKinney Anne Sherry.

Medal awarded for Proficiency in Religion to Rose Marie Suriano.

Proficiency in Commercial, to Virginie Stevenson.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

Graduation Exercises

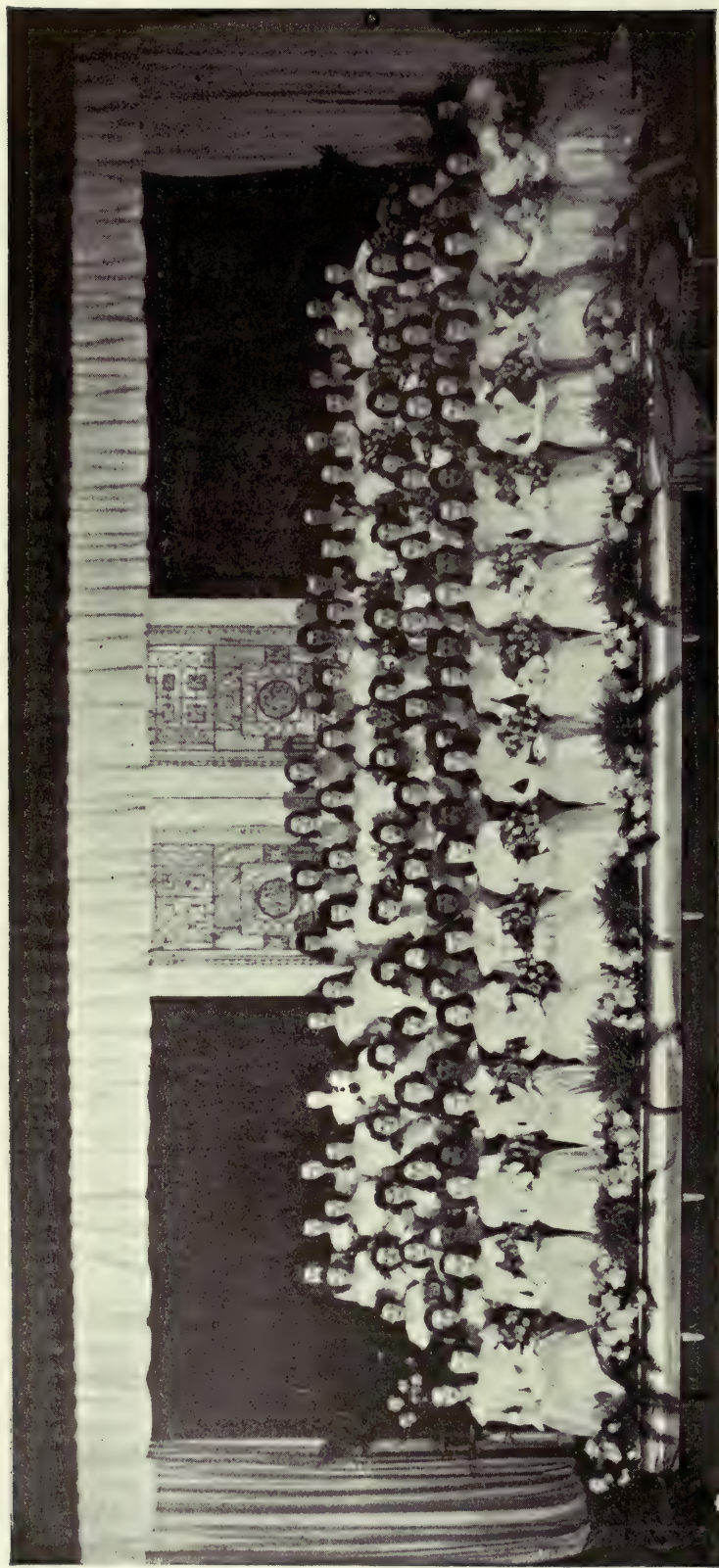
The fragrance of roses filled the air as the procession of Loretto graduates, flower-laden and each preceded by her tiny flower-girl in pale blue, advanced slowly up the white-carpeted aisle to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance."

The notes of "Ecce Sacerdos" announced a welcome to Most Reverend Bishop O'Brien, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, and guest speaker for the occasion.

After the chorus, "Queen of the Heavens," Miss Jean Reitz, Class President, began her salutatory:

"We, the graduation class of 1946, welcome you, and thank you for coming to share the honors of this night with us . . ." Miss Reitz showed that the ideal of every true Loretto girl was Mother Mary Ward, the foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the guiding spirit of all those educated in her tradition. A musical selection in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, Gounod's "Ave Maria" was played by Miss Phyllis Sens.

After the conferring of diplomas and awards, His Excellency Bishop O'Brien addressed the graduates and their guests. He emphasized the importance of Catholic Education in meeting



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

- ROW I—Laverne Lake, Albina Jurgaitis, Harriet Heatherly, Eileen Hiert, Phyllis Graziano, Jacquelyn Marquardt, Therese Smith, Geraldine Leoni, Margaret Fitzgerald, Elnora Reid, Patricia Lipinski, Virginia Barry, Marion Kelly, Mary Kay Enright, Geraldine Methven, Patricia Kane (not in picture).
- ROW II—Kathleen Kenney, Loretta Olsen, Jacqueline Early, Madeline Goluh, Joan Crego, Jane Shields, Suzanne Tighe, Joan McGee, Lois Feely, Joan Long, Clara Olewnik, Mary Kay Schick, Marjorie Dori, Geraldine Achuman, Rosemary Meenan, Caroline Frey.
- ROW III—Delphine Ward, Muriel Mauer, Bonnie Pritchett, Blanche Coppe, Rosemarie Boyle, Katherine Michael, Marilyn Miller, Madelyn Glatzhofer, Marcelyn Doyle, Lorraine McShea, Rosemarie Eagan, Jacqueline Carpenter, Virginia Hajek, Phyllis Sens, Margaret Dorsey, Frances Maroney.
- ROW IV—Joan Stack, Patricia Hanton, Shirley Holt, Dolores Lake, Doris Deiber, Sherry Osterkamp, Mary Louise Flynn, Alice Fitzgerald, Barbara Macfee, Rita Grogan, Frances Pullen, Dorothy Ryan, Joan Pfeiffer, June Stebbins, Mary Siciliano, Joan Reitz.
- ROW V—Mary Ann Leonard, Jean McGrath, Bette LaMotte, Marilynne Perrine, Mary Catherine Sweeney, Eileen Pembroke, Jane Walls, Patricia Reynolds, Nancy Ousley, Barbara Montgomery, Barbara Rocks, Margaret Yackee, Grace Gratkins, Barbara Zalewski, Betty Rhoads, Helen Eade.
- ROW VI—Dolores O'Brien, Marilyn Delaney, Rosemarie Boyle, Mary Ellen Lynch, Evelyn Gerrity, Margaret Goodman, Frances Ross, Mary Louise Clark, Vivienne Carlson, Eileen Scruggs, Lucille Michuda, Marjorie Walsh, Mary Sheehan, Edith Ciabattini, Jeanne Kessel.

with the problems of modern life. He complimented Miss Reitz on her salutatory, particularly on the part which centred about the imitation of Mother Mary Ward in her devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title, Our Lady of Loretto.

With the singing of the traditional "Ave Maria, Loretto," four years of work, play and prayer were at an end. Tears filled the eyes of many of the graduates who realized for the first time what it meant to them to leave behind the Alma Mater which they loved, the nuns who had taught them and been personally interested in them, and the school friends they had made.

Graduation Awards

Medal for four years perfect attendance—Laverne Lake, Loretta Olsen.

Medal for Christian Doctrine—Jeanne Kessel.

Medal for excellency in the Secretarial Department—Geraldine Leoni, Mary Louise Clark, Mary Catherine Sweeney, Barbara Rocks.

All Catholic Award from Catholic Press Association—Albina Jurgaitis, Virginia Hajek.

Medal for general excellence for four years—Betty Rhoads, Muriel Mauer.

Medal for Dramatic Art—Barbara Zalewski, Bonnie Pritchett.

Scholarships

Webster College, Webster Groves, Missouri—Mary Sheehan.

Saint Francis College, Joliet, Illinois—Rita Grogan, Virginia Hajek.

Saint Xavier College, Chicago—Mary Ellen Lynch, Jane Shields, Rita Grogan.

Clarke College Dubuque, Iowa—Elnora Reid.

Saint Mary of the Woods College, Terre Haute, Indiana—Mary Kay Enright.

Nazareth College, Nazareth, Michigan—Geraldine Schuman.

Mundelein College, Chicago—Mary Sheehan, Rita Grogan, Geraldine Schuman, June Stebins, Bonnie Pritchett (school of drama).

De Paul Secretarial College, Chicago—Madeilyn Glatzhofer.

Lake Forest College, Illinois—Barbara Montgomery.

Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois—Evelyn Gerrity.

Marycrest College, Davenport, Iowa—Marjorie Walsh, Sherry Osterkamp (art).

Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois—Mary Sheehan.

College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minnesota—Joan Reitz.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS

By Miss Joan Reitz, Class President

We, the Loretto graduating class of 1946, welcome you and thank you for coming to share the happiness of this event with us. Tonight we make a formal farewell to one phase of our career—our high school education. It is not easy to express the emotion that arises when we think of leaving, yet, I know I speak for all of us when I say we leave our Alma Mater with a feeling of regret. Tonight, however, there is a joy in knowing that we step forth armed with a strength and courage and faith instilled in our hearts by you, our parents, at home, and by you, our teachers, here at Loretto.

At no time has the world been more urgently in need of valiant women than now. A woman, characterized by kindness and gentleness, coupled with the amazing spirit of courage and bravery in action, was Mother Mary Ward, the foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and a living ideal, through our teachers, to all Loretto girls. She was the valiant woman of which the Gospel tells us. Most outstanding in her manner was her charming cheeriness. We see her across the centuries, early on the darkest, dreariest mornings with her Sisters setting forth to labour in persecuted England. In her bright, merry voice, Mother Mary Ward would say to them, "Now, remember, do not get killed unless it is absolutely necessary." She herself possessed indomitable courage. Nothing daunted her if God's will were in the balance.

As a matter of fact the Archbishop of Canterbury had set a large reward on her head and had her movements dogged by spies. For she founded the first convent wherein women became brides of Christ and at the same time remained active in the world disguised, because of the persecution, as members of the nobility.

The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed a wish to meet this remarkable woman, "Who," he said, "is more troublesome than ten Catholic priests." Mother Mary Ward decided to gratify his wish and so to this end, one day, she said:

"Tell Mother Barbara to don her taffeta petticoat and her yellow ruff and make herself gay, for we go a-calling on the Archbishop of Canterbury at his palace at Lambeth—and oh, for a merry afternoon!"

But God permitted that the Archbishop was

not at home, much to Mary's disappointment. With a smile, she slipped the diamond ring from her finger and gaily wrote in bold letters upon the window-pane of the reception room, "Mistress Mary Ward hath called," and took her departure. The consternation of his Excellency on missing such an opportunity, may easily be imagined!

Now, undoubtedly, there do not await for us graduates of 1946 perils of this particular nature, but perils do certainly await us, to combat which, it is imperative that we ourselves be convinced, that we too must be the possessors of an undaunted courage, like to our Mother Mary Ward, and surely we have captured some of the spirit from her daughters, the Ladies of Loretto.

We know we have received ideals to which we must aspire and if ever ideals were needed it is at this time. The world in which we shall move is in a chaos, a chaos brought about by selfishness, avarice, and utter disregard of the doctrines taught by Christ on earth.

It is the lot of our graduation class to enter upon a new path of life at this crucial moment. We look about us and see tottering governments, the upheaval of social conditions and an attack against Christianity in nearly every land. This crisis involves a challenge to every Catholic, and most especially to every graduate of a Catholic school, who has been trained to think in the light of truth, with a proper evaluation of material things as they relate to the spiritual and the divine. The issue is becoming more and more clearly defined between the forces that seek to dehumanize man and those of Catholicism. If we succeed in plucking from our own hearts and lives the seeds of self-complacency and of self-seeking, we shall be able to live our lives fearlessly as Catholics, having in us "That Mind which was in Christ, Our Lord." As graduates of a Catholic school, ours must be an offensive movement, advancing along a united front with Christ, our Leader, at the head.

In order to follow Christ, Mother Mary Ward learned, in her early youth, to approach His Blessed Mother, Our Lady of Loretto. So, tonight, we, graduates of Loretto, will unite in a simple heartfelt prayer to Mary!

Mother, we pray to Christ, the Way.

Lead thou!

In peace and strife, to Christ, the Life,

Lead thou!

In age and youth, to Christ, the Truth—

Lead thou!

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Graduation Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

On Sunday afternoon, May 26th, at 3 o'clock in St. Peter's Church, twenty-five Graduates of Loretto College School, received their diplomas in an impressive ceremony. The "sweet



The Graduates in Recessional,
St. Peter's Church.

girl graduates," in long white dresses, and white floral crowns, and carrying crimson roses with matching streamers, made a striking picture as they walked up the centre aisle, to the ever-appealing strains of "Pomp and Circumstance." The choir trained by Professor César Borré, consisted of the Loretto College School students, the accompanist being Mr. Harry O'Grady, organist of St. Peter's.

After the opening chorus, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm, with musical setting by César Franck, Very Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P.,



GRADUATES, 1946, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE., TORONTO

TOP ROW—Sonla Such, Maureen Whelan, Teresa Thompson, Gwen Colham, Dorothy Barton, Doreen Bowman, Mary Francis Barry, Doreen Kretch.

SECOND ROW—Betty Regan, Mary Lou McGregor, Shirley Scrims, Jean MacNeill, Joyce Robinson, Alma Ludlow.

THIRD ROW—Monica Calarco, Monica Paul, Teresa Hickey, Rita Bellisle, Betty Bellisle.
FRONT ROW—Eileen Kennedy, Ruth Maden, Marie Webb, Rita Garvin, Frances Lacona, Mary Teresa O'Meara.

Pastor, congratulated the Graduates and student body on their perfection as to dress, deportment and singing and announced the names as each in turn advanced to receive her diploma from Rt. Rev. Msgr. Harris, who was assisted in the distribution of awards by Rev. Father McDonald, C.S.P. An appropriate and impressive sermon was given by Rev. D. O'Meara, Rector of Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans, uncle of one of the Graduates. The Choir sang the hymn "To Christ the King," after which Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, Msgr. Harris, Father McNab and Father McCaffrey, S.J., officiating. Amongst the several priests present in the

sanctuary, were the pastors of the parishes to which the Graduates belong.

After the jubilant "Magnificat" came the recessional, and the happy class of 1946 came out to receive greetings and congratulations from parents, teachers and other friends.

On Saturday, June 1st, at 1.30 o'clock, the members of Loretto College School Chapter of the Loretto Alumnae entertained the Graduating Class at a banquet luncheon in the Yellow Room of the King Edward Hotel. Following the luncheon the Graduates were received into the Association, and each was presented with a Loretto pin, a treasured memento of the occasion, and of Loretto.

Mary Frances Barry

GRADUATION LUNCHEON

Sunday afternoon, June 2, provided the Graduating Class of Loretto College School with a fitting finale to the festivities and ceremonies of their Graduation, when they and their parents, the Faculty and the Executive of the Alumnae were entertained at a buffet luncheon held in the school.

The occasion was enhanced by delightful

weather and a setting of fresh spring flowers in profusion. As each girl entered the reception room, attired in her white gown and accessories, she was presented by Miss Alma Samis to official members of the Alumnae. Mrs. Leo Devaney, President of the Loretto Alumna Association; Mrs. E. A. Bebee, President of the College School Chapter; Miss Catherine



Macklin, Secretary; Miss Malma D'Orazino, Publicity chairman; and Miss Margaret Wilson, Receptionist.

After a few words of welcome by Mrs. Bebee, refreshments were served by the students of Grades eleven and twelve. Mrs. Leo Devaney poured tea, assisted by Mrs. E. A. Bebee.

A most enjoyable program followed, with Miss Theresa Thompson, one of the graduates, acting as toast-mistress. Miss Monica Paul proposed a toast to the mothers, in which she expressed a wish that our future deeds will not run counter to our words, "A sincere thank-you, Mother." Mrs. Edward R. Barton, mother of one of the graduates, answered Miss Paul in such a charming, sincere and simple manner, that her words will long remain in the girls' memories as a highlight of the week's events. Miss Theresa Hickey gave a toast to the fathers, recalling many intimate scenes, dear to the hearts of all little girls and their fathers, and expressed the appreciation of the graduates to their fathers for their love and protection. Flight-Lieutenant J. W. Such, father of one of the graduates, replied to this with a wit and heartiness that delighted all present. Miss Doreen Bowman was eloquent in her appreciation and gratitude to the Faculty, to whom she felt the graduates owe so much for their never-ceasing care and guidance. Rev. Father Edward J. MacDonald, C.S.P., Spiritual Director to the student body, answered this toast with characteristic good humour, pointing out the advantages received by pupils in Loretto schools. Father closed by saying he felt he was speaking for the entire Faculty when he asked the girls always to consider their teachers as personal friends, and never to hesitate to appeal to them in possible future needs.

Miss Betty Regan, read the last will and testament of the Graduating Class, bequeathing to friends and teachers still in the school, a host of intangible legacies. The audience was further amused by Miss Beth Letby's reading a page from her diary of 1956, as envisioned in 1946. The final toast, without which no Loretto function is complete, was then proposed to "Our Lady," by Miss Dorothy Barton.

Mrs. Devaney spoke a few words in conclusion, thanking the parents for their co-operation, and welcoming the girls as new alumnae. Miss Kay Bennett, a distinguished soprano soloist, as well as honoured member of the Faculty, stirred the audience with her beautiful rendition of Schubert's "Ave Maria," accompanied, Miss Ethel Farkas, a Brunswick Alumna now at Loretto College U. of T. For

an encore, Miss Bennett sang an Irish ballad.

After singing the rousing school song, "Loretto," all proceeded to the chapel for Benediction, where the Graduates, assisted by the Glee Club, delighted all with their repetition of the Graduation Day program; César Borré's "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo;" Arcadelt's "Ave Maria," and the "Magnificat" in Gregorian chant.

The event was truly delightful, and will always remain a pleasant memory in the minds of the girls, parents and Faculty, alike.

Mary P. Hickey, E. de M.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Closing Exercises, Junior School, Grades I-VIII

On Thursday, June 13, at 2.15, we, pupils of the Junior School, went in procession to the chapel for our usual visit and prayer to the Infant Jesus and a decade of the beads. Last in the line were the eighth grade Graduates, wearing long white dresses and wreaths, and each carrying a bouquet of bright flowers. They went to the front seats reserved for them in the chapel. Margaret Stobie, of Grade III, carried the bouquet for Our Lady, and placed it at her shrine.

From the chapel we went to the auditorium, where our parents and friends were gathered to see our Closing Exercises.

For the first and the last numbers, we were all on the stage.

Programme

Daffodils and Violets

The First Tulip—Grades 5, 6, 7, 8.

Eighth Grade Graduation

Valedictory Hildegard Zihlmann

Fairy Kingdom Chorus, Grade 8

The Singing Girl

Coming Vacation—Choral Speaking, Grades 4, 5, 6.

The May Dance — Piano Duet, Lorna Johnston and Hildegard Zihlmann.

June

Daffodils Chorus, Grades 1, 2, 3, 4.

Roses — A Beautiful Day

Dirge of a Bad Boy Choral Speaking, Grades 7, 8.

Crooked Man,

Charlie Is My Darling Rhythm Band,
Grades 1, 2, 3, 4.

The Brook Piano Solo, Irene Templeton.

To Our Lady,

Dragons . . Choral Speaking, Grades 1, 2, 3,

Promotions announced; Prizes awarded.

The Quest

Loretto Choruses Grades 5, 6, 7, 8.

Father MacDonald, C.S.P., presented the prizes, and at the end of the programme gave a very interesting talk.

Margaret Feeley, Grade VIII.

MAY CROWNING, JUNIOR SCHOOL, L.C.S.

On May 31st we had our Junior School Crowning. At the head of the procession came Our Lady's banner, carried by Doreen Stevenson of Grade VIII. Each pupil carried flowers for Our Blessed Mother's shrine. Singing May hymns we went out the north door, passed "Casa" on the way to the street, then up the front steps to enter the hall leading to the chapel. Lorna Johnston carried three wreaths on a blue cushion. Margaret Feeley, Grade VIII, crowned the statue with one of these; Nicole Compar, Grade VI, placed another on Our Lady's right hand, and Dolores Donnelly, Grade II, laid the third wreath at her feet.

Father Burns, S.J., gave us a lovely talk on Our Blessed Mother. Benediction followed.

Marlene Baxter, Grade VIII



LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE., JUNIOR GRADES

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Music Department

Results of February and June, 1946, Examinations Toronto Conservatory of Music

PIANO—Grade X: Mary Lou McGregor, Honours; Grade IX: Mary Frances Barry, Pass; Grade VIII: Irene Templeton, First Class Honours; Pamela White, Pass; Sonia Such, Pass; Joanne Mahon, Pass; Grade VI: Dolores Chaput, First Class Honours; Mary Eleanor LeMoine, Honours; Grade V: Jean Magladery, First Class Honours; Dolores Chaput, Honours; Beth Healy, Honours; Rosemary Kennedy, Honours; Hildegard Zihlmann, Honours; Grade IV: Elizabeth Magladery, First Class Honours; Rosemary Kennedy, Honours; Grade III: Robin Mahon, First Class Honours; Shirley Bowen, Honours; Freda Chalmer, Honours; Gloria Childerhose, Pass; Janet Anne Stobie, Pass; Grade II: Marion Tatz, First Class Honours; Gloria Childerhose, First Class Honours; Maureen Burt, First Class Honours; Jeanne Smith, First Class Honours; Anne Burns, First Class Honours; Robin Mahon, First Class Honours; Janet Anne Stobie, Honours. Grade I: Shirley Bowen, First Class Honours; Anne Burns, First Class Honours; Jeanne Smith, First Class Honours; Sheila MacDonald, First Class Honours; Mary Heinrich, Honours; Edward Bowman, Honours; Frances Leoni, Honours; Alison MacDonald, Honours; Helen Samuels, Honours; Margaret Stobie, Honours.

THEORY—Grade II: Patricia Tatz, First Class Honours; Joanne Mahon, First Class Honours; Pamela White, First Class Honours.

HARMONY—Grade V: Ethel Farkas, Pass.

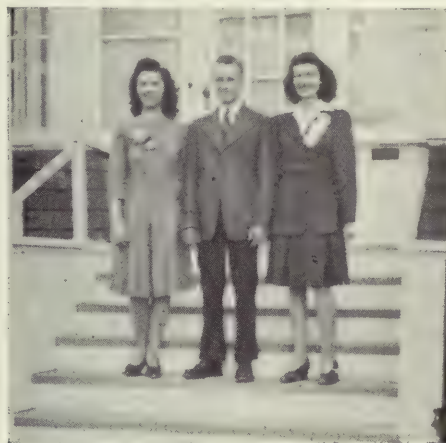
LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

The Graduation Exercises of Loretto High School, Regina, were held Sunday afternoon, June 30th, in the Little Flower Church Hall. Reverend Father Leibel presided. The ushers were boys of the High School. The girls in formals of pastel shades and carrying matching bouquets, made a very pretty picture.

The programme began with the processional March, followed by the school song, "Ave Maria, Loretto." Honours were then conferred: The proficiency medal for Grade IX, donated by Dr. L. Roy, was presented to Wilfred

Ottenbreit; for Grade X, donated by a kind benefactor, to Marie Stein; for Grade XI, donated by the Holy Name Society of the Parish, to Katherine Dusel; for Grade XII, donated by the High School Alumni, to Ernest Sombach.

Proficiency badges were awarded to Shirley Fahlman, Mary Haidinger, Delyse Langfield, and Frank Sombach. A special prize in Leadership, donated by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Manning, was presented to Delyse Langfield. School pins were presented to the graduates, Loretta Fahlman, Mary Nesinger and Ernest Sombach.



Mary Nesinger, Ernest Sombach, Loretta Fahlman

The salutatory was delivered by Ernest Sombach, and the valedictory by Marie Stein.

Vocal solos were contributed by the Misses Dolores Huck and Rose Riffel. An amusing one-act play, "Betty, Behave," was presented by Marie Stein, Shirley Fahlman and Delyse Langfield.

In his address, Rev. Father Leibel stressed the need for religion in education. He said that the world could be best improved by each one's first improving his own relationship with God, and correcting his behaviour toward his neighbor. National well-being, international justice and peace would follow.

Rev. Father Riffel also gave an interesting speech in which he paid tribute to the staff of Loretto High School, and also appealed to the students to think seriously and pray earnestly over possible religious vocations, so much needed in promoting the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

The Exercises closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. EUPHRASIA, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. FRANCES CLARE, I.B.V.M.
Past President	MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. LEO DEVANEY, 126 Dinnick Cr., Toronto
First Vice-President	MISS MARGARET McCORMICK
Second Vice-President	MISS GERARDA ROONEY
Treasurer	MRS. W. B. McHENRY
Recording Secretary	MISS HELEN CONDERAN 109 Pendrith Street
Corresponding Secretary	MISS HELEN O'LOANE 18 Castle Frank Cresc.
Convener of House	MISS MONA CLARK
Convener of Membership	MISS KATHLEEN McDONALD
Convener of Tea	MRS. R. S. WEIR
Convener of Entertainment	MISS PATRICIA BARRY
Convener of Activities	MRS. G. B. PATTERSON
Convener of Press	MISS GERTRUDE TACKABERRY

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto College, Toronto.....	MISS LORETTA PARNELL, 70 Garfield Avenue
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MRS. EMERY BEBEE, 27 Roxborough St. W.
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLEN, 624 South West Street, Lima, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.	MRS. STANLEY STOTT, 108 Maple Ave., Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY, 7106 Lafayette Ave., Chicago.
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Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary.	MRS. J. GOODMAN
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. ARUNDEL

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The fourth quarterly meeting of Loretto Alumnae Association took place on June 9, 1946, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

This meeting was primarily to honour the Graduates from Loretto College, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights; and Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue; but also for the annual reports. These were submitted from the various committees and conveners. The reports showed convincingly that our Loretto Alumnae Association has had a prosperous and active year.

Reference was made in the April issue of Loretto Rainbow to our successful dance in the Ball Room of the Royal York Hotel, early in the year,

when the guests numbered about eight hundred. The event was under the distinguished patronage of: Mr. and Mrs. Leo Devaney (president); Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Rev. Fr. McLaughlin, C.S.B., Rev. J. H. McHenry, Dr. and Mrs. F. Canning, Dr. and Mrs. W. Knowlton, Dr. and Mrs. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. N. Wan, Controller and Mrs. D. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Beaudoin, Mr. and Mrs. N. Smythe, Judge and Mrs. A. E. LeBel.

The Breakfast Meeting in March was well attended and we had the honour and privilege of having Rev. Father Sharkey, of the China Mission Seminary say the Mass, and then after breakfast speak to us of China, where he had spent some years. Father's talk was very informative and an inspiration to us all.

In May a delightful Bridge and Fashion Show was held at the Arcadian Court of the Robert Simpson Company. At this function a musical treat was afforded us by Mrs. (Dr.) McHugh and Mrs. James Mallon. Mrs. McHugh was most generous in coming to our party and in singing so many lovely songs; we feel that no Loretto party would be quite complete without the artistry of Mrs. Mallon.

H. O'L.

LORETTO, NIAGARA, ALUMNAE

On Trinity Sunday, June 16th, 1946, the annual reunion of the Loretto Niagara Alumnae was held at Loretto Academy. The reunion was something very special this year and one of the most joyful on record. The day opened with the celebration of holy Mass at eleven o'clock in the convent chapel—a thanksgiving offering for the long-awaited peace. The celebrant was Father Grese, S.J., of Montreal, P.Q.

Following the Mass a lovely hour was spent in renewing old acquaintances—the meeting enhanced by the presence of Mother General and Mother Constance, who had graciously consented to visit us at this time.

At one-thirty o'clock the members of the Alumnae and the Graduates of '46 gathered in the refectory for a banquet. The new graduates, in white, seated around a table, beautifully decorated in Loretto colors, with an artistically arranged centre-piece flanked by candelabra, made a charming picture. The Graduates were introduced by Miss Mary Bampfild, and the address of welcome as members of the Alumnae was replied to by Miss Ella Mae Brown, class of '46.

Miss Bampfild, our Loretto Day Chairman, presided after the banquet, and in her opening address, very ably outlined the activities of the Alumnae, and plans for the coming year; she also paid a sincere tribute to our Alma Mater, and to our dear Loretto Nuns, in doing which she spoke for all present.

Mother General and Mother Constance most welcome guests from Loretto Abbey, and Mother St. Clement, Superior, Loretto-Niagara, each in a new way gave us inspiration and encouragement, thus spurring us on to greater achievement.

Miss Florence Mullen, Lima, Ohio, and Miss Mary Maxwell, Buffalo, N.Y., spoke very sincerely and feelingly, expressing the thoughts of all present when thanking our retiring president of the

International Chapter, Miss Mary Bampfield, for faithful service under very difficult circumstances and during the war years.

With a final "thank you," which could never adequately express our gratitude to the dear nuns, and the singing of 'Ave Maria Loretto,' another memorable Loretto reunion came to a close.

Elections Resulted with the following Officers of the Loretto, Niagara Chapter:

President Mrs. Grace Mulligan Geisenhoff
1st Vice-President Miss Joyce Walker
2nd Vice-Pres. ... Mrs. Grace O'Donnell McManus
3rd Vice-Pres. ... Mrs. Eileen McCarney Skidmore
Secretary Miss Mary Bullock
Treasurer Miss Enid Glynn
Publicity Mrs. Betty Ovres Beaudin
Ways and Means Mrs. Florence Glynn
Berrigan and Miss Margaret Drago

Officers of the International Chapter of Loretto-Niagara Alumnae

President Miss Florence Mullen, Lima, Ohio
1st Vice-Pres. Mrs. Ruth McConkey Young
2nd Vice-Pres. Mrs. Helen O'Brien Beney
Treasurer Mrs. Johanna Ganter Broderick
Secretary Miss Mary Brennan

CHICAGO — LORETTO — NIAGARA

(Of Chicago Chapter, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, there are interesting items in the following letter. Ed. Note).

On a March Sunday our little group, the Chicago Chapter of Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, had a meeting at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and what a delightful afternoon we had with the dear Nuns. Rita Coffey Ryan; Gertrude Madden Bartholomy; Mrs. William Ryan; Mother Mary Clare (Miriam Maracek); Mother Patrice (Mooney); Mother M. Carmela, and I represented Niagara. Missing unavoidably at this meeting were Josie Hardin Callahan, Anna Mary Mudd, and some others. In February we held our regular meeting at Marshall Field Tea Rooms. We always enjoy getting together and passing around any news from Loretto. Lest all have not seen it I have a copy on hand of the latest "Rainbow." Mrs. William Ryan enjoys the Loretto magazine so much and asked me to send on this dollar for her subscription. Please send her a copy of the April, 1946, number, in which you have a most interesting account of our newly created Cardinals.

You may recall that Mrs. Ryan is a sister of Alice Smith, the harpist, who now lives with their sister, Eunice, in Portland, Oregon . . . Mrs. Ryan's daughter, Mrs. Canty, always comes to our meeting with her mother . . . Our Alice wishes to be remembered to you. Marybeth has a darling wee daughter, eighteen months old—all the more precious as they lost their first child. Jane has two, Patricia and Mary Carolyn. My daughters are all, of course, devoted Loretto-Englewood alumnae. All my sons are home, and out of the services, thank God. . . .

Jeannette Herbert.

LORETTO-WOODLAWN ALUMNAE

The Seniors of '46 became Loretto Alumnae at the tea given Sunday, June 9. Mrs. Buckley (Marie Houle), chairman, introduced the new members to former graduates. Entertainment was provided by Evelyn Walker and Joan Lindenmeyer, dancers; Mary Jane Hick and Barbara Walters, singers; and Mrs. Russell Harvey and Cecilia Husen, pianists.

Miss Frances Roche, president of the Alumnae presented Mother Superior with two scholarships to the Academy, and announced that a new public address system would be installed as a result of Alumnae proceeds for the year.

Mrs. Marion Peterson, treasurer of the Loretto-Woodlawn Alumnae, was elected treasurer of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at a convention held at Rock Island, Illinois.

The plane trip to Excelsior Springs, Missouri, was won by Miss Dorothy Higgins, Loretto Alumna. The draw was held at the Alumnae Card Party and Dance at Loretto, May 24th. Shelley Graf's band played for the dancers, and the whole affair netted eight hundred dollars. Congratulations to all, especially to Miss Virginia Callahan, Miss Mary Kay Galvin, and Mrs. Marian Peterson, who assisted Mother Edwardine, Alumnae Moderator, in making the party a success.

DETROIT - WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

On April 13, 1946, our First Vice-President, Mrs. Edwin Hurd, sponsored the regular monthly meeting of the Circle at the Woman's City Club, and was hostess to the members at a delightful tea after the meeting. Our Annual Meeting was held at the lovely home of our President, Mrs. T. D. Shea, Saturday p.m., May 11th. Reports were called for from all officers and Chairmen of Committees. Among those noted were: The Corresponding Secretary, reported 946 notices of meetings mailed to members throughout the year. Chairman of Ways and Means, reported U.S. Savings Bonds to the amount of \$500 for the Detroit Loretto Foundation Fund. Chairman of Membership reported the inviting of new members to join the Circle, among them were, Mrs. A. LaRue (Blanche Sullivan, Sault); Mrs. W. H. Smith (Lenore Sullivan, Sault); Mrs. Michael Myers (Gert-rude McEveney, Sault); Mrs. Arthur Somers (Bessie McEveney, Sault); Mrs. James Markle (Kathleen McEveney, Sault); Mrs. Arthur Milne (Colomba Paris, Sault); Miss Helen Bishop (Sault); Mrs. S. Henry Jankowski (Loretto College, Toronto); Mrs. Agnes Torpey Beatty, Abbey; Mrs. Koviak, Abbey; Mrs. I. J. Adams, Abbey; Miss Claire Smyth, Loretto College, Toronto; and Mrs. Chas. Widman (Madeleine Racette, Abbey).

It was moved and seconded that our retiring President Mrs. T. D. Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) and our retiring First Vice-President, Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Ann Bickers, Guelph) serve as Delegate and Alternate respectively to the Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae to be held at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, August 22nd. to 25th. inclusive.

It was moved and seconded that \$75. for Summer School tuition for Loretto Nuns be appropriated again this year; a further motion was made that this amount for Summer School tuition be left for distribution at the discretion of Reverend Mother as to which Loretto Convent should participate. A further motion was made and seconded to increase the amount to \$100. for this year in view of the increase of general expenses.

The Detroit-Windsor Circle extends its heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Loretto High School of Sault Ste. Marie on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of its establishment in Michigan.

Mrs. T. D. Shea conducted the election of officers for the year 1946-47 with the following results:

For President, Miss Mary Woods (Stratford), replacing Mrs. Shea; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault), replacing Mrs. Edwin Hurd; Second Vice-President, Mrs. M. G. Brick (Mary Carmichael, Brunswick), replacing Mrs. Timpy; Recording Secretary, Miss Teresa Houlihan (Abbey), re-elected; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Glenn (Abbey), re-elected; Financial Secretary, Miss Donna Stanley (Falls), re-elected; Treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Milne (Colomba Paris, Sault), replacing Miss Myrtle Lloyd.

One outstanding activity of the year, and one that graciously crowns all our efforts and interests throughout the year was the Garden Party given by Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) at her lovely home and grounds at 13995 Longacre Ave. Saturday afternoon, June 8th. The proceeds of the party went to purchase boxes of food to be distributed through the Co-operative Allied Remittances to Europe to the convents of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in York, England; Brusslo, Holland; and Mainz, Germany. We were happy and honored to have with us for the afternoon Mother M. Oswald and Mother M. Anselm of Woodlawn Academy, Chicago.

We offer congratulations to Professor and Mrs. A. F. Scherzer (Margaret Hassett, Sault) of Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the occasion of the ordination to the Holy Priesthood of their son, William J. Scherzer, in Detroit, June 8th, 1946. Father Scherzer has just received his appointment as assistant priest at St. Theresa's Church in Detroit.

I. D. P.

THE WINNIPEG LORETTO ALUMNAE

Our annual meeting was held in January and you will be interested in hearing that eleven members were present and that we had a characteristically pleasant and satisfactory Loretto assembly. It was decided to continue our Red Cross Work until late spring.

The following are our officers for 1946; President—Mrs. Arundel; Vice-President—Mrs. Cope; Secretary, Jeannette Parent; Treasurer, Mrs. Callaghan; Councillors — Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. McKinnon; Mary's Day Chairman, Mrs. Kirby.

We regret not having seen dear Mother General when last in the west, but shall count on having another enjoyable interview when she next passes through Winnipeg.

Devotedly

Jeannette Parent.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Dr. and Mrs. John Enright (Marie Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Jean, on March 15th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Elia on the birth of a daughter, Rosemary, a sister for Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Green (Alice Norman, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Joanne Shirley, on February 4th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Sherry (Sidonia Sidlovski, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Christine, on April 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes (Sarah Ives) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Scobie (Anita McGrath, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Perron, on the birth of their son, John Paul, a brother for Beverly, on June 9th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kuzak on the birth, on January 16th, of their daughter, Claudia Hope, sister of Vera, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Watson (Mary Gregus, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Wayne, on June 25th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Kiene (Elizabeth Wolbaum, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Ruth Joan, niece of M. M. Amanda, I. B. V. M., on April 5th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Bast (Rose Wasyleski, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Louise, on May 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bast (Tillie Geis) on the birth of a daughter in May.

MARRIAGES

Lt. Alice Patricia McGuigan, R.C.A.F., was married, May 4th, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, to Dr. John James MacNeill, New Waterford, N.S. His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan officiated at the ceremony, and also celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

Miss Mary Harding, daughter of Mrs. Harding and the late Mr. Thomas Harding, was married to Mr. Patrick J. Hendriks, in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, May 22nd. Rev. P. A. Hendriks, brother of the groom, officiating. Solemn Nuptial Mass was celebrated by another brother, Rev. Boniface Hendriks, C.P., Baltimore.

Miss Irene Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Perry, was married to Mr. George Dodd, son of Mr. and Mrs. George de C. Dodd (Loretto Alumna), May 25th, in St. Francis' Church, Toronto. Rev. C. J. Mulvihill officiating. The bride and groom are both former Loretto pupils.

Miss Eleanor M. O'Meara, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Michael O'Meara (Loretto Alumna), was married to Mr. Roderick (Rod) Gerard Phelan, in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, on April 22nd.

Miss Frances Clare McBride, daughter of Mr. John McBride and the late Mrs. McBride, was married to Mr. James Michael Harvey on June 3rd in St. Anthony's Church, Toronto. Rt. Rev. J. J. McGrand officiated.

Miss Anne Teresa McGarry, graduate of Loretto Abbey, and of Loretto College (U. of T.), daughter of Mr. Edward J. McGarry, was married to Mr. Douglas Carriere, on July 4th, at Sacred Heart Church, Calgary, Alt. "At Home," Timmins, Ont.

Miss Eleanor Drago, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married, June 8th, to Mr. Charles Hector Levesque.

Miss Margaret Furey, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married, April 27th to Mr. Herbert K. Holden.

Miss Margaret E. Giffen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Giffen, was married, May 18th, to Mr. Roderick A. Ritchie.

Miss Sheila Margaret Finn, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Finn and the late Mr. M. V. Finn, was married, April 22nd, to David D. Van Groder.

Miss Lavinia Sawdon, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married June 19th, to Mr. William Howard.

Miss Marjorie Anne White, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. White and the late Mr. Charles White, was married June 22nd to Mr. Douglas F. Murray.

Miss Tina Hofferl was married, June 4th, to Mr. Paul Wolbaum. The groom is a brother of M. M. Amanda, I.B.V.M.

Miss Marie Witt, B.A., Loretto-Stratford Alumna and Loretto College graduate, was married on June 1st, to Mr. Ignatius Hayes, of Embro.

On July 6th, in the Cathedral of Christ the King, Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, officiated at the marriage of Miss Geraldine Frances (Gerry) Wilson, Loretto College (U. of T.) Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Evans Wilson, Hamilton, and Joseph Donald Kennedy, son of Dr. J. A. Kennedy, of London. The groom also a graduate of the University of Toronto, and formerly with the R.C.A.F., is a nephew of Mother M. Loretto, I.B.V.M.

Miss Irene McLaughlin, Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. Frank McLaughlin and the late Mrs. McLaughlin (Irene Phelan, Loretto Alumna) was married to Mr. Douglas Hatch, on June 29th.

Miss Mary Jane Jansen and Mr. Richard Leyes were married in St. Monica's Church, Mishawaka, Indiana, on June 22nd. On their wedding trip they visited Loretto Abbey, where the groom's aunt, Mother M. St. Alban, is a member of the Community.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Breagh on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Breagh, February 25th, and to Mr. Breagh's bereaved father, and sister, Anne, student at Loretto-Niagara.

To Mrs. Eggleston and Jean (Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the death of their husband and father Mr. Walter Eggleston on March 18th.

To Mr. Dart and Helen (Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the death of their wife and mother, on June 1st.

To Mr. Huebner on the death of his wife on June 1st, and to their bereaved daughters, Mrs. F. Dickinson (Mary), and Mrs. Howard Johnston (Dorothy), Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To Mrs. Quinlan, Stratford, on the death of her esteemed husband, Dr. Peter Francis Quinlan, on May 27th, and to the bereaved family, Dr. John Quinlan; Mrs. McTee (Betty) and Rose, Loretto Alumnae.

To Mrs. McNamara on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph McNamara, and to the bereaved family, Mrs. O'Malley (Mary), Catherine and Richard, former Loretto pupils.

To the Misses Catherine, Helen, Mary and Rita Cloney, (Loretto Alumnae); Jack and Joe (former Loretto pupils) on the death of their father, Mr. Cloney, of Stratford.

To Mrs. Darga, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, (Mildred McKeown, M. M. Angela's sister) on the death of her husband, Mr. Edward Darga, on May 26th.

To Mrs. Boyd (Eleanor O'Connor, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. Henry Boyd, Ottawa.

To Mrs. O'Leary (Muriel Campbell) on the recent death of her husband, Mr. Leo O'Leary, and to the bereaved family, Campbell, Ann, Peggy, Leona and Mary; also to Mr. O'Leary's brothers, and his sister, Mrs. P. McGoey.

To Miss Eleanor M. Lister, Mrs. Gertrude Smith, and Miss Gertrude McGarity on the death of their aunt, Miss Helen Kildea, R.N., formerly of St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association.

To Rev. E. R. Glavin on the death of his mother, Mrs. Alice Kain Glavin, of Stratford, and to all in her bereaved family.

To Rev. Sister Beatrice Marie, St. Joseph's Community, Peterborough, and Mrs. P. J. Hitchcock (Inez.), Loretto Abbey Alumnae, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Catherine Mulligan.

To Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, P.P., Our Lady's Church, Guelph; to Rev. F. X. O'Reilly, P.P., Colgan, Ont.; to Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, C.S.B., St. Basil's Seminary, and to Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Foreman on the death of their mother, Mrs. Edith O'Reilly.

Dream Faces

They come in the dim-purple hour of the twilight

On dreams, downy-winged, wafted through the still air,

The faces of those who once lingered anear me,
Now seen at eventide happy and fair.

I hear their low voices borne on the soft breeze;

I catch the faint notes of a loving refrain;

Bright smiles shine upon me through glints of the sunset;

Hands beckon me on down an afterglow lane.

I reach out to clasp them—I gladly would follow;

I call them to linger, "Stay, dear ones!" I cry:
The purple-deep thickens; night's mantle obscures them—

My white dreams are gathered beyond Time's dark sky.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

May 3, 4—A delightful presentation of "As You Like It," by the Students of Grade Twelve, under the capable and artistic direction of Mother Boniface. The enthusiastic audiences at the four presentations of the Play testified to its worth.

May 10—The Sodality was honoured today by having Monsignor McGrath as guest speaker. Monsignor McGrath spoke to us on "Our Lady of Fatima" and urged us to pray for the conversion of Russia.

May 11—Mary's Day—Mass at the Cathedral in honour of Our Lady and an inspiring sermon by Father Flahiff, C.S.B.

May 15—Archdiocesan Religion Examinations claim the attention of all taking part in the competition.

May 16—Great enthusiasm and keen competition marked our Field Day. Congratulations to Mrs. Kennedy on her grand work; to the many girls who distinguished themselves, and to Grade 10-B as winners of the coveted Trophy.

May 23—Graduation! And a wonderful weekend! An account appears elsewhere in these pages.

May 27—The Graduates are entertained by Grade Twelve at a delightful tea.

May 29—Distribution of Athletic Awards.

May 31—Our Blessed Mother's beautiful month

is brought to a close with the traditional procession in her honour. Joan Coffey had the honour of crowning Our Lady's statue, after which the entire student body was consecrated to Our Blessed Mother.

June 4—Our beloved Cardinal Archbishop honoured us with a visit to-day. An account appears on another page.

June 6—Sodality Elections. Congratulations to our new officers: Josephite McSloy, Prefect; Betty Cormack and Frances O'Grady, Vice-Prefects; Joyce Kornacher, Secretary; and Kathleen McEvenue, Treasurer.

June 7—A Missa Cantata, in honour of the Sacred Heart was celebrated on this First Friday in June. The Junior School sang the beautiful Mass. The Holy Hour in the afternoon was conducted by Rev. Father Keagle, S.J. The student body was in attendance.

June 9—The Loretto Alumnae Association entertained at Tea at the Abbey in honour of the Graduates of Loretto College, Loretto College School, and Loretto Abbey.

June 10-14—Intensive study as we concentrate on examinations, and think of the success ahead.

June 14—Among those who are looking forward eagerly to the Summer School of Catholic Action in Montreal are our Abbey delegates—Josephite Mc-



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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

For the opening of vocation program, a lecture once a week during May, Sr. M. Assumption, superintendent of nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital, spoke to the girls on the nursing profession. Many intend to make this noble work their career.

May 5—Loretto girls gathered in the assembly hall to hear piano selections by Mrs. Smithbowers, L.T.C.M., gifted pianist, from Toronto Conservatory of Music, a member of the Ten Piano Ensemble which toured Southern Ontario last year. Mrs. Smithbowers, who is well known in music circles in Toronto loved Chopin's music long before she knew he looked so much like Cornel Wilde, and her magnificent rendition of "Polonaise" brought forth a thunderous applause from her audience. Mrs. Smithbowers was introduced by Klein, thanked on behalf of the school by Louise Clair.

Loretto pupils launched a campaign to aid the starving people of Europe, Friday afternoon a penny sale was staged by the Commercial class with the excellent total sum from this and a hot-dog sale bringing the amount of our fund to the sum of \$73.00.

May 13, Grade XI staged a delightful farewell party for the 1946 Graduates. With Betty Mac-Millan at the piano the dancers danced away the

afternoon in gay fashion. Refreshments, lucky dance winners all added to the gaiety of our last get-together. From now it's work, we were told.

May 19—Who can describe Graduation? With the Church of Our Lady as setting, our graduates in white, their flower girls in blue, Father Claude Engeman, O. Carm. as speaker—what more need be said? Our reception was held afterwards in the gaily decorated basement hall—which has been transformed by paint and varnish and was gay with blossoms, a shrine to Our Lady and an attractive tea-table.

May 28—We observed Mary's Day by a Mass in our chapel, Grade XII then entertained the graduates at a communion breakfast with Rev. Father O'Reilly as guest, Grade XIII's will and last testament was read, and the "lucky" Grade XII heirs inherited everything from empty peroxide bottles down to old Latin books complete with translation. Elaine Lefnesky then read the class prophecy.

Mother M. Margarita came to speak to the girls on "Religious Vocations;" her very interesting talk on early days in Guelph and the present harvest of "Ancillae Domini" to be harvested here was a real inspiration to all of us. We hope to hear her again.

June—Just work, exams, some sad looks.

June 14—Fateful day! Results given out! Many happy faces indeed.

June 19—Loretto Garden Party, which meant all out at booths, and serving at the supper; however, it was a great success! We are all happy.

June 22—Our two delegates, Patricia Craven and Joan Vipond, leave to-night for the Summer

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School of Catholic Action in Montreal. We hope that each year will find some Guelphites from Loretto at this inspiring gathering, the report of which is always so helpful to our Sodality work.

Happy Vacation to all! The best of everything to the Nuns; to our Graduates! and we hope to see you, classmates, in September, in dear old Loretto!

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

May 1—The traditional May Bands chosen; June Pereira and Sharon Broderick are captains from Grade XII.

May 9—The Archdiocesan Examination.

In the afternoon His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan arrived to spend a few days at Loretto-Niagara, while giving Confirmation in neighboring places. We all had places in the corridor and sang "Ecce Sacerdos" at the time our distinguished guest arrived. His Eminence spoke informally and most pleasantly to us all.

May 10—The whole school from tiny First Graders to dignified Seniors assembled in the beautifully decorated study hall for a little reception in honour of His Eminence. After we sang, Mary, June Tesch gave a short address of welcome, and Wanda Vallillee presented the spiritual offerings from the Junior and Senior Schools. The Cardinal appealed to us to help the children of Europe in every way possible. His Eminence then proclaimed the rest of the day a holiday to our great joy.

May 13—During the afternoon we had half-hour periods in class, then off for fun at the circus. And fun we had! All the trimmings—pink cotton candy—and everything that goes with the circus.

May 14—On this bright sunny Tuesday afternoon, the box social of Our Lady of Victory's team was held in the gymnasium. The proceeds are to send delegates to Montreal to the Summer School. There certainly was no ceiling on the prices some boxes brought! A good time, good lunches, good proceeds. What more could one want from a box-social?

May 22—The annual Music Recital took place in the study hall in the evening. Congratulations are indeed in order to the teachers and pupils for the success of the occasion.

May 23-26—The Boarders once again packed their bags and were off for a "long" week-end, to return Sunday night.

May 28—Our Lady of Loretto band held its box social. Another success from the point of view of entertainment, feeding the hungry, and swelling the coffers for the Montreal fund.

May 29—Sodality Elections. Congratulations to the new executive; Prefect, Rosemary Aversa; 1st Vice-Prefect, Adele Dodge; 2nd Vice-Prefect, Joan Hunter; Secretary, Joanne Kelly; Treasurer, Anne Mahoney; Committee Chairmen, Concha Azurdia, Carolyn Geisenhoff, Muriel Doucette, Patricia Haidon; Sacristans, Marilyn Donnelly and Dolores Rotella.

May 30—The Graduates' Banquet! At long last after so much anticipation. The occasion really surpassed all we had dreamed about. All looked charming and lovely in long dresses; the refectory was a picture; the gifts were beautiful. As for the dinner, we shall not even begin to say how de-

licious. Adele Dodge was toast mistress—(sh! nearly all drank toasts in their own honour—such fun.) After dinner all adjourned to the study hall where the prophecies and the Seniors' last Will and Testament were read with much mirth. Dancing to the music of our very own record player completed the evening's entertainment.

May 31—After much hesitation on the part of the rain-clouds, the weather really solved our problems of the May procession by means of a miracle or two. It really should be recorded that one half hour before the procession was to begin it was raining a good shower. However the sun came out, the ground dried, and we were even able to kneel on the grass for Benediction.

The procession was headed by Sharon Broderick, bearing the banner of our Lady, with four tiny ribbon bearers very quaint in their long white dresses. Next followed the Junior School, and then Seniors; then Officers of the Executive for the past and the coming year; then, dignified in long white dresses, the May Band captains: Margaret Lalor, Joan Dawson, Margot Azurdia, Carolyn Geisenhoff, Dolores Rotella, Joan Hunter, Marilyn Donnelly, and Mary Sacco. Last of all, came the crowning part, June Pereira in a long blue dress, and Wanda Vallillee, the past prefect, and Rosemary Aversa, the newly elected prefect in long white gowns.

After the crowning ceremony the procession circled around the Sacred Heart statue in front of the convent, and from there assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given from an altar erected on the veranda. After the last hymn, the procession made its way indoors, and then—it really happened this way—the rain began to pour!

Indoors it was decided that all our Lady's statues should be crowned in thanksgiving and several of the boarders saw that this was done. Rona Holden, Adele Dodge, and Daphne Huggins were really responsible for the carrying out of this lovely idea.

June 9—Day of Recollection for the Seniors, directed by Reverend J. Elliott McGuigan, S.J. There were four conferences during the day at which Father spoke on "Our Lord," "Our Lady," "Life" and "The Mass." We are grateful for Father McGuigan's assistance in making of this day one of the memorable events of Graduation Week.

June 14—At last the great day arrived! The goal towards which our twenty-three seniors have striven for four years. The Graduation Mass was offered in the convent chapel by Rev. Daniel Egan, O. Carm., pastor of Our Lady of Peace Church.

Later the Graduates were entertained at breakfast, with Father Egan as guest. The rest of the day passed swiftly in the flutter usual to the final rehearsal of the programme, and the hundred and one things that have to be done in "no time at all." Before the Graduates' Processional began, all attended Benediction in the convent chapel; then followed the Graduation Exercises at Mount Carmel Auditorium.

June 23—Our Delegates for the Catholic Summer School in Montreal, left in high spirits, some yesterday morning and some because of music examinations, Sunday night. The Delegates are: June Pereira, Rosemary Aversa, Concha Azurdia, Adele Dodge, Joan Dawson, Margot Azurdia, Joanne Kelly, Daphne Huggins, June Maingot, and Patricia Haidon.

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June 21—School formally adjourned for the summer vacation after the promotion lists were distributed.

Happy summer days to all!

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

May 16—Graduation Day with its many enjoyable events, of which an account is given with the Graduates' picture in this issue.

May 28—The lovely annual ceremony of the May procession and crowning of Our Lady's statue in the chapel. Marion Latour won the honour of crowning, and was attended by Doreen Hemingway and Ann Schill.

May 29—The Sodality Convention at the Cathedral of Christ the King. A description appears on another page. We are happy to have our Marion Latour—Sodality prefect—chairman of the proceedings.

May 31—The Music Recital given in the auditorium, afforded a real treat to all in the audience.

June 6—Examinations begin. At least they put an end to the nerve-racking anticipation we have known!

June 17—School ends for the term. Best wishes for a happy, care-free vacation.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL BRUNSWICK AVENUE

May 12th—The Junior Music Pupils present their annual concert in honour of Mother's Day, to the delight of all the proud mothers—and daddies—who occupied a large portion of the auditorium.

May 20—Graduation Exercises held in St. Peter's Church. Details will be found on another page.

May 29—Graduation Dance, preceded by "coke" and coffee parties, held at Columbus Hall. Music was provided by Frank Bogart and his splendid orchestra.

May 31—Evening Music recital when advanced music pupils presented a brilliant programme to a large and interested audience. Senior Glee Club assisted.

June 1—Loretto College School Chapter of Loretto Alumnae Association entertained L.C.S. Graduates at a most enjoyable banquet-luncheon at the King Edward Hotel, and formally received

them into the Alumnae. Each new member was presented with a Loretto pin.

June 4—L.C.S. Graduates have the pleasure of representing Brunswick student body at Loretto Abbey for the presentation of Loretto student cheque to His Eminence Cardinal James Charles McGuigan, our dear Archbishop, to assist his work for the destitute children of Europe.

June 7—The Intermediate Music Pupils present their annual recital. They are assisted by the Junior Glee Club, the members looking particularly attractive in their long dresses.

June 9—Graduates and parents entertained at a buffet luncheon at Loretto. An account is elsewhere in this issue.

June 11—Rt. Rev. Monsignor McDonagh, President of Church Extension, was welcomed by the Junior and Senior L.C.S. Sodalties, and presented with a cheque for a chapel in the Canadian West. Monsignor's words of appreciation and his outlining of the needs of the West, in the spiritual way, were most inspirational.

June 17—Upper school students begin their Departmental Examinations.

June 25—Last group of students leaving for a vacation—part work, part play. For teachers and pupils a delightful holiday!

Mary Frances Barry.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

May 1—On the opening day of Mary's month we enlist by prayers, hymns and good works Our Lady's aid in obtaining a happy solution for the present serious world problems.

May 24—An ever welcome holiday.

May 30—Our "Rummage" hunt; a gay time, and a grand success.

June 14—Seniors accept kind invitation to participate in a retreat conducted by Rev. Father Nelson at Loretto, Sedley.

June 19—Suspense is over. Juniors learn their fate—"to be" recommended? or "not to be" recommended?—Many happy faces indicate that "all's well."

June 20—Examinations begin.

June 30—Presentation of hard-earned certificates, at an impressive, formal ceremony.

Marie Stein.

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I know a shady forest nook
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 Where the mother sparrows tend
 Their little ones in the nest.
 The robin shows his bright red breast.

Nobody knows that I am here,
 Not even a butterfly or deer.
 Beside a shady hemlock tree
 I start to read, and presently
 The flowers droop their pretty heads
 To go to sleep in their mossy beds.

'Tis getting dark, the moon will rise,
 Daylight is fading from the skies.
 The fading sunbeams give a hue
 That should stir the hearts of me and you.
 I don't want to leave here—oh, no, never;
 I should like to stay here forever and ever!

Jaqueline DeLesseps, Grade VI,
 Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

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C. 1472

This Issue
of
The Loretto Rainbow
we dedicate with congratulations
to
Our dear Sisters of the Institute of the B.V.M.
(Loreto) on their Centenary
in India
and to
Our dear Sisters of the Institute of the B.V.M.
from the Continent
on their Half-Century
in the Patna District,
India

(12)

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.

Mary, in America—1847-1946



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Social Service, Social Work, etc.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work, Social Work, etc.



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I See His Blood Upon The Rose

By JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT (1887-1916)

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes;
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder, and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power,
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn;
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea;
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn;
His cross is every tree.

"Mother of the Poor and of the Missions"

By REV. CHARLES P. MILLER, S.J.

[Editor's Note:—This beautiful appreciation of a member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, now half a century in the Patna mission field, we are reprinting from "The Patna Mission Letter," with the presumed permission of the Editor and of the Reverend author.]

In January, 1896, an ocean liner in the Pacific Trade dropped anchor in the harbor of Bombay. In their haste and anxiety reporters lost no time in getting on board, to interview the most important passengers and to secure photographs for their respective papers, yet they passed by two very important persons, King's Messengers. Not Messengers from any earthly potentate, but from the King of Heaven. They were appareled in the humble garb of the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. They were come to India at the behest of their Ecclesiastical Superiors, in order to help to bring Christ to souls who knew Him not. One of those Sisters was Mother (then Sister) Medarda, who celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her entrance into Religious life on March 17th, 1944, in St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad.

At the time of her arrival in India Mother Medarda was 28 years of age and had been in religious life only two years. Fifty years have passed, since she first dedicated herself to the service of the King of Kings, and by the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience consecrated herself irrevocably to Him.

Forty-eight years is a long time. With the exception of two brief visits to Europe, all those years were spent in two places: St. Joseph's Convent, Bankipore, and St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad. Immediately after her arrival in India Mother Medarda was sent to St. Joseph's Convent, Bankipore, and placed in charge of the European Orphanage. She held this post for 15 years, from 1896 to 1911, when she was made Mother Superior of the Convent. She remained in this office from 1911 to 1932, a period of 21 years. She was then transferred to Allahabad, where she was Superior of St. Mary's Convent for six years. At

the expiration of that time she returned to Bankipore, as Superior of the Convent, for another three years, till 1941.

Then she returned to St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad, where she now is, and where, as she says, she hopes to end her days as a simple religious.

If we exclude the two years spent on her two trips to Europe, we find that of the remaining 46 years of her life in India she was Superior for 30 years, and spent 39 years at St. Joseph's Convent, Bankipore.

One cannot meet Mother Medarda without feeling, consciously or unconsciously, that she is a remarkable woman. I do not mean to imply chiefly that she has a strong, dominating personality, nor that she is the efficient, cold business woman. She does have a strong personality, and she does dominate without being domi-

neering. She does get through a great deal of work without any apparent fuss or worry. She seems to radiate peace, and calm, and tranquillity; and she is able to do this because she is a deeply spiritual woman. For her, to talk about the things of God is as natural as it is for a businessman to talk business. Mother Medarda is able to remain tranquil and calm because she sees things only with reference to the interests of God, and therefore from God's point of view. Her tranquillity of mind does not come from any *laissez-faire* attitude towards people, and the events of life. On the contrary, she is intensely interested in everything and everybody about her: No, it comes from her interior union with God, her singleness of purpose,—seeking only His interests. Consequently, the trials, the daily anxieties, the difficulties, the contradictions on the part of others, the apparent frustration of her plans, all these leave her unperturbed because she is able to put and keep all these things in their proper perspective against the background of God's Will.

During the many years that Mother Medarda spent at Bankipore and Allahabad,



Mother M. Medarda

hundreds and hundreds of India's young women have come in contact with her, been influenced for good by that spiritual character of hers, and have gone forth to influence others.

*"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."*

said Portia to her maid. "The little candle" of Mother Medarda's spirituality, of her personality which is to a great extent the result of her spirituality, has thrown the effulgence of its rays upon generations of young women, has revealed to them the beauty and sublimity of Christian womanhood, has encouraged them to realize in themselves this sublime ideal.

It is not surprising that one who lives in such close union with God should also love others. St. John says: "If any man says that he loves God and loveth not his neighbour, the same is a liar." Love of God and love of our neighbour for God go hand in hand. Christ Himself wished it to be so. "A new commandment I give unto you" He said to His disciples in His discourse after the last Supper, "A new commandment I give unto you that you love one another." Again He said: "Amen I say to you whatever you do to the least of my brethren in My Name that you do to also to Me." Mother Medarda has grasped, realized deeply the tremendous import of these words. Whether it was a Sister of her community or a beggar woman in rags, some poor waif from the streets or the daughter of some distinguished personage, she was kind to all, affable to all, had time for all, because she firmly believed that in doing so she was being kind, affable to Christ in that person, and she endeavoured to treat that person as she would have treated Christ had He appeared in visible form before her. Beggars can be very, very importunate; undeserving people can take advantage of one's kindness;—Mother Medarda realized all this, experienced all this, but it never closed her charitable hand. 'The poor' had a special appeal for her, as they had for Our Lord. I have heard her referred to as the Mother of the Poor. Despite the heavy demands made on her time and energy by the duties of her office as Superior of a large Convent, Mother Medarda always had time to listen to a 'hard luck story,' to console the afflicted, to visit the sick, give alms to the needy. "Help the Poor" may be said to have been her life motto. Even now, when she is no longer Superior but is living as a simple religious in the Convent at Allahabad, she has a little dispensary for the poor; she

collects clothing and other necessities for them. She is still Mother of the poor, though no longer Mother Superior.

His Holiness, Benedict XV, in His Apostolic Letter on the Propagation of the Faith throughout the World says: "Who in fact stands in greater need of our brotherly assistance than the Gentile races which, in ignorance of God, . . . live under the awful servitude of the evil one?" Mother Medarda never had the opportunity to go into the villages to preach the Gospel to the Gentile races. Yet she was an ardent missionary, her soul was on fire with zeal for the Missions. Indeed, it would have been surprising if she had not been zealous for the Missions, because, viewing the situation from the standpoint of God, she clearly saw that of all the poor in this world, those were poorest who were suffering from spiritual poverty.

In 1931 there was an opportunity for Sisters to enter the newly opened Santal Mission field. Mother Medarda, who was at the time Superior of the Bankipore Convent, immediately detailed a number of her Sisters to staff this new work. A boarding school was opened for Santal girls in Bhagalpur, and later transferred to Gokhla. Today that boarding school accommodates nearly 200 Santal girls.

We hear much about the inferior position held by the women of India. But it is true nevertheless that it is the mother who rules the child during the most impressionable years of its life. These Sisters are giving a thorough Catholic education to the girls who will be the mothers of the next generation. The writer of this article is a missionary. Many of the girls in his mission have been formed in the Sisters' school at Bhagalpur and Gokhla. These young women are now married and have children. What a contrast there is between the home where the mother has been trained in her religion, can read the Catechism and the prayer book, and the home where the mother is but a recent convert from paganism! In the former, as soon as the child can lisp, it is taught the sign of the Cross, prayers are said night and morning, and little tots of 3 and 4 years of age know the Hail Mary. Such homes are the hope of the Mission. They assure permanency for the work of the Missionary. And for this I tender a sincere vote of thanks to Mother Medarda.

Not only did Mother Medarda staff the School but she took an active interest in it, and in Mission work in the villages, visiting

the sick, instructing the older women, catechizing those children who could not go to school.

She was interested in everything that appertained to Mission work, and when a Missionary Father called at the Convent, Mother Medarda eagerly listened to all he could tell her about his work. She was not only a patient listener, but she was anxious to know the needs of his Mission. I doubt if there is a single missionary in Patna Mission who does not owe a big debt of gratitude to Mother Medarda for material assistance, to say nothing of her prayers and those of her community in behalf of his Mission.

Deservedly or undeservedly, Missionaries have the reputation of being beggars. They always seem to be in need of something. But the multitude of our needs was never greater than her charity. I often wonder how she did it, for she helped all of us at a time when she was financing the Sisters whom she had sent to the Santal Mission field. I recall that on one occasion I asked her for some altar linen. She made a note of it on her desk-pad. Then she went on asking me if I needed candles for the altar. Did I get enough to eat? "Really, Father, you need some new cassocks. The one you have on is not fit to wear," etc. And she went on making a list of the things she thought I needed. Then she called Sister Huberta and gave her the list. Just then the Postman arrived. Mother Medarda glanced through the mail, held one envelope for a while and said, half to herself, "Now I wonder who this is from? Excuse me, Father, till I read this letter." She opened it, a registered insured envelope. It contained Rs. 50/- in currency notes. "St. Joseph is wonderful, isn't he?" she said. "This morning I did not have a rupee in the house, and I have to buy flour for the community. St. Joseph has sent me the amount I needed." I marveled, indeed, at the goodness of St. Joseph, but I marveled more at the courageous charity of Mother Medarda, who could calmly sit down and make out a list of things to give to me and my mission when she had not a rupee in the house to buy flour for her community.

Whether or not Mother Medarda gave exhortations to her community on developing the Mission spirit I do not know. But I do know that her entire community was decidedly mission-minded; they thought missions, prayed for the missions, and got lay people so interested in the missions that they began contributing to the support of the Missions. All of this I can testify to from personal ex-

perience. I wish to take this occasion to render grateful tribute to Sr. Marcella who, though an invalid for many months before her death, carried on from her bed of sickness an active mission propaganda. She was particularly generous to my mission; and to this day the altar linen, many of the candle-sticks and vases, the vestments, and other altar furniture are testimonials of her zeal. Sr. Marcella's Mother Superior was Mother Medarda. "The Mother of the Poor" soon acquired an additional title, "The Good Mission Mother,"—a title she richly deserves.

The Little Flower, St. Thérèse, never left her Carmelite convent, never spent one day in active missionary work in a mission; yet such was her zeal for the missions that she has been proclaimed by the Vicar of Christ Patroness of the Missions.

Mother Medarda, as far as I know, never had the opportunity to spend a day in the active work of the missions as a mission Sister. She sent others, helped missionaries, but she had to remain at her desk. Yet she is known in Patna Mission and will be remembered as "The Good Mission Mother."

Surely this is an achievement. The late Benedict XV, in the Apostolic Letter already referred to, pays a tribute to the work of the Sisters: "Worthy of special mention and praise are those virgins who have consecrated themselves to God and gone to the Missions in great numbers to devote themselves to the education of children and to numerous works of mercy and charity; we wish that this commendation of their services may stir up their courage and enthusiasm in the service of Holy Church. Let them, however, be convinced that the more they strive towards spiritual perfection, so much the more will their work yield abundance of results." Does not this contain the secret of Mother Medarda's success? She has spent much money in mission work; due to her foresight and energy she has enabled her Sisters to make a success of the Convent at Bankipore and of their school for the Santal girls. But money, unlimited money, indomitable energy and ceaseless activity will not produce any real results in Mission work—unless backed up by a deep spirituality. And Mother Medarda has that spirituality.

What has Mother Medarda accomplished during the 50 years of her religious life, her 48 years in India? Her name does not appear in the Society Columns. That is true. She never desired that it should appear. In fact from the day she consecrated herself to the service

of Christ, her aim was to efface herself and make Christ appear. The important thing was to make Christ known to men, never mind about Mother Medarda.

She never wrote any books, nor any articles for the Sunday papers, nor for the learned periodicals. That is true; but she has imprinted the principles of Christ's teaching in the hearts of the young. She has not mounted the public lecture platform. She has done far better. By her charity for the poor, the needy, the afflicted, she has preached by DEED the sermon of Christian charity in a language that all can understand. Mother Medarda has not erected great buildings of stone and marble to commemorate her brief sojourn on this earth. She has done far better. She has formed characters, molded lives, set hearts on fire with the love of God and souls, in a word she has left living monuments that will transmit her good influence unto future generations.

Mother Medarda is no longer a Superior.

But that does not mean that she has retired as a religious. There is no such thing as retirement in the service of God. She continues to pray for the poor, the needy, for souls that know not Christ or have forgotten Him. To her in her seclusion in the Convent at Allahabad we sent our felicitations on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee in the service of God, and the assurance of our grateful prayers. If it is not presumptuous, we may attribute to her what Scripture (Proverbs, Chap. xxx) says of the valiant woman:

"She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor. . . . She hath opened her mouth to wisdom; and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. . . . Many daughters have gathered together riches; thou hast surpassed them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

To Mother Medarda

Mother of the Poor, and of Patna's Missionaries.

The cloister is a garden which is gay
With flowers of many a hue and fragrance
sweet:

The Little Flower, Clare, Rose and Marguerite,
And—Who will number all? Each doth portray
Some beauty hid in infinite array
Of beauties merged in one vast sea. 'Tis meet
We glory in them all, while they compete
(Blessed rivalry!) His beauty to convey

To human eyes. Rose, lily, violet,
Are fair and wondrous all; but yet more fair
The bleeding-heart,—a mother's heart, indeed—
So kind to all, thoughtful, compassionate;
Spending itself in deeds of love, to share
With Christ's beloved poor, with all in need.

—REV. PETER J. SONTAG, S.J.

Sonnet

Lifelong our stumbles, lifelong our regret,
Lifelong our efforts, failing and renewed,
While lifelong is our witness, "God is good,"
Who bore with us till now, bears with us yet;
Who still remembers, and will not forget;
Who gives us light and warmth and daily
food,
And gracious promises half understood,
And glories half unveiled, whereon to set
Our heart of hearts, and eyes of our desire;
Uplifting us to longing and to love;
Luring us upward from this world of mire;
Urging us to press on, and mount above
Ourselves and all we have had experience
of—

Mounting to Him in love's perpetual fire.

—Christine Rossetti (1830-1894).



The Troubadours

Their Influence on the Literature and Music of the World

The courtly poetry and song of the Middle Ages, so important in the history of literature and manners, merits more than a passing notice in the history of music.

The lyric muse first awoke to life and song in Southern France, where the sky was soft and manners mild, where all women were loved and every knight was a poet. These poets of Provence were called troubadours, which in Provençal is spelled "trobair" or "trovatore," and is derived from the verb trobar, to find or to invent, (French—trouver). The troubadour was one who invented and originally improvised poetry, who "found out" new and striking stanzaic forms for the elaborate lyrics he composed. He adapted to the expression of his poetical sentiments the Romance of the South, the language of Provence, referred to as "langue d'oc," the country in whose tongue the word for "yes" was "oc," as opposed to the center and north of France, the "langue d'oïl"—the "oui" of today.

In later times the word troubadour has been used for romantic and sentimental persons, who dress in what is supposed to be medieval fashion, and who indite trivial verses to the sound of a lute; but this significance does less than justice to the serious and artistic aims of the original and historic troubadours of Provence. Not only for their knowledge of all the niceties in the theory and practice of love and gallantry were the troubadours remarkable; but their influence extended also to the religious and social life of their times. As we shall see, they have merited an important position among the factors which have most powerfully influenced all modern literature, have been the earliest exponents of poetry of France, Italy, Germany, Spain and Catalonia, and have been instrumental even in changing the course, to a slight extent, of the events which go to make up French history.

Before going on to examine the effects of the works they have left us—MS. collections made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have preserved troubadour poems to the number of about two thousand, five hundred—I shall endeavor to present a brief résumé of their gen-

eral history, with a sketch of the lives of those best known, and an outline of the various classes of their poetry.

The earliest troubadour of whom anything definite is known, is William IV, 1071-1127, Count of Poitiers, and Duke of Aquitaine; but the relatively high excellence of his technique as to stanza construction and rhyme, and his capacity for expressing lofty and refined ideas in poetical language (despite his occasional lapses into coarseness) entirely preclude the supposition that he was the first of the troubadours, in point of time.

According to Fauriel, the period just before the close of the tenth century is indicated as the point in history at which "the antique poems of the Greeks and Romans and the Romantic Poetry of the Middle Age approximated each other once more for a moment, in order to separate again forever." His outline of the condition of Provençal literature at the close of this epoch shows that the language already contained poetical compositions of various kinds: the word "trobar," to find or invent, was at the time sanctioned by usage to denote the particular effort of the mind which resulted in poetry. "The word may be said to be the first monument of this poetry, the first authentic evidence of its originality." There had already been invented a system of versification, founded on a combination of the rhyme with the syllable accent—a system which has since been adopted by all the nations of Europe.

These, then, are the predecessors of the Poetry of the Troubadours, which, considered in its most original and most brilliant phases, might be defined as the expression of the ideas, the sentiments, and the acts of Chivalry. It was in the various kinds of lyrical composition that Provençal poetry first delineated sentiments peculiar to the system of gallantry in which love was a sort of cultus; and "the subjective lyric was a poetry of 'art' in our modern sense of the word. Its point of departure is the identification of love and religion: Omnia vincit amor. Only in place of the purely sensuous ideal of antiquity, the Provençal lover mingled with the reactions of sense, the con-

viction of the unattainable, and like the mystic before his God, he humbled himself before his lady. The result was a philosophical interpretation of love as the sovereign or infinite good and the development of a system whereby the lover became the perfect worshipper of his unattainable mistress. This system had its precepts, its laws, its remedies—in a word, its code, complex in the extreme, and administered by Love, whom Dante called the 'Lord of Terrible Aspect.'"

The beautiful songs of the troubadours which were the glory of the Provençal tongue, reveal a gay and polished society at the courts of the numerous feudal princes. The rulers not merely protected and encouraged the poets; they aspired to imitate them, and to enter the ranks of the troubadours. In what esteem the Provençal poets were held in the Middle Ages is seen from the fact that kings and emperors—among whom it is only necessary to mention Frederic III of Germany, Richard I of England, Alfonso II of Aragon, and Alfonso X of Castile—thought it an honor to receive them at their courts.

The songs were always accompanied on some instrument, usually the lute. The troubadours and jongleurs traveled from court to court, not only in France, but north into Germany and South into Italy, carrying with them the Southern French poetry and customs. We have few examples of Provençal before 1100, but from that time on, for two centuries, countless songs were written, and many of the troubadours enjoyed an international reputation. There were recognized about four hundred of these poets during the whole period in which they flourished from William of Poitiers down to Girault Riquier (1230-1294). Early in their living history their personal adventures came to be thought worthy of record; several MS. collections of biographies have been preserved from which may be gained information regarding the careers of not less than one hundred and eleven of them.

The troubadours belonged to every station in life. Monks and churchmen were found among them; the sons of princes and the sons of serving men were received with like favor at the courts of the nobles. The social importance of those who were poets by profession gave rise to something more than mere relations of patronage and amity between the troubadours whose fathers were laborers and serfs, and their rivals of the feudal race. It led to an intimate approximation, an amalgamation of the two classes.

The troubadours were held in high esteem,

and were the recipients of many rich presents. Noble ladies, desirous of the fame they would surely acquire as the subject of a poet's songs, bestowed on him the greatest favours. He, in turn, created around the ladies of the court an atmosphere of cultivation and amenity which nothing had hitherto approached. The troubadours thus exercised a social influence which was extremely remarkable and had been paralleled by nothing previous to it in the history of medieval poetry. They had great privileges of speech and censure; they entered into questions of politics; they were looked upon with deep admiration; their deeds and sayings, as well as their verses, were preserved, and were even embroidered with fiction. On the whole, the troubadours, independently of their literary merit, exercised a beneficial influence on the spirit of their times in softening, refining and elevating the manners—often only too rude—of their contemporaries. However, it must be admitted that they failed to attain to the highest point of moral perfection: self-sacrifice and abnegation were unknown to them, nor did they teach the duty of doing good—unless for some selfish end.

Just as the modern sculptor has his founder or moulder, and the composer has his interpreter, so the medieval troubadour or *trouvere*, poet and musician alike, had his *jongleur* (*joglar*), whose profession was to go from town to town and from castle to castle to gain a hearing—for his own profit of course—for the compositions of the masters of his art. Originally they were classed with servants, and bore the title of *ministri*, from which indirectly is derived the French word *menestral* (*ministrel*). They are the genuine bohemians of the art world, isolated individuals, essentially rovers and vagabonds. Nevertheless, in connection with troubadour poetry, they do occupy an important place in musical history.

Rhyme was the very groundwork of the Provençal poetry, whence it crept into the poetry of all the other nations of modern Europe. The number and the accentuation of the syllables were substituted in place of the quantity or emphasis, which formed the basis of Greek and Latin verse. The versification was founded on this primary classification of long and short syllables, and very much resembled the measure in music.

Of the forms of troubadour poetry, we cannot here make a detailed study, but shall content ourselves with naming the varieties of their poetic compositions. G. J. Adler, in the introduction to his translation of "History of Pro-

vengal Poetry" by C. C. Fauriel, classifies them:

1. The *canço* (chant or *chanso*) in which the troubadours most commonly celebrated the beauty or virtue of their ladies, and other sentiments connected with the cultus of chivalric love. It is particularly in this form that these poets sometimes rose to the elevation of the ancient ode of the Greeks, and on which they expended all the invention, ingenuity and talent of which they were capable.

2. The *sirventes* or satire, in which like Horace and Juvenal, they lash the individual, social and political vices of the day, with a truthfulness and force rarely equalled, and sometimes greater even than those of the Ancients.

3. The *pastoreta* or *vaqueyra* (pastoral), a popular form in which they remind us of the idyls of the Ancients.

4. The *Epistle*, which approaches similar productions from the pen of Horace, and abounds in truly lyrical coloring and beauty. The most common were of love, friendship, acknowledgment for favors; but they were frequently also didactic, moral or religious.

5. The *serenas* and *albas*, which were pieces destined to be sung at night or near the break of day, often extremely delicate and beautiful.

6. The *ballad* and *round*, popular forms, were their inventions, sung generally to the dance.

7. The *planh* was a sort of elegy, in which the poet was wont to express in the most enchanting manner, the disappointments and sorrows of love, or to honor the memory of some fallen chevalier.

8. The *tenson*, a poetical dialogue or combat, in which two interlocutors defended, each in his turn, and in couplets of the same measure and rhyme, opposite sides relative to love, chivalrous gallantry, ethics, etc. This was a favorite form among the troubadours, and one in which they often display all the subtlety and refinement of which their art was capable.

9. Historical pieces, generally with reference to the grand events of the times, as for example, the Crusades. This species includes the *prizicansa*, or poetical exhortation to enterprises of this sort.

Considering the comparative brevity of the period during which troubadour poetry flourished, we are astonished at the important role it has played in history, music, and literature.

From an historical standpoint, which we shall consider briefly, its chief interest lies in the insight that the troubadour songs give into the life and aspirations of this period. The faithful

picture of life in the Middle Ages presented by these poems, gives in reality a more exact, vivid and detailed account of facts and feelings than history itself. "The first historians, the philosophers whether in Greece or Rome, were poets," thus Saint-Pelaye has it, "the bards, too, of other nations have celebrated the exploits, and roused the valor and emulation of their countrymen in verse."

In a country favored by nature, where the genial warmth of the climate enlivens the imagination without enervating the body, arose the Troubadours, who also, as their illustrious predecessors had done, translated into inspiring verse the spirit of their times, the chivalry of their feudal courts, the warlike spirit of the Crusaders. They awakened Europe from its ignorance and lethargy; they reanimated the minds of men, and by first entertaining them with delightful verses, led them later to think, to reflect, and to judge. It was in this way that the troubadours were instrumental in aiding the birth and growth of a national spirit. They sang of the glories of their country, of the mighty deeds of their countrymen, created the national epic, and through the jongleurs who overran France at a time when travel was a hardship, they contributed substantially to the birth and development of the idea of French unity.

But a far wider field is opened to us when we approach the subject of the part played by troubadour poetry in the field of literature. To trace its history is a fascinating study, and a subject of first-rate importance to the student of comparative literature. We shall endeavor here to give a general survey of the serious and lasting effects of the lyrical songs of the troubadours.

According to the "Literary History of the Troubadours" by Saint-Pelaye, "The origin of modern literature is to be found among the Provençal Poets." And Chaytor, in his introduction to that interesting little book, "The Troubadours," declares that "Few literatures have exerted so profound an influence upon the literary history of other peoples as the poetry of the troubadours. The earliest lyric poetry of Italy is Provençal in all but language; almost as much may be said of Portugal and Galicia; Catalonian troubadours continued to write in Provençal until the fourteenth century. The lyric poetry of the *trouvères* in Northern France was deeply influenced both in form and in spirit by troubadour poetry, and traces of this influence are perceptible even in early middle English lyrics. Finally, the German *minnesingers* knew and appreciated troubadour

lyrics, and imitations or even translations of Provençal poems may be found—Heinrich von Morungen and others.

From observations such as these, we come to realize the importance of troubadour poetry in relation to the development of French literature and, subsequently, of all modern literature. The dominant habits of French literature are poise, harmony, reason, sympathy; a sense of structure and a sense of delicacy: a preference for ideas over things, but for active social ideas, not metaphysical ones. It is an immediate reflection of the *esprit gaulois* brilliant, vivacious, good-natured, ironic, curious of everything essentially human; as M. Lanson has said: "more sensible than sensuous, but more sensuous than ethical."

From "History of French Literature" Nitze and Dargan, we borrow the following: "A race singularly conscious of itself, firm in the conviction that

'all the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely players.' Consciously to play a part in life, to be an actor and at the same time an observer and critic, never to take life too seriously, nor yet to neglect it; this is the touchstone of the French point of view." And when all is said literature is the faithful expression of the spirit of the race.

In general, English literature is more lyrical and varied; Italian literature possesses a richer and more voluptuous sense of beauty; Spanish literature is closer to the well-springs of popular inspiration in the ballad and the epic—but French literature is by all odds the most broadly human: it speaks to the large audience of *les honnêtes gens* the world over, and for him who has mastered the French language, it does so in terms that are at once stimulating to the mind and satisfying to the artistic sense.

"It is essentially a literature of artificiality and polish. Its importance consists in the fact that it was the first literature to emphasize the value of form in poetry, to formulate rules, and in short, to show that art must be based upon scientific knowledge. The work of the troubadours in these respects left an indelible impression upon the general course of European literature."—"The Troubadours", Chaytor.

For this reason, even a brief survey of the literature of the troubadours would be incomplete if no mention were made of their system of versification, which surpasses that of any literature of modern Europe as regards variety, subtlety, and difficulty. By their fortunate attempts to overcome these difficulties, the

Provençal poets succeeded in rendering their language rich in harmonious and poetic expressions. They also carried further than the poets of other nations, a predilection for rhyme; this, however, they unfortunately abused to such an extent that the idea in their poems not infrequently suffers from too much attention being paid to form.

A thousand different stanza forms have been enumerated. While examples of the fine careless rapture of inspiration are by no means wanting, artificiality reigns supreme in the majority of cases. Questions of technique receive the most sedulous attention, and the principles of stanza construction, rhyme correspondence and rhyme distribution as evolved by the troubadours, exerted so wide an influence upon other European literature as to merit an outstanding place in the history of all literature.

To study the history of troubadour literature only in the country of its origin would be to gain a very incomplete idea of its influence. The movement crossed the Pyrenees, the Alps and the Rhine, and Italy at least owed the very existence of its lyric poetry to the impulse first given by the troubadours, whose literature, dying at the close of the thirteenth century, transformed itself into the world poetry of Dante and Petrarch. Dante had been made acquainted with the highly complicated and obscure verse of Arnaut Daniel, one of the most famous among the troubadours, by Guido Guinicelli, and thus to the historian of literature a most valuable link is provided between medieval and modern poetry. Dante calls Daniel "the smith," the finished craftsman of language and it is evident that it was the brilliant art of the Provençal's elaborated verse which delighted the Italian.

"Dante's debt to the troubadours, with whose literature he was well acquainted is the debt of Italian literature as a whole. Had not the troubadours developed their theory of courtly love, with its influence upon human nature, we cannot say what course early Italian literature might have run. Moreover the troubadours provided Italy and other countries also with perfect models of poetic form. The sonnet, the terza rima, and any other form used by Dante are of Provençal origin. And what is true of Dante and his Beatrice is no less true of Petrarch and his Laura, and of many another who may be sought in histories specially devoted to this subject."—Chaytor.

The rapidity with which the taste for Provençal literature spread through the rest of Europe, constitutes one of the phenomena of that literature, and an important fact in the

history of European civilization. Through the numerous family alliances, the south of France was brought into close contact with the rest of Europe, beginning about 1000.

Northern France, the home of epic poetry, also possessed an indigenous lyric poetry; here Provençal influence was inevitable. It is evident in the form and content of poems, in the attempts to remodel Provençal poems by altering the words to French forms, and by the fact that Provençal poems are found in MS. collections French lyrics.

Close relations between Southern France and Northern Italy had existed from an early period: commercial intercourse between the towns on the Mediterranean Sea was in some cases strengthened by treaties, and the local nobles were connected by feudal ties. Hence it was natural for the troubadours and jongleurs to visit the Italian towns. The result was that their poetry soon attracted Italian disciples and imitators. Provençal became the literary language of the noble classes, and an Italian school of troubadours arose, of whom some thirty are known to us.

Provençal influence in Germany is apparent in the lyric poetry of the minnesingers, though the Middle High German lyric rarely lapsed into mere imitation or translation of troubadour productions. The stanza form and rhyme distribution of the minnesinger poems continually betray Provençal influence: the principle of tripartition is constantly followed and the arrangement of rhymes is often a repetition of that adopted in troubadour stanzas.

The South of France had been connected with the North of Spain from a period long antecedent to the appearance of troubadour poetry, and communications between the two countries were naturally frequent. A number of troubadours visited the courts of Spain; and various Crusade poems were written by troubadours summoning help to the Spaniards in their struggles against the Moors. Between thirty and forty poets of Spanish extraction are known to have written Provençal poetry. Religious poems of popular and native origin appear, but even the growth of a native prose was unable to overcome the preference for Provençal in the composition of lyrics. On the western side of Spain, Provençal influence evoked a brief and brilliant literature in the Galician or Portuguese school. The dates generally accepted for its duration are 1230-1385; it has left us some two thousand lyric poems, the work of more than one hundred and fifty poets, including four kings, and a number of nobles of high rank.

A considerable number of troubadours visited

England, which was in constant communication with Central and Southern France. Though opportunity was thus provided for the entry of Provençal poetry during the period when a general stimulus was given to lyric poetry throughout Western Europe, Norman French was the literary language of England during the earlier part of that age, and it was not until the second half of the thirteenth century that English lyric poetry appeared. Nevertheless, traces of Provençal influence are unmistakably apparent in the Middle English lyric poetry; and even before that time Anglo-Latin and Anglo-Norman literature had been similarly affected. According to Sismondi in "Literature in the South of Europe," "The encouragement given to the troubadours, by the kings of the house of Plantagenet, had a great influence on the formation of the English language, and furnished Chaucer, the father of English literature, with his first model for imitation."

That France exerted this powerful influence on other literatures and that it was the educator of the Western World in medieval history are well known facts, but it is not so well known that French music in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was the accepted model of all European music, and that in music as in many branches of art, other nations are tributaries of France's creative genius.

It is for this reason that the troubadours cannot be assigned solely to a survey of literature; they were musicians as well as poets, and the exposition of one aspect of their genius to the exclusion of the other is an imperfect achievement. The lyrical work of the middle ages must be judged as a combination of two arts, music and poetry, ceaselessly reacting upon one another. "We do not grudge the Troubadours and Trouvères their prominent place in the History of Literature, but we do claim for them a position no less distinguished and legitimate in the History of Music."—Pierre Aubry.

A chapter of history devoted to the troubadours is the first chapter of French music. They depend on an inspiration that is essentially French, unsophisticated and generous: their art is of the aristocracy, their melodies beloved of the people. What still lives and counts in their music is the naiveté and the grace of youth. Though the melodic ideas are simple, and their means of expression humble, still their ideas are charming, their music pleasing to our ears. True, their style was impaired by the poverty of their rhythmical formulas; but they rejoiced in a variety of effects made possible by the multiplicity of scales: modern music, mostly

concerned with major and minor scales, has in this respect, fewer resources.

Thus, their rhythmical scheme is less satisfactory; though there is undoubtedly a certain nobility in their melodies. The system was based upon the so-called "modes," rhythmical formulas combining short and long notes in various sequences. The principle of sub-division was ternary—"common" or $2/4$ time being a later modification.

The troubadour and trouvère melodies, pleasing though not impressive to our ears, opened the way to the marvelous development of modern music. Investigations of comparatively recent date, especially Restori's, prove that they were neither mere echoes of Arabian airs, nor ignorant effusions of a bare musical instinct. At the commencement of their activities, the troubadours were trained as far as music goes in the austere school of Gregorian melody. Their works are, however, a reaction against Gregorian aesthetics: their *ars mensurabilis* is an evolution of the ancient theory of liturgical song, leading into the rhythm and tonality of modern music. Their system, so to speak, forms the connecting link as to rhythm and notation between Gregorian and modern music. To the historian of Music it is important that the troubadour melodies are among the most ancient landmarks of French music; and as such, they enable us to explore to the very source of our present day theory of music, and to understand many peculiarities of modern notation and tonality that would otherwise remain unintelligible.

The music of the troubadours made up fully one half of their art in the opinion of their contemporaries. It was not as poets merely that they were esteemed, but as masters of song, combining words and melody into a beautiful and artistic whole. The tune was a piece of literary property; consequently music and words were regarded as forming a unity, and the structure of one was a guide to the structure of the other.

Unfortunately the number of melodies that has survived is very much smaller than that of the poems. There are only two hundred and fifty-nine of them, but this comparatively small number suffices to give us an idea of what troubadour music was like and also to prove that many troubadours were not only distinguished poets, but musicians of great talent as well.

The following, taken from Groves' "Dictionary of Music," is concise and clear: "The troubadours wrote their poems in stanzas, and each stanza of a song was sung to the same melody

(the only exception is the discant). The music is therefore given at the beginning of each song in the MSS., the words of the first stanza being written underneath the notes. The remaining stanzas follow without music. The music is purely melodic, and there is no indication in the MSS. as to how the songs were accompanied. The melodic are written on staves usually of four lines, in plain song notation.

"This shows the pitch of the notes quite clearly, but gives no clue as to the rhythmic principle on which the melodies are composed. Many different views have been put forth as to the way they should be interpreted as regards their rhythm.

"As to tonality some of the melodies have a distinctly modal character, others approximate to the modern major mode. The metrical form of the song is very varied (it was a rule that no two songs should exactly correspond in form), but in the majority, the stanza falls into two main divisions and the first half—often also the second half—contains two equal sub-divisions, e.g.: a, b, a, b, c, c, d or a b a b c d c d. The musical form does not always correspond exactly with the metrical form, indeed it is rare to find a repeated musical phrase in the second half of the stanza. In many songs the melody flows on without repetition throughout the stanza. A repeated melodic phrase in the first half, however, is often found. A closer approximation of music to metrical form is found in the songs of the Trouvères."

The decline and fall of troubadour poetry were mainly due to political causes. So complete was the dependence of the poets on Feudalism that they could not survive its fall. No one living at the close of the twelfth century, when the art and fame of the Provençal poets were at their greatest height, could have predicted that in a hundred years' time scarcely a troubadour would be left. Yet this is what actually happened. While early in the thirteenth century, the wars of the Albigenses and Waldensians had ruined a large number of the nobles and reduced to lasting poverty a part of Southern France, the troubadours could no longer be supported by their once generous patrons, and their profession ceased to be lucrative. It was then that many of these poets went to spend their last days in the north of Spain and Italy, where Provençal poetry had for more than one generation been highly esteemed.

It is true they found generous support in these countries, but the national character of their poetry was lost. Following their example, other poets not natives of Provence began to

compose in the *Langue d'oc*, and this fashion continued till about the middle of the thirteenth century, they gradually abandoned the foreign tongue in Northern Italy, and somewhat later in Catalonia, and instead sang the same airs in the local dialects. About this same time in the Provençal region the flame of poetry had died out save in a few places—Narbonne, Rodez, Foix and Astarac—where it continued burning feebly for a little longer. In the four-

teenth century, composition in the language of the country was still practised: but the productions of this period are mainly works for instruction and edification, translations from Latin and sometimes even from French, with an occasional romance. As for the poetry of the troubadours, it was dead forever. Thus ended the most brilliant and in some respects the most important epoch in medieval history.

M. M. VIVIAN, I.B.V.M.

My Impressions of Maryholme

By MOTHER M. DYPNA, I.B.V.M.

Among my most delightful memories will always be the vacation spent at Maryholme, our new summer home, lately acquired through the generosity of one of our benefactors. It is beautifully situated in Roche's Point on Lake Simcoe. I shall never forget the thrill I got as we approached our beauty spot, the choicest on the Lake. I first glimpsed "Brundl Cottage," the caretaker's lodge, nestling among the pines. It is a charming little five-room house, all white against a green background.

As we drove up to the house the scene was breathtaking. Maryholme itself is delightful and was made doubly so by the warm welcome accorded by Mother St. Joseph and her little band of vacationers. We went into the little reception hall oh-ing and ah-ing at the charm of it all, and from there to the drawing room, on beholding which our astonishment increased. It was a gem with dainty, chintz-covered furniture of graceful, comfortable shapes, lovely tables, lamps and bric-a-brac, all *très charmant* but nothing luxurious. And most appealing was a fire-place where on cold evenings logs blaze to the delight of all. The wide verandah which extends all around the house—a dream in white—white tables, white chairs, white lamps, vases of every shape and colour, everything that could make it lovely, filled our hearts with delight. One's breath was fairly taken away as one gazed at the panorama of beauty. The beauty is really beyond description. Words can, of course, be used which perhaps accurately enough define the prominent features of this landscape, but when compared with the scenes themselves one feels that the captivating spirit eludes one. *Déjeuner* was served on the verandah, after which we went down an enchanting

walk of shadowy loveliness, down about seventy grassy steps along which at intervals were rustic balconies on which one could rest, or from which one could get a different view of the surrounding loveliness and arboreal wealth. Down, down we went until we reached the glorious lake purling on its rocky bed to the soft music of the water. There, too, was another surprise, a delightful little nook fitted up with easy chairs where we sat and drank in the beauty around us.

Maryholme seems to adapt itself to changing moods. In the morning as we sat on the edge of the lake meditating, it was easy to picture oneself on the borders of Lake Genesareth waiting for the Master to walk upon the waters, when lo! the Mass bell sounded and as we turned chapelward we saw coming from the little "log cabin by the sea"—a wondrously beautiful location—our *Alter Christus* in the person of Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., walking across the emerald carpet where flowers of every description were blooming with a radiant beauty. He was coming to perpetuate Calvary in the Mass, to us the crowning act of Christian worship. Our little improvised chapel is devotional; the walls radiating sunshine, and a golden carpet make a very lovely setting for the little white altar. The chairs upholstered in maroon and gold strike a charming note.

At noon we were transported to a replica of the lower lake of Killarney where one found deep draughts of peace and pleasure. What greater tribute could one pay to Maryholme. One just revels in its beauty. It is the alpha and omega of Canadian scenery. It is its changing loveliness that overwhelms one. In the evening as we sat enjoying this enchant-

ment it lulled us to complete oblivion of care and raised our hearts to the Creator of all loveliness. As we watched the little white-winged boats bend their cheeks to the waves, the water seemed to answer the caressing movement with a sigh. The moonlight on the water transformed the Capri blue into molten silver. The silence was impressive, broken only by the lilt of happy laughter or, more entrancing, the sound of heavenly voices treating us to Moore's melodies or some other delightful songs.

The crowning glory of it all and what I enjoyed most about Maryholme was the spirit of Loretto which pervaded the whole at-

mosphere, that spirit which makes one feel at home in any land. I met some charming ladies of Loretto that otherwise I never would have known. I got to know others better and admire them more. I'm looking forward to another reunion of the Acushlas, the Agraus and the Macrees. May it be soon, for I've carried away glowing memories of *l'endroit idéal* which breathes of undisturbed tranquillity and makes us forget the labours of the year past and those of the one to come. The impression Maryholme and its inhabitants left upon my memory can never fade.

"Ich sah Dich einmal
Und ich sehe Dich immer."



Here the cares
of the year
are forgotten

Where
"Feather-pines
are stirring"



Maryholme — Loretto Summer Home

Now is the dawning,
The God of Light,
With loving art, erases night,
Now gold, now rose, now blue and white;
The feather-pines are stirring.

Now is the morning,
The God of Day
Sends birds a-winging on their way,
Makes flow'rs look up and green grass sway;
The feather-pines are laughing.

Now is the noon-tide,
The God of All
Makes clouds roll by and rain to fall,
Makes sunbeams break and gulls to call;
The feather-pines are singing.

Now is the evening,
The God of Rest
Sends breezes sifting from the west,
To blend His colours, Love's sweet best;
Hush!—feather-pines are praying.

Sr. M. St. John Bosco, I.B.V.M.

The Montreal C.F.C.A. Convention

An outstanding event was held in Montreal late this summer when the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae convened at the Sacred Heart Convent, Atwater Avenue, for its fifth biennial convention.

This was the first meeting of the Federation

speaker, gave a very interesting talk on Inspiration to Women through Religious Foundresses. He touched briefly on Mary Ward, foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Loretto Community), also mentioning Marguerite Bourgeoys to whom



His Grace Most Rev. Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, welcomed delegates to the fifth biennial convention of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae at a luncheon at the Windsor Hotel. Head table guests included, left to right: Rev. Jasper J. Stanford, Pastor of St. Dominic's Parish, and guest speaker; Councillor Leo McKenna, representing Mayor Houde; Archbishop Charbonneau; Miss Mary Berini, convention chairman, and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler of Toronto, National president.

Courtesy of The Montreal Star

to be held since the very successful conference in Winnipeg in 1939, all conventions being suspended during the wartime period due to stringent travel restrictions.

On August 28, High Mass was celebrated at the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent by His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, at which there was a large attendance. The conference, however, opened officially with a luncheon held at the Windsor Hotel, the City of Montreal acting as hosts to the National Officers, Convention Guest speakers and Delegates. Miss Mary Berini, Governor of the Quebec Chapter, presided. Rev. Jasper J. Stanford, Pastor of St. Dominic's Parish, guest

the Congregation of Notre Dame owe their inception. No obstacle, he pointed out, was too great to daunt these valiant nuns who, with their daughters in religion, have educated millions of women to go forth into the outside world with highest ideals.

His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau gave greetings to the Convention and also congratulated the women on the truly beneficial services they were rendering their families, the Church and the country in general.

Mrs. Harry T. Roesler (Sadie Morrow, Loretto Abbey alumna) of Toronto, National President of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, cut the birthday cake, marking

the Federation's fifteenth anniversary. Mrs. Roesler spoke briefly, announcing that although the Federation had started with ten groups, they now numbered sixty-eight.

Coinciding with the Windsor Hotel luncheon, an opening Convention luncheon was held for the Religious Delegates and visitors at the Sacred Heart Convent. This was followed by a Sisters' Conference, under the chairmanship of Mother M. Frances Clare, M.A., Order of St. Ursula, Chatham, Ontario. There were four speakers on this program, the subjects being: Home Economics in the School; Modern Trends in Education; Catholic Journalism, and a "shop talk" on Childhood Education by Miss Doreen Dorion (Loretto Abbey alumna), Director Bedford Park School Kindergarten, Toronto.

The opening Convention session in the afternoon was presided over by Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, and various reports were read and discussed.

The convention was most fortunate in securing the many splendid speakers who appeared on the three-day program. Anne Fremantle (Mrs. Christopher Fremantle), of New York, discussed Journalism, as did Rev. Martin P. Reid, Pastor of St. Augustine of Canterbury Parish, whose subject was Catholic Fiction Literature. Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., of Toronto, was chairman for the theme "Christ in our Lives," which took the form of a symposium, the speakers being Sister St. George, M.A., Ph.D., Congregation of Notre Dame, Dean of Marianopolis College, Montreal; Victoria Mueller Carson (Mrs. James F. Carson), M.A., Ph.D., Loretto College and St. Michael's College (U. of T.) Alumna; Sister Mary Ignatius, B.A., Holy Names Federation Sister, St. Mary's Academy and College Alumnae, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Miss Kathleen Walsh, M.A., Notre Dame de Sion Alumnae, Saskatoon, Sask., and Sister Frances Carmel, M.A., Sisters of Charity, Federation Sister of Mount St. Vincent Alumnae, Halifax, N. S.

Other speakers in the three-day period included Rev. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C., Founder and Director of St. Michael's Cathedral Schola Cantorum, Toronto, Ontario, whose address was entitled "Sacred Music, a Stimulus to Faith." Ruth Byrns O'Meara (Mrs. William O'Meara), of Chicago, chose as her subject, "The Guidance Programme and the Modern School," while Commander Isabel Macneill, O.B.E., W.R.C.N.S. (retired), of Halifax, N.S., was guest speaker at the Victoria Hall (Westmount) supper, and her title was "De-

mobilization and Dedication." Rev. M. D. Dubee, founder of the Genesius Players Guild, Montreal, gave an interesting talk on "Popes and the Players." At the Ritz-Carlton luncheon, Rev. Patrick J. Ambrose, Director of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, Montreal, was the guest speaker.

Many social events enlivened the more serious aspects of the Convention, giving the visitors a concept of their hostesses' hospitality. On the initial day, the Marianopolis College and St. Willibrord's Academy entertained jointly at a supper in Victoria Hall, with Mrs. D. MacIntosh, President of St. Willibrord's Academy, presiding. On August 29, a luncheon was held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, the hostesses in this instance being St. Paul's Academy Alumnae and the Outremont Convent Alumnae (English Section), Mrs. Frank Phelan, President of St. Paul's Alumnae, presiding. Later, a High Tea was held at the historic Villa Maria convent, the hostesses being the Villa Maria Alumnae (English Section), with Mrs. James A. Dolan, President of the Alumnae, presiding. After Benediction in the beautiful chapel of the Villa, the St. Genesius Players' Guild entertained in the well-filled concert hall with a mock radio broadcast, entitled "The Pioneer Lady," portraying the life of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys. On the last day of the Convention, the Sacred Heart Convent Alumnae (English Section) were hostesses at a French-Canadian luncheon, at the Sacred Heart Convent, with Mrs. Frank C. Routh, Past President, presiding. The guests were later taken on a motor trip to various points of interest in Montreal.

The closing social event of the Convention was a charming Garden Party held at the beautiful home and grounds of Dr. and Mrs. John G. Quinn, Summit Crescent, Westmount, the hostesses being the Loretto Alumnae of Montreal, assisted by the Hochelaga Convent Alumnae (English Section). A buffet supper was served on the upper terrace of the lawn, the guests being welcomed by Mrs. J. J. Coffey (Fanny Penfold, Abbey), President of the Loretto Alumnae of Montreal, and Miss Patricia Brydges, President of the English Section of the Hochelaga Convent Alumnae, together with Mrs. Quinn. The conveners to this event were Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey), and Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevlin, Abbey). A photograph of the Loretto group was taken on the grounds, and we were delighted to have included in it Mother M. Irma and Mother M. Ethné of the Loretto

Community, Toronto, who were attending the Convention.

Many visiting sisters of Communities throughout Canada were the guests of the Convention, and glancing around the auditorium at the Sacred Heart Convent, we were reminded with a pleasant, if slightly nostalgic feeling, of the delightful Montreal Summer School. An interesting exhibit was shown at the Convent, consisting of dolls clothed in the

Hamilton, Ontario; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Kaiser of Brandon, Manitoba; Treasurer, Miss Margaret McManus of Toronto, Ontario.

The retiring President, Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, of Toronto, was presented with a sterling silver tray, the presentation being made by Mrs. Hogg, who expressed the deep appreciation of the members of the Federation for Mrs. Roesler's splendid work during her



Loretto Group at the Convention Garden Party at Dr. and Mrs. Quinn's, Summit Crescent, Westmount.

various habits of the Federation Sisters; we lingered a little longer and our thoughts went away back to our schooldays as we looked at the demure, little figurine in the familiar Loretto habit. There was also shown a fine collection of school journals and we were overjoyed and, perhaps, just a wee bit proud of our dear "Loretto Rainbow" in her cerulean jacket.

Part of the final day was devoted to elections and installation of new officers. The National Officers elected were: President, Mrs. Arthur W. Hogg, M.A., M.B.E., of Winnipeg, alumna of St. Mary's Academy and College, and of the University of Winnipeg; English Vice-President, Miss Mary Berini, of Westmount, formerly Governor of the Quebec Chapter; French Vice-President, Mrs. W. C. Macdonald of Halifax, N.S.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. James F. Carson, M.A., Ph.D., of

presidency. Miss Mary Chaisson, of Saint John, N.B., the retiring secretary, also received a token in appreciation of her work and interest.

Honorary chaplains of the Federation are His Eminence, Most Reverend J. M. Rodrigue Villeneuve, O.M.I., Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, and His Eminence, Most Reverend James C. Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Publicity Committee of the Convention was under the chairmanship of Miss Charlotte Tansey, of the Marianopolis College Alumnae, and she received excellent support from Mrs. J. H. Mennie (Betty McGrath, Loretto College, Toronto), in conjunction with a group drawn from the other Montreal convent alumnae. Ticket convener was Mrs. N. D. Tooby (Doris McKenna, Loretto College, Toronto).

The Quebec Chapter of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae comprises eight

affiliates in Montreal, which are as follows: Villa Maria Convent Alumnae (English Section); the Sacred Heart Convent Alumnae, both Atwater Avenue and the Sault (English Section); Marianopolis College Alumnae; St. Willibrord's Academy of Montreal; Outremont

Convent Alumnae (English Section), and the Hochelaga Convent Alumnae (English Section), the latter two being convents of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

K. Camille Adams,
Loretto Abbey Alumna.

For Better Things

THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE

DELEGATE'S REPORT OF SEVENTEENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION

Madam President and Members of the Detroit-Windsor Circle of the Loretto Alumnae:

The Seventeenth Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held at the Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Michigan, August twenty-second, through the twenty-fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Six.

The Convention opened Thursday at nine o'clock in the morning with Mass at St. Aloysius Church, followed by registrations of Alumnae at the Hotel, throughout the day. A Buffet Supper closed the activities for the day.

Friday morning at nine o'clock Requiem Mass was celebrated for the deceased members of the Alumnae in St. Aloysius Church.

Five hundred registered members officially began the Convention by hearing the Right Reverend O. B. Jordan, Director of the Alumnae, reaffirm the purpose of the organization in the keynote address of the day, as follows: "It is an agency approved by the Church to mold public opinion according to the teachings of the Faith. This is accomplished through your Departments of Art, Literature, Philosophy and Religion. Women are naturally endowed with the qualities necessary for social evolution. To them the future is more important than the past, more important than expediency."

The Department of Literature took over the afternoon program.

Miss Marie R. Madden of Washington, D.C., Chairman of the Inter-American Catholic Relations Committee, outlined a tentative program for advancement of understanding based on knowledge.

The Reverend John Keating Cartwright, Rector of St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, D.C., discussed the "Critic's Forum." He attributed its success to reviewing books

which are actively in the public mind and showing how valuable Catholic thought is contained in these best sellers.

Mrs. James F. Looram, Chairman of the International Federation Catholic Alumnae Motion Picture Department, presided at the four o'clock session, which featured a group of speakers discussing Motion Pictures and the Legion of Decency.

How the "Pervading, Penetrating, Persuasive light of the Screen" has contributed to the "darkness on the earth" referred to in the First Encyclical of Pope Pius XII, was described by Monsignor John J. McClafferty, Executive Secretary of the National Legion of Decency.

In the evening a reception for the delegates was held, with the Invocation by the Most Reverend Stephen J. Woznicki, Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit, and an address by the Right Reverend Monsignor Patrick J. McCormick, Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Music and a social hour closed the evening. The Convention opened Saturday morning with a Pontifical High Mass celebrated by His Eminence Edward, Cardinal Mooney, at Blessed Sacrament Cathedral.

The Reverend Monsignor John J. Hunt, in his sermon at this Mass, called upon the women to apply the principles of justice and charity to modern problems.

Mrs. H. M. McConnell presided at the Social Service Department meeting later in the morning when the Federation's activities in aiding youth and the blind were among the topics discussed.

The Reverend Francis X. Foley, head of the Sociology Department, Mt. Mercy College, Pittsburgh, urged the group to take an active part in community activities.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Thomas D. Yearly, Chairman of the Educational Department

Session, introduced Auxiliary Bishop Lawrence J. Shehan of Baltimore and Washington, who stressed the revival of the history of the supernatural in Education and the need for its continuance today.

We all looked forward to the Banquet on Saturday evening, which was everything we expected. The guest speaker, Dr. Elizabeth Morrissy, Professor of Economics at the College of Notre Dame, was outstanding. She told us to "weave into the social tapestry of the future, the gold of Christian truth; the red of the crucified Christ Who died for all men, and the blue of the Blessed Mother, the model for womanhood and home life."

Sunday, the last day of the Convention, opened with Mass at St. Aloysius Church, followed by a business meeting and election of officers.

Our own Miss Loretto A. Dupuis was chosen as treasurer.

In the afternoon we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II for lunch at Dearborn Inn and a tour of Greenfield Village.

The Convention closed with solemn Benediction, given by Bishop William F. Murphy of Saginaw at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Grosse Pointe.

It is the sincere regret of your delegate and alternate delegate that each and everyone of our members could not attend this Convention, the highlights of which this report will at least give you a bird's eye view.

Respectfully submitted,

ESTELLE M. SHEA (Mrs. T. D. Shea),
Delegate, Detroit-Windsor Circle
Loretto Alumnae.

LORETTO ABBEY RECEPTION

Five young ladies received the habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in a ceremony at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on Aug. 2. The ceremony was conducted by Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. William Fraser, Loretto Abbey chaplain.

Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. O'G. Fleming, S.J. The sermon for the occasion was given by Rev. T. G. Hill, of Guelph, who used as his theme, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him." People of the world, he said, often look on young ladies who enter the religious life as fools, but actually they are an indomitable women's corps in the army of Christ, helping in the work of the Church like the women who came forward of their own accord to help Christ and His apostles. He re-

minded the candidates that their parents made the greater sacrifice and asked them to repay it by the prayers of their religious life.

The five candidates were: Sister M. Sheila (Miss Beryl Keats, Clifton, Ont.), Sister M. St. Leo (Miss Margaret O'Keefe, Toronto), Sister M. Victoria (Miss Teresa Fahlman, Kronau, Sask.), Sister Mary Rita (Miss Rose Dean, Guelph, Ont.), Sister M. Francis Joseph (Miss Rita Rzeppa, Chicago, Ill.). —M.

PROFESSION AT LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Two profession ceremonies took place at Loretto Abbey on Saturday, Aug. 24. At the early morning Community Mass eleven novices made their first vows. The Mass was said and the ceremony conducted by Rev. J. F. McCaffrey, S.J., who had been the retreat-master of the preceding eight days. Those who made their vows were Sr. M. Francis De Sales, Rita Clarke; Sr. M. St. Daniel, Nancy Cancilla; Sr. Mary Julia, Hilda LaTour; Sr. M. Maurice, Anastasia O'Heare; Sr. M. Benedict Labré, Josephine Spratt; Sr. M. St. Matthew, Jean Stadler; Sr. M. Angelica, Mildred O'Brien; Sr. Anne Marie, Esther Schultz; Sr. Mary Judith, Margaret Deck; Sr. M. Josephine, Monica Spearin; Sr. Mary Estelle, Rose Murphy.

At a second Mass at 9.30 celebrated by Rev. F. Birns, S.J., five nuns made final vows. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. F. McCaffrey, S.J. He likened the religious vocation to the familiar pearl of great price and the treasure in the field, but even more appropriately to a plant that was now ready to flower after the careful nourishment given by a good Catholic home and Catholic school. Parents and relatives had had their part in tending it and so now share in the offering and the fruit. The speaker reminded the young Religious of the need all men and women and children have of Christ, of being saved, even if they themselves do not know their need. And it is for the Religious in every encounter with others, casual or frequent, to bring Christ to them.

The singing at both ceremonies was the appropriate *Suscipe* and *Veni Sponsa*, together with the parts of the Mass and a special Cantate Dominum from Ps. 86. Relatives and friends were present for the final profession. Those who made final vows were M. M. Victor, M. M. Colombiere, M. M. Marina, M. M. St. Madeleine, M. M. Colette.

—M.



LORETTO CONVENT, ESTAVAN, SASKATCHEWAN

Top Group—First Communion Class, July, 1946

Lower Group—Summer School Religion Classes, 1946

ESTAVAN, SASKATCHEWAN

Summer Religion classes held here were very satisfactory. They were conducted by four of the Nuns in the Central School which the School Board kindly allowed us to use. Children from the country who had come in to attend were the guests of friends in town.

On Sunday, July 7, at the 8:30 Mass, forty-six children made their First Communion. One hundred and sixty-five children assisted at Mass and took part in the singing of appropriate hymns.

At the close of the Estavan Summer School, the Nuns left for surrounding missions—Bienfait, Oxbow and Tribune, where a number also made their First Holy Communion. The pleasure and earnestness shown by the children in the Religion classes was a real joy for the teachers. In each place the closing feature

was a party, in which the refreshments served were enjoyed by all.

It was a great happiness to have a family of eight return to the Church recently, after having received instructions for several weeks.

On Sunday, September 1st, the congregation of St. John the Baptist Parish bade farewell to Rev. Father L. Schlosser, who, for the past five years has been assistant priest at Estavan, and who is now appointed Pastor of the newly-formed parish of Tribune. The chairman for the evening was Mr. J. B. Moss. On behalf of the congregation the farewell address was delivered by Mr. W. J. Perkins, K.C., and their gift, in the form of a purse, was presented by Mr. Kundus Schnell.

An address of farewell from the children

was read by Miss Rose Mary Charlesbois, and a spiritual bouquet was presented by Miss Carol Moss.

The programme continued with vocal solos by Mrs. Paul Nessman, Mrs. Anthony Young, Mr. Kundus Schnell and Miss Matilda Meckler; also, piano selections by Mrs. Nessman. The accompanists were Mrs. Christian Bisgard and Mrs. Nessman.

Monsignor Hughes and Father Komusiewicz of Maryland Parish, Steelman, in turn, expressed in brief but impressive speeches their regret at the departure of Father Schlosser and their good wishes for every blessing upon him in his new field of labour.

Father Schlosser, in a few heartfelt words, thanked Monsignor and Father Komusiewicz, the congregation, and all his good friends in Estavan for their many kindnesses to him during the past five years, and now for this choice programme and other remembrances on the occasion of his departure.

From Loretto Community congratulations are extended to Father Schlosser, a former pupil at Sedley, on his appointment as Pastor of Tribune. His new undertakings will be remembered in prayer.

SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL FOR RELIGIOUS

TORONTO, Aug. 2.—There were fourteen congregations represented at the Summer School for Religious conducted by the Jesuits of the Upper Canadian Province in Toronto during the second two weeks of July. There were about 50 registrations although all did not attend the full course.

The lectures this year were given at Loretto College School on Brunswick Ave., two in

the morning, the first beginning at 9.30, the second at 10.45, and one in the afternoon at 1.45. In this way Sisters were able to avoid the morning and afternoon rush hours. Carrying out the suggestions made at last year's school of Moral Theology and Canon Law the courses given this year dealt with Dogmatic and Ascetical topics. Lectures were given on the Incarnation, the Redemption, Mariology, the Bible, Mental Prayer, etc.

Much Appreciated

All those present at this year's school were in accord with those who attended the school in 1945 that courses of this kind are of inestimable value for the spiritual and intellectual formation of Religious, and the sacrifices which had to be made both by those who attended and those who conducted these schools were well worthwhile. Over and above the profit from the lectures there is great advantage to be derived from the opportunities given for meeting and discussion with members of other Religious Congregations engaged in similar work. One of the suggestions made was that at future schools more time should be allowed for discussion among the Sisters.

At the closing session the Fathers and Sisters expressed their thanks to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and to the Superior of Loretto College School, Mother Francis Clare, I.B.V.M., in particular, for their kindness in making available the facilities of their school and for the many acts of thoughtfulness and hospitality shown to all during the two weeks.

—The Canadian Register.

If You Love Enough

If you love enough
You can always find
Patience to endure,
Power to be kind.

You can understand
How the whole world seems
To another's eyes;
You can dream his dreams.

If you love enough
Doubts and fears will cease;
And through perfect faith
You will enter peace.
—Aline Michaelis.

If you love enough
You will learn to see
What a sacred thing
Someone's trust can be.

Through all changeful ways
That your life may take
You can keep your days
Clean for someone's sake.

Felicitations

HOLY FATHER THANKS LORETTO PUPILS FOR GIFT TO CHILDREN OF EUROPE

The following letter is a response to a donation sent to the Holy Father by the children of Loretto Abbey and Loretto schools throughout the city of Toronto, as a Christmas gift for the destitute children of Europe:

Vatican City, May 21, 1946
Segreteria Di Stato
Di
Sua Santita.

Dear Reverend Mother.

It affords me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the very generous and timely offering to the amount of £110-0-0, which you so kindly forwarded to the Holy Father on behalf of the pupils of your esteemed schools at Armour Heights and in Toronto, for the assistance of the war-victims. This donation recently reached the Vatican through the good offices of the Apostolic Delegate in London.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII now bids me convey to you and to the youthful donors, the expression of his paternal gratitude for this most valuable assistance and his high appreciation of the noble sentiments of faith and charity which inspired the pupils in placing it at his disposal for so urgent a cause.

The Holy Father, who is untiring in his efforts in alleviating sorrow and suffering, is greatly consoled by this filial co-operation of his beloved children of the Loretto Abbey Schools, and as a token of his gratitude and benevolence he most affectionately imparts to you, your Sisters and dear pupils, his apostolic blessing.

Assuring you of the sentiments of my esteem and requesting a share in the prayers of all at Loretto Abbey, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

(Signed) J. B. Montini,
Subst.

The Reverend Mother
Loretto Abbey,
Armour Heights, Toronto, Canada.

Our best wishes and congratulations are offered to His Excellency Most Rev. John C. Cody, D.D., on the splendid success of the

Centenary celebration in his diocese of Victoria, B.C., during the week, July 28 to August 4, just prior to his new appointment as Co-adjutor Bishop to the Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of London, Ontario—on which we also wish to extend felicitations.

A brief visit at Loretto College School during His Excellency's sojourn in Toronto as speaker at the Holy Hour in the Stadium on Rosary Sunday, was deeply appreciated, as was also his blessing on this smaller assembly.

To Bishop-elect Benjamin I. Webster, of Welland, on his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop to Toronto Archdiocese.

To his many friends it was a pleasure to learn that Rev. W. Harrigan, President of the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association (O.E.C.T.A.), Editor of the Hamilton edition of The Canadian Register, and well-known Principal of Cathedral High School, Hamilton, had been elected, for the coming year, President of the Ontario Teachers' Federation (O.T.F.), at the meeting of the Board of Governors of the Federation, held August 29 and 30.

To Father Harrigan, with sympathy, in his manifold duties, we extend sincere congratulations on this newest honour paid to him.

NEWLY ORDAINED

To the following Reverend Basilians who were ordained to the priesthood in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by His Eminence Most Rev. James Charles McGuigan, on the Feast of the Assumption, we offer heartfelt congratulations:

Rev. John J. Crowley, C.S.B.; Rev. John T. Conway, C.S.B.; Rev. Arthur R. Looby, C.S.B.; Rev. John J. Martin, C.S.B.; Rev. Matthew T. Mulcahy, C.S.B.; Rev. Thomas R. McGillis, C.S.B.; Rev. Joseph A. O'Reilly, C.S.B.; Rev. George E. Silvester, C.S.B.; also to Rev. W. L. Moran, C.S.B., of the same class, who was ordained in St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary, by His Excellency Most Rev. Francis P. Carroll, Bishop of Calgary.

Father Silvester is a brother of Mrs. Maurice

Kelly (Rosemary Silvester, Alumna of Loretto College, U. of T.), to whom and to her husband, Dr. Maurice Kelly, Timmins, Ont., we also extend felicitations on this happy event.

Loving and sincere felicitations we offer to our dear Loretto Sisters, I.B.V.M., who are this year celebrating their Centenary in India (Darjeeling and elsewhere) the pioneers of this mission having left Loretto Abbey, Dublin, just a year before another brave little band left the shelter of the same loved Irish Abbey for Toronto, Canada. We likewise send a heartfelt greeting and prayerful good wishes to our Sisters of the Institute now fifty years in the Patna Missionary field. We are happy to have an account of one of their members, good Mother Medard, in this issue of our "Rainbow," and hope to have a letter from Mother M. Canisia whose accounts of mission life gave us many interesting pages in our magazine in years before the last World War.

To Rt. Rev. Daniel F. Cunningham, who for many years has been Archdiocesan Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, we offer congratulations and good wishes on his recent appointment as Pastor of St. Angela's Church, Chicago.

To the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, felicitations on having for their newly-elected General, the distinguished and scholarly, Very Rev. John Baptist Janssens, S.J., who had previously been Provincial of the North Belgium Province of the Society of Jesus.

Our congratulations to Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis V. Allen on being appointed by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, Chaplain of the Toronto Council of the Knights of Columbus. Monsignor Allen succeeds the late Msgr. Dollard in this office.

REVEREND FATHER HINGSTON, S.J.

The Golden Jubilee of the Rev. William H. Hingston, S.J., former Provincial of his Order in Upper Canada, was celebrated on September 10th at the Jesuit Seminary, Wellington St., Toronto. Many of his friends, both secular and religious, assisted at the Mass celebrated by the esteemed Jubilarian.

Several selections were sung by the Seminary Choir. Particularly outstanding was the

Ave Maria with its beautiful solo parts excellently rendered. Mass was followed by Solemn Benediction, and later, in the Reception room, the Reverend Jubilarian received the good wishes of the guests and expressed his pleasure and thanks for their remembrance of this Golden Anniversary.

Before leaving, we asked and received his blessing.

We again extend to Father Hingston felicitations and good wishes that many more happy years may be granted to him to carry on his great work for souls in the Order he chose fifty years ago—"To the greater glory of God."

MOTHER MELITA FIFTY YEARS IN LORETTO ORDER

At Loretto Convent, Stratford, on August 6, the Community celebrated the Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Melita, I.B.V.M., a member there for many years.

The usual 6.30 Community Mass was celebrated, followed by three other Masses, the second celebrated by Rev. W. A. Dunn, S.J., of St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, cousin of the Jubilarian, and the third by Rev. Bernard Laverty, London. At 10.00 o'clock a Solemn Jubilee Mass was sung by Rev. Cyril Lynett, Calgary, nephew of Mother Melita. Rev. W. A. Dunn acted as deacon; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, LaSalette, as subdeacon; Rev. E. R. Glavin, St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, as master of ceremonies, and Father Laverty as Thurifer. Very Rev. Dean D. J. Egan of St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, preached the sermon and the Mass of the Shepherds was sung by the Nuns' Choir. Prior to the Mass a procession was held into the chapel, the choir singing *Jubilate Deo*, which was also repeated after the Mass.

Luncheon was served at noon to the priests and relatives of the Jubilarian. This was followed by Solemn Benediction celebrated by Father Dunn, with Father Lynett as deacon and Father Laverty as subdeacon.

Other priests present for the ceremonies were Col. Rev. T. J. McCarthy, Sarnia; Rev. F. J. Bricklin, St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, and Brother Victor, Toronto, cousin of Mother Melita. Relatives were also present from Walkerton, Fergus and Toronto.

To the Golden Jubilarian who has lived in different houses of the Institute, came many greetings and tokens of esteem; to these we add our congratulations, and good wishes for the coming years.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Albert McGovern on August 26th began with Holy Mass at 9 o'clock celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Treacy, D.P., P.P., in the chapel of St. Cecelia's Convent, Toronto. The altar and sanctuary were decorated with golden-hued bouquets, harmonizing with the gold lace tabernacle veil and the celebrant's cloth-of-gold vestments. The chapel choir provided choice singing.

During the enjoyable breakfast which followed in the convent dining-room, artistically adorned for the unique event, Monsignor reminisced happily with his oldest parishioners, and a letter was read, conveying the Apostolic Blessing of His Holiness Pope Pius XII to Mr. and Mrs. McGovern and all their dear ones.

For the happy occasion, their daughter, Mother M. Eymard, Principal, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, was present, and during the afternoon enjoyed visiting with her nieces and nephews, who were delighted over Gram and Granddaddy, and were looking eagerly towards the home party in the evening for the Golden Wedding.

The happy couple realize that this prayer offered for them by the celebrant of their Nuptial Mass a half century ago has been answered: "... and may He fulfil His blessings on you, that you may see your children's children ..."

Our congratulations and good wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. McGovern and family on this memorable anniversary.

In St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, on June 29th, the wedding of Miss Patricia Anne Mary Flood to Major G. A. Hoy was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends. The pastor, Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrand, officiated. Miss Helen Fleury was at the organ and Mr. Charles Goodenough was soloist.

The bride, the daughter of Mrs. Flood and the late Mr. M. J. Flood, was given in marriage by her cousin, Mr. F. E. Rodrigues. She is an alumna of Loretto College School and also a graduate of Loretto College (U. of T.). The groom, back from lengthy overseas service with the Toronto Scottish, is the son of Mr. Walter Hoy and the late Mrs. Hoy. He is an alumnus of St. Michael's College (U. of T.).

The bride's dress was of embroidered organdy, and her three-quarter length veil of tulle illusion was caught with rosebuds. The



Major and Mrs. Hoy (Patricia Flood) With Wedding Attendants

matron of honour was Mrs. J. Brassel, of New York, who wore an aqua net dress with matching hat. As bridesmaids, Mrs. C. McCuaig, sister of the bride, and Dr. Lillian McCarty, of Killaloe, were attired in pink organdy, and each carried a colonial nosegay. Capt. T. L. Hoy was best man. Mr. J. R. L. Crawford and Mr. G. Grant acted as ushers.

A reception was held at the home of the bride whose mother, assisted by Mrs. M. Reily, of Syracuse, the groom's aunt, received the guests.

For the wedding trip by plane to New York, the bride's suit was pale blue with black accessories and a corsage of pink roses. On their return, Major and Mrs. Hoy will make their home in Toronto.

Our best wishes are extended to the happy couple.

On August 17th, a wedding of widespread interest took place in Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, Vancouver, B.C., when Miss Vinetta Mary Burke was married to Mr. Hugh Joseph Lunn, with Reverend Father J. E. Bennett officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Burke, Toronto, Ontario. She is an alumna of Loretto College School, Toronto, and also a graduate of Loretto College (U. of T.). The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Lunn, Hamilton, Ontario.

An attractive colour effect was produced by the bride's pale yellow hand-woven Scotian wool suit, and her shower bouquet of brown-eyed Susans. Miss Mary Biner of Mt. Vernon, as maid of honour, wore a white California

original suit with black accessories, and a corsage of yellow rosebuds.

Mr. David Lunn, of Vancouver, was his brother's groomsman. After the wedding breakfast at the Hotel Vancouver, the bride and groom left for a trip to California, Arizona and Mexico City.

Congratulations and good wishes from Loretto.

On the last day of August, in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, beautifully decorated with white gladioli, ferns, and palms, a large number of friends witnessed the wedding of Miss Marion Sirdevan, daughter of Mrs. Sirdevan and the late Mr. James Edward Sirdevan, and Mr. John Patrick Nelligan, son of Mrs. Nelligan and the late Mr. George Nelligan, Hamilton. Very Rev. L. J. Bondy, Superior of St. Michael's College, officiated. The soloist on the occasion was Miss Kay Bennett.

The lovely bride, in a portrait gown of traditional satin, full length veil of heirloom lace caught up by a spray of orange blossoms, and carrying a bouquet of bouvardia, swansonias and white roses, had as matron of honour, Mrs.



Frank Sirdevan, Highwater, Quebec, in Nile green taffeta, and as bridesmaids, Miss Gerrie Moss, and Miss Margaret Nelligan, Hamilton, wearing deep coral taffeta and carrying pink floral bouquets. Mr. B. Edmund Nelligan was groomsman for his brother, and the bride's brother, Mr. Frank E. Sirdevan, Highwater, Quebec; Mr. Giraud Hennessy, and Mr. Hubert Clohecy were ushers.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at Newman Club. The bride's mother, in Alice blue crepe and American Beauty accessories, assisted by the groom's mother, in fuchsia with black accessories, received the relatives and friends.

The bride, a graduate of Loretto College (U. of T.), was for some time on the University Faculty, Spanish Department, and the groom is also a graduate of the University.

To both we extend kindest wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

We are happy to offer congratulations to Miss Madeline Noah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melin Noah of Corner Brook, Newfoundland, and alumna of Loretto College (U. of T.), on having received her Master of Arts degree in Speech Education, at Columbia University, New York City.



Her recent studies included: Voice and Diction, Phonetics, Oral Interpretation of Literature, Speech Correction, Speech Pathology, Play Education, Stagecraft, Radio Acting, Pantomime and Educational Psychology. It is pleasurably recalled that in her Senior year at Loretto, Madeline ably filled her offices on the College Students' Administrative Council, as Loretto Rainbow Representative, and Dramatics Representative.

After her graduation from Columbia, she arrived home by Trans-Canada Airlines for a well-earned vacation before joining the Faculty of Dunbarton College, Washington, D.C., as Instructor of Educational Psychology, and Director of Dramatics.

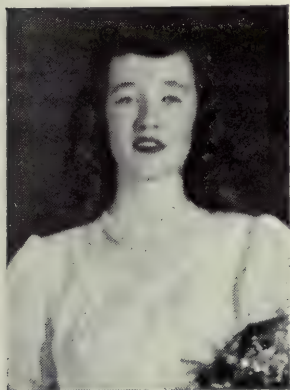
Congratulations to the winners of the following Matriculation Scholarships as announced by St. Michael's College, University of Toronto:

The Mary Ward Scholarship for general

proficiency to Helen Mary Kellinik, Kenora High School. This scholarship is an allowance of \$150 on the tuition for four years, of a total possible value of \$600, and tenable in Loretto College.

The Loretto Alumnae Scholarship in English and History, an allowance of \$150 on the tuition for four years, of a total possible value of \$600, to Patricia Marianne Pratt, Orillia Collegiate Institute.

The Mother Estelle Nolan Scholarship in French and Latin, an allowance of \$150 on the tuition for four years, of a total possible value of \$600, tenable in Loretto College, to Mary Gloria McAlendin, Timmins High School. Miss McAlendin is now at Loretto College, Toronto.



Miss Mary Sheridan of the Graduating Class, 1946, Loretto Academy, Hamilton, was the happy winner of the Loretto Alumnae Association Scholarship of the value of \$100 on the tuition for one year, awarded annually to the candidate obtaining the highest standing in Loretto schools, in

Upper School examinations written in one year. Miss Sheridan is now a Freshman at Loretto College (U. of T.) in Modern Languages.

To Miss Joanne Merry our congratulations on having won the Loretto-Niagara Alumnae Scholarship offered for competition to all eighth grade girls of the Public schools of Niagara Falls, and Stamford. The scholarship provides one year's tuition at Loretto Academy. Miss Merry was a pupil of Diamond Jubilee School, Dorchester Road, Stamford.

LORETTO WINNERS IN ARCHDIOCESAN CONTEST

To Miss Joanne McWilliams, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, we offer sincere congratulations on winning the Pope Pius XII Grand Prize, \$25, in the Catholic High School Arch-

diocesan examination in Christian Doctrine; also to the following students who received Honourable Mention, having a standing of 90 or more: Miss Anne Marie Passer, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Irene Lavielle, Loretto Intermediate School, Toronto; Dorothy McCabe, Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto; Adele Dodge, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; and to all successful Loretto students of Grade XII, to whom diplomas were awarded.

Congratulations to Jack Payne, St. James School, Toronto (Loretto), winner of the First Prize in the Grade VII Separate School Archdiocesan Christian Doctrine Examination; also to Eleanor Creamer, St. Rita's School (Loretto), who received Honourable Mention.

His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto Archdiocese, presented the prizes and diplomas at the Graduation ceremony held in St. Michael's Cathedral, September 29th, Feast of the Archangel, Saint Michael.

LORETTO ABBEY AND COLLEGE SCHOOLS MUSIC RESULTS

The results of the Toronto Conservatory music examinations, held at Loretto Abbey and College Schools, are as follows:

Piano

GRADE X—First class honors, Emma Felice; honors, Lenore Kennedy, Mary Lou McGregor. GRADE IX—Honors, Joanne McWilliam, Jane Timmins; pass, Mary Frances Barry. GRADE VIII—First class honors, Irene Templeton; honors, Joan Wilson; pass, Pamela White, Sonia Such, Ann McNevin, Joanne Mahon, Glenna Ruff. GRADE VII—Pass, Jeanne Wakely. GRADE VI—First class honors, Mary Lonergan, Dolores Chaput; honors, Mary Ellen Le Moine, Carol Broadhurst, Marion Hoare, Jacqueline Clark. GRADE V—First class honors, Arden Spence, Jean Magdalery; honors, Dolores Chaput, Ann Gonzales, Beth Healy, Rose Mary Kennedy, Patricia Byers, Hildegard Zilhmman. GRADE IV—First class honors, Elizabeth Magdalery; honors, Dolores Chaput, Mary Jean Robertson, Marthe Holmes, Jean Walsh, Mary Mahon, Rose Mary Kennedy; pass, Joan Roy, June Marie Andrews. GRADE III—First class honors, Marthe Culliton, Robin Mahon, Johannah Pryal; honors, June Marie Andrews,

Sandra Switzer, Marthe Holmes, Shirley Bowen, Freda Chalmers; pass, Gloria Childerhouse, Janet Anne Stobie. GRADE II—First class honors, Marion Tatz, Gloria Childerhouse, Maureen Burt, Jeanne Smith, Anne Burns, Robin Mahon; honors, Eileen Whelan, Mary Heinrich, Nicole Coupar, Janet Anne Stobie, Dolores Xavier; pass, Mary Kirkpatrick. GRADE I—First class honors, Shirley Bowen, Sheila McDonald, Jeanne Smith, Sheila McDonald; honors, Mary Heinrich, Edward Bowman, Linda Cribben, Carol Maynard, Jean Xavier, Frances Leoni, Alison McDonald, Helen Samuels, Margaret Stobie.

Singing

GRADE VIII—Honors, Josephite McSloy, Flora Dean. GRADE VI—Honors, Marie Gon-

zales, Marilyn Burt. GRADE II—Honors, Catherine Givens, Mary McNeill. GRADE I—First class honors, Margaret Pherigo; honors, Jean Xavier.

Violin

GRADE VIII—Honors, Patricia McDonough.

Theory

GRADE V—Harmony, Ethel Farkas. GRADE II—First class honors, Patricia Tatz, Patricia McDonough, Betty Rosar, Monica Wilson, Joanne Mahon, Pamela White, Audrey Owens, Mollie Fitzpatrick, Jean Brickley; honors, Rose Mary Parker, Bob Jarman; pass, Audrey Shortt, Jean Malloy.

Congratulations to these youthful musicians. Best wishes for their continued success.

In Memoriam

RT. REV. MSGR. DOLLARD, D.P., D.LITT.

With the death of Monsignor J. B. Dollard, D.P., Pastor of Lourdes Church, Toronto, there came to thousands of all classes a sense of profound sorrow and loss. His praises were heard on every side, and many a fervent "God bless him" accompanied the petition, "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!"

At the Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated in Lourdes Church by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, beautiful words in memory of Monsignor were spoken from the pulpit by Rev. Gregory Kelly, Pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, who had at one time been assistant Pastor at Lourdes for seven years during Monsignor's pastorate. He said that in all that time he had not heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word, and that no one went away empty handed who appealed to Monsignor, whose generosity made him a marked man in that district.

While Msgr. Dollard was known personally to thousands not only in Canada but in other lands, he was known to many more through his scholarly writings and especially his poems, many of which have enhanced Loretto Rainbow pages through the last half-century.

The following tribute paid by M. D. Barry in a past issue of Loretto Rainbow to another poet priest called to the Eternal Home, may be aptly quoted here as we think of the late esteemed Pastor of Lourdes Church, Toronto:

"At random, off and on, here, there and everywhere,

Just when the mood inspired him, said this priest,

He wrote his poems; for souls were always more

To him than songs,—yet what a precious feast He offers us in his true cultured way!

Religious, patriotic, mystical,

His poems glow with sentiment profound

And capture hearts with feelings that enthrall.

He lived his priestly life mid poet's joys,

And now the "Deathless Dead" he is among,

Greeted by those to whom he showed the way—

Perchance, by grateful souls won by his song!"

REV. W. O'FLAHERTY

After a prolonged illness which the sufferer accepted as a special preparation for death, Rev. Father William O'Flaherty, at the early age of thirty-two, was called to his heavenly reward on August 8th.

Born in Toronto, he was educated at St. Michael's College, and St. Augustine's Seminary, and was ordained in St. Michael's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Toronto. He was then appointed curate at the Cathedral, and, later, in turn, at St. Catherine's Church, St. Catharines; Greengables, Welland, and at New Toronto.

The celebrant of the Funeral High Mass in St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, was Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. J. McGrand, D.P., Pastor, with deacon and sub-deacon, respectively, Rev. Father Louis Hickey and Rev. C. Crowley, C.S.B. Rev. Father Battle preached the touching sermon. He mentioned that the departed, whom he had known as a boy of six, was, on his entry into the priesthood, "the ideal young priest that this changing world was looking for. He was zealous and pious, and knew what this day and age demanded of him." The speaker said that in ill-health Father O'Flaherty drew up a strict, religious schedule and followed it. To his life wholly dedicated to God and his neighbour there succeeded a happy and holy death, at which his devoted family had the privilege of being present.

To his bereaved parents, to his brother and his sister, Sr. M. Wilfreda, I.B.V.M., our sympathy is extended in the loss of this dearly beloved son and brother. May he rest in peace.

MOTHER M. WALTRUDE, I.B.V.M.

Mother Waltrude Urlocker, I.B.V.M., died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on June 6. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Urlocker of Thorold, Ont. After her early school days at home, she completed high school education with graduation at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and a year at Normal School. She was then a member of the Separate School staff in the city for several years. In 1925 she entered religious life at Loretto Abbey, and after novitiate years taught generously and successfully in Ontario and Saskatchewan. She fulfilled the office of superior for three years in Sedley, Sask., and for three years in Stratford, Ont. For over a year Mother Waltrude had been off duty on account of ill-health and was at Loretto Convent, Guelph. It was confidently hoped that good health would come again, so that it was a shock to the Community and to her family and many friends to learn of her serious condition early in June. She was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital and was anointed on Sunday, June 1. After two days more of great suffering, though able to have a short visit with members of her family, she died peacefully before dawn on the morning of June 6.

The Funeral Mass was solemnly celebrated in the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., coming from Detroit to act as celebrant, with Rev. J. A. O'Reilly as

deacon and Rev. J. B. Cloran, S.J., as sub-deacon. The members of the Community, bearing lighted candles, formed a line on either side of the aisle as the remains were reverently borne out of the Church, followed by her mother, two brothers and sister. Interment took place in the Loretto Community plot in the Catholic Cemetery, Guelph.

—M.

MR. HUGH ELLARD

To the many friends and acquaintances of the genial, kindly Mr. Hugh Ellard, the announcement of his death in August, brought grief, and heartfelt sympathy for his family in the loss of their beloved father.

For more than half a century, Mr. Ellard was a parishioner of St. Helen's, Toronto, and in St. Helen's Church his Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by his son, Rev. Hugh Ellard, P.P.; with another son, Rev. Basil Ellard as subdeacon and his brother-in-law, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ferguson of Brantford, as deacon. His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan gave the last Absolution after Mass. The large number of priests and of Religious and laity present gave evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Ellard was held.

To Rev. Fathers Hugh and Basil Ellard; to Mr. Fergus Ellard, Sister St. Hugh (Cornelia) of the Good Shepherd Community, Sister M. Consolata (Helen), I.B.V.M., Miss Marie and Miss Maureen Ellard, we offer our condolences in their loss.

MR. FELIX M. DEVINE

On September 12th, Mr. Felix M. Devine of Renfrew died at the age of seventy-seven in St. Vincent's Hospital, Ottawa, after a lingering illness.

He was a Christian gentleman, an esteemed citizen, and had the distinction of being Mayor of Renfrew. His sacrifice in giving his two sons—one an Oblate, the other, a Jesuit—to the service of God was surely rewarded by the happiness their presence and spiritual ministrations afforded him in his last hours.

The Funeral Mass was celebrated in Canadian Martyrs' Church, Ottawa East, by Rev. Leo Devine, O.M.I., with Rev. Francis Devine, S.J., as deacon, and Rev. Francis I. French, as sub-deacon. At the interment, Father Francis said the prayers.

To the Reverend Fathers Devine and to their

sister, Angela (Mrs. E. J. Redline, Vancouver) we extend our sympathy; also, to Mr. Thomas Devine, Renfrew, brother of the deceased, and to his two sisters, Mother M. Felix, I.B.V.M., Toronto, and Sister de Chantal (Loretto Alumna) of St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MR. PETER V. DOYLE

With grief the many friends of Mr. Peter Doyle of Joliet, Illinois, learned of his sudden death.

Mr. Doyle was an employee of the Rock Island Railroad for the past forty years. He was a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus, and an active member of the Holy Name Society. For many years he was secretary of the K. of C.'s, and in that capacity was sent overseas to aid the troops during World War I. His railroad service was as lineman.

Mr. Doyle, as a member of the Ushers' Club

of St. Patrick's Church, on his last day on earth, which was Sunday, performed his duties of Senior Usher. Throughout the day he seemed to be in good health and in his accustomed good spirits, but in the evening suffered a heart attack. Having received the last rites of the Church, he passed calmly away before midnight.

A friend of long standing remarked that he would always think of him as "the man who never frowned." Touchingly beautiful was the tribute which his devoted wife could pay him: "In our twenty-six years of married life, we never had a quarrel—not even a harsh word."

A lover of peace, esteemed by his fellow-men, has gone home to the Prince of Peace.

To his bereaved wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Maguire Doyle (Loretto Alumna) and to the family, Miss Dymphna Doyle, Mrs. Harold Maniman (Eileen), and Peter, Jr., also to Mr. Doyle's brothers and sister, we offer our sincere sympathy.

Hallowed Ground

(Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario)

I, of another faith, may also find
A peace of heart, a peace of mind,
Where convent paths stretch white and wide,
With trees and grassy green on either side.

I stand amid the cataract's frenzied roar,
Surf, pounding wild upon a rocky shore;
But here, above, as fades the near-spent day,
Mist-fingers touch my cheek with gentle spray.

I feel a Presence; something caught amid the
whispering leaves,
A soft, white garment ripples in the breeze.
Whose footfall steps upon the waiting sod?
Whose piercèd feet with ancient sandals shod?
Whose radiance dims the setting of the sun?
Thy God?—My God? Ah, the two are one!

Janet Craig-James.

The White Knight

In olden times the knights of Avalon,
Zeal-filled, with pennons flying, rode afar
To find a treasure of supernal worth—
The Holy Grail—twin gold to Bethlehem's Star.
White-souled and chivalrous the knight must
be

To reach fulfilment of his noble quest,
Not peerless valor such as Lancelot's
Could win unless by purity 'twas blessed.

One, Galahad, since then in legend famed,
Through forest darkness glimpsed a blood-red
beam,

His longing soul with ecstasy surged high—
This ray must be from vision of his dream.
The knights returned unto fair Avalon;
All told strange tales that did their king
astound,

Except fair Galahad. He gazed afar,
Dream-filled, to where life's meaning he had
found.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.



Book Reviews

LOVELY IS THE LEE. By Robert Gibbings
—Illustrated by the Author.

This delightful book portrays the simple, ancient life which still exists in Ireland, centred in the small villages in the southern and western parts of the Irish Free State. The writer, although not of the Catholic Faith, has a keen appreciation of it and of the patriotism of the Irish people. Their patriotism would never explain the Irish. Ireland is Ireland because of its Faith, which is a way of life, not a garment worn only on Sunday.

Ireland is the only country that has a musical instrument as a national emblem. The choice made for the whole nation is like a gigantic harp. Music is as necessary to the Irish as the stories they spin, as their folklore and their scenery; all of which Robert Gibbings understands and values at its true worth, as he does also the bird life of the western counties and islands. He describes the winged inhabitants with accurate beauty.

This distinguished Irish author has given a sympathetic, witty, humorous picturing of the country, its people and their customs. Here is a gentle, charming book about the heart, the laughter and the simple, strong faith of the people of Ireland—a treat for any reader. It promptly had the distinction of being chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

—Nellie A. Burke, Loretto Alumna.

TOO SMALL A WORLD—By Theodore Maynard. Published by Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 335 Pages, \$2.50.

The morning Francesca Cabrini was born near Lodi in Lombardy, Italy, a flock of white doves came to rest in the yard of the Cabrini farm, so the family called her their little white dove, and made her one by having her baptised that same day. The youngest of thirteen children, Francesca grew in sweetness and holiness under the strict guidance of her sister Rose; and as she dreamed of one day becoming a Missionary for Christ, she fashioned in her childish play little paper boats, filling them with violets, her imaginary missionaries, and sending them downstream—TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD. At eighteen, after passing her examinations *cum laude*, she secured a

teacher's certificate and applied for admittance to the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, her teachers. The request was refused, because of her apparent weak health. Later she secured her first teaching appointment where she was under the watchful eye of the parish priest, Antonio Serrati, who, knowing her desire for a religious vocation, and her great skill as a teacher, asked her to enter the House of Providence at Codogno which had got into a very bad way through mismanagement, with the hope that Francesca would reform it. While thinking this quite contrary to her dream of a missionary, she nevertheless accepted obediently, and remaining subject to the rule of the superiors there, Francesca secretly developed a holy novitiate within the novitiate. At Francesca's profession, she was immediately placed in charge of the House of Providence, which institution was later dissolved, but from her work there, the beginnings of her own Foundation—THE INSTITUTE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE SACRED HEART—were formed.

Through persevering effort she finally secured the approval of her Rule from the Holy Father, Leo XIII, who commissioned her to carry her work to America for the care and education of immigrants from Italy. Geographically her Institute became established in eight countries, and since her death, a dream, which she cherished all of her life of doing missionary work in China, has been realized by the Institute. Orphanages, schools, hospitals—more than fifty of these during her lifetime—were opened by Mother Cabrini—she personally selecting the site for each—living for a few weeks or months at each one until things would be running smoothly—then going off to look for new locations, where GOD'S WORK COULD BE CARRIED ON IN "TOO SMALL A WORLD." Sometimes when food and funds were desperately short her nuns would be instructed to look more closely, and though thorough search had been made just before, dollars and bread were found in sufficient abundance. These heavenly favors, Mother Cabrini always attributed to the reward of the virtue of obedience on the part of her nuns—the nuns, on their side, formed their own silent opinions of their saintly Mother.

While all her life she founded homes for others, she herself had no home and, for fear of attachment to any earthly possession, her ring and her cross were exchanged with others frequently; even her clothing she exchanged with a little nun who was just her size. Ocean voyages—she crossed the Atlantic twenty times—were her only vacations and these offered her time for meditations and writing letters to her nuns, who finally numbered more than 1,000, each of whom she knew and understood so well. Her love for the United States where so much of her work was accomplished led her to take citizenship here, though love for her native Italy was cherished loyally in her heart. At the age of sixty she dreamed of retirement and began making plans towards this end. The nuns learning of this, agreed amongst themselves that none

would accept Generalship during Mother's lifetime, and thus in their mistaken kindness, they laid the heavy burden on her already frail shoulders for the remainder of her time on earth. She accepted this without complaint, expressing only gratefulness for the trust others had in her.

The final chapter of the book, telling of her last two days on earth is very touching—you will want to read it—and in fact all of this beautiful biography which relates the wonderful work accomplished by one who had **STAUNCH FAITH** and **TRUST IN ALMIGHTY GOD** and in deep **HUMILITY** said towards the end of her life: "I have done nothing. **GOD HAS DONE IT ALL**, and I have merely looked on."

Teresa Houlihan,

Loretto Alumna, Detroit-Windsor Circle.

GLIMPSES AT THE I.B.V.M. IN MANY LANDS

Recently there arrived from Australia a copy of the attractive magazine "Loreto," succeeding to, and incorporating "Eucalyptus Blossoms" (1886-1924).

The following interesting paragraphs, which we are confident "Loreto's" Editor and Staff will be pleased to share with our "Rainbow" readers we are publishing in this issue as most appropriate on the eve of the Centennial year of the Loretto Community in Canada:

"The I.B.V.M. Abroad"

Our news of the Institute during the last few years has been only of the Loreto houses under the government of Rathfarnham, though we have received occasional messages from the I.B.V.M. of the English and German branches. We give a few notes that may be of interest to our pupils and Old Girls:—

ROME—Scanty reports from Convents in Italy show at least that the schools are still doing good work. In Rome there has been particular activity at evening classes in Languages for adults. News of the safety of the nuns during the War reached England on the Vatican Radio.

HUNGARY—We have no recent news from the Convent in Budapest, but just as this magazine is going to press we are reminded of a happy three months' sojourn spent by a former Mary Mount girl with the nuns in Budapest a few years ago during the

Eucharistic Congress. She never ended talking of that visit. The reminder has come to us along with the news of her death in Sydney a few days ago. Her name was May McNevin. (R.I.P.)

BAVARIA—During the Nazi domination the convents fared badly. The nuns had to resume their secular dress and go into secular employments, as teachers, cooks, laundresses—wherever they could keep themselves in decent circumstances. We shall never know what their holy presence did for the people among whom they worked with patience and devotion, but we may be sure that they kept the Faith alive in many a household. Perhaps the political upheaval in Germany was foreseen by the Mother General there. In any case, it was a work of foresight for her to send out foundations in 1934 to Brazil and Chili and India. A foundation was also made at Barcelona.

ENGLAND—From York there came the sad news during the war that five of their young nuns had been killed in an air raid. They lost their lives in an act of charity, carrying to safety some elderly and delicate members of the Community. Several promising members entered the Novitiate shortly after the loss of the heroic young nuns. We rejoice in this testimony of God's blessing on their sacrifice.

AMERICA—The interesting copies of the Loretto Magazine, "The Rainbow," keep us in touch with the life of the Institute in Can-

ada and the United States. In 1947 their twelve (twenty, including Catechetical-Social Centres) flourishing Houses will celebrate the Centenary of the first Loretto foundation, from Rathfarnham. In our next year's magazine we hope to have an article on Loretto activities in America. We now feel so closely bound to their country by ties of gratitude that further information about their work will be read by our Australian pupils and friends with much interest.

IRELAND—Mother General at Rathfarnham has had an anxious six years, particularly on the score of the missions in INDIA, SOUTH AMERICA and KENYA, which depend almost wholly on Rathfarnham for their supply of nuns. Travelling to and fro has been, of course, too dangerous during these years. But word from all the mission houses shows that good work is being done among the natives. In India there are six missions wholly for natives: Calcutta, Entally, Morapai, Darjeeling, Asansol, Lucknow. These include orphanages, Native schools, crèches, hospitals, a home for widows. The following letter is from India to Mother General. It tells of the famine in Bengal last year:

"Bengal has been through a terrible time. but we in the 24 pagannus have been more fortunate than those in other districts. We are blessed with an exceptionally good District Magistrate, who saw well to the interests of the people. It was arranged that the women and girls should come to our compound for the food cooked at the free kitchen by the Priests' cooks. Each day at noon about three hundred people assembled at our gate each holding a plate, or a plantain leaf which served instead. All waited till a bell was rung by one of the School Sodality girls, who assembled the women, got them into some kind of order, and marshalled them to the school verandah. Here all sat down in rows like school children while the Sodality girls served them. . . . Hindoos as well as Christians came to get some food. Many forgot all about caste, and were quite ready to eat food cooked by Christians. Some who came were mere skin and bones. Those whom we knew to be very poor and destitute were allowed as a special favour to scrape the vessels in which the food had to be sent. It was wonderful to see the amount they managed to get out of them . . ."

At Glencowie in the Transvaal, South Africa, there is a mission station with a school and hospital. It is grand to think of Loreto nuns doing this work in the mission fields. Up in

Kenya, at Limura, there is a Native Mission consisting of a hospital, a primary school for natives, and an elementary school for training native teachers. We can not refrain from including in this sketch a letter from one of the native teachers in training. It is to Mother General in Rathfarnham.

Loreto Convent,
Catholic Missions,
Limura.

Dear Mother General:

This time I am very glad to write this letter to you. Please, Mother, I think you will be pleased to see our letter because we never wrote to you before, and these are our first letters. Now I want to tell you that we are praying every day, before we go to bed, for you. We want to help your heart because you are our Mother. Please, Mother, pray for us too so that when we die we may meet you in Heaven. I hope I will pass the examination. I will try to learn to teach small children because it is pleasing to God to help the souls of other children.

Please, Mother, let me stop here, because I know there are many mistakes, but don't mind any of it, because I do not know English well. Please, Mother, give my love to all the Mothers and Sisters.

I am your grateful child,

Teresa M. Kaboya.

Besides the above mentioned Native Missions, Loreto has also several flourishing schools in India and Africa for the children of Europeans. In India, European girls, Anglo-Indian, and Indian girls of education attend our secondary schools. In future issues we hope to tell you about them, and their interesting school magazine, "Palm Leaves."

And now let us end up with our swift tour of the I.B.V.M. by a glance at our houses in SPAIN. With the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, the nuns were all recalled to Rathfarnham, but they are now back again in Spain doing good work. At the convent in Madrid the Papal Nuncio opened the new church in 1944. A few months ago we heard of their new vacation house near Bilbao, where a new Free Kindergarten has been established. The convents at Madrid, Seville, and Zalla all contribute to its upkeep, besides providing the staff. Down south, at GIBRALTAR the nuns were evacuated with the rest of the civilians during the war, but not before one of our nuns was killed in an air raid on one of the con-

vents. We have heard lately of the return of Loreto to Gibraltar, but only to the house at Europa. We hope to have some letters from Spain for next year's Loreto Magazine.

We would like to think that this issue of our magazine will find its way to some of our far-flung Loretos, telling of our interest in them, and giving them our affectionate good wishes.

M.

To the magazine, "Loreto," in which these informing I.B.V.M. paragraphs appeared, the following Australia Loreto houses had contributed lovely pictures of convents and grounds; school groups; and literary work:

Loreto Abbey, Mount Ballarat; Loreto Convent, Dawson St., Ballarat; Loreto Convent, Portland, Victoria; Loreto Convent, Normanhurst, N.S.W.; Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, N.S.W.; Loreto Convent, Osborne, W.A.; Loreto Convent, Marryatville, S.A.; Loreto Convent, Toorak, Victoria; Loreto Convent, Brisbane; Loreto Convent, Cavendish Road; Loreto Convent, Nedlands, W.A.

THANKSGIVING NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

At last the great night arrived. We motored down to Maple Leaf Gardens to see Bob Morton's famous circus. Scores of men, women and children filled the entrance, making their way through the crowds to find their seats. The bright lights faded.

Blue lights shone. A pair of acrobats gave the first performance. Lions, tigers and their performer, who put them through their acts, came as the next big event; then six girls climbed up poles and performed. Three fiery sticks were next hurled in the air by a juggler, who always caught them without getting burned.

The main act of the night was that of the girl who piloted an aeroplane while her partner stood on a ladder and made the plane do stunts. She climbed out of the aeroplane and did some daring acts. An airforce man stood on a chair across a tight rope. Next a performer sprang from a ladder high up in the air down into a five-foot tank of water, with kerosene in it. A girl, shot from a cannon, came flying through the air across the arena. This brought the circus to a thrilling climax.

Mary Kavanaugh, IX,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

SIR GALAHAD OF ELFLAND

An Elf slid down a sunbeam,
On a bright September morn,
He came to paint the flowers and trees,
He came to paint the lawn,
Flowers he tinted red and gold,
The leaves he coloured green,
A splash of blue, a violet hue,
To please the Fairy Queen.
A deeper colour for the buds;
His work was not yet o'er,
When in the West, the sun had set,
And home he turned once more.
He travelled on a moonbeam light
Up to the Palace gate,
And came before the Fairy Queen,
His sojourning to relate.
He knelt before her humbly there.
That eve he ne'er forgot,
For by his deeds the court declared
That Knighthood be his lot!

Valerie Johnston, 13 years.
Loreto Convent, Nedlands, W.A..
In "Loreto" Magazine, Australia

SILVERY NIGHT

When the sun goes down in the glory of red,
And the moon ascends from its silvery bed,
And the stars shine out as the lanterns on high
That are lit by the Angels to brighten the sky—

The little den fairies,
With garments of white,
Come with their dew-cans
To Silver the night.

When the daffodils dance on the banks of the rills
And wave to their sisters who dance on the hills,
When the silvery moon smiling down on them all,
To sparkle the water, some moon-dust let fall—

The little den fairies
With garments of white,
Come with their dew cans
To Silver the night.

Joan Hassett, 15 years.
Loreto Convent, Nedlands, W.A..
In "Loreto," Australia, Magazine.

LIFE

Then let me pledge fidelity all days
Until the shadows lengthen toward the East
And all the West's festooned for golden
feast,

While I pass lightly through the sunset rays,
As whirling planets play strange litanies

To earth's mortality, and usher in

My soul impassible, so free from sin—
To immortality, where no one sees

Save through the eyes of God, the Beautiful.

For He, the Changeless One, has promised it
'Midst joys transcending all our mundane
laughter

A blissful life in Heaven's great hereafter
Amid His wonderful creations massing—

Through the vast cycles of the ages passing
Lucile B.

Sketches

WESTERN VISTAS

Having heartily enjoyed this graphic personal letter, from a devoted Loretto Alumna in Los Angeles, the Editor is presuming on the gracious permission of the writer to allow the appearance of part of it in our "Rainbow" pages.

Perusing the current issue of the Rainbow has brought me such happy and vivid memories of Loretto that I really must indulge in a prompt communication. Your delightful magazine is always most welcome. It is very interesting and worthwhile "in se," but I enjoy it especially for the memories it evokes, and for its keeping me in touch with the Loretto of today.

We have just returned from a long trip which included a visit to the western edge of my native land. Some day I hope to revisit the familiar and loved scenes of the eastern part. Although we have journeyed north many times, we are always glad to do a retake of this part of our country, so this year, as a convention in Seattle was to be attended, we decided to make this the nucleus of our vacation trip.

The highway, "El Camino Real," the one first staked out by the heroic founding Franciscans, took us through San Francisco, but we had no time to linger there. To reach the Golden Gate Bridge we drove along Van Ness Avenue. This is the street where the great fire that followed the terrible earthquake of 1906 was stopped, so the buildings on one side of the street are much newer than those on the other side. We assisted at Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral and as we ascended the many steps leading to its entrance, I learned that it was on these steps the people had knelt and prayed that the fire would not reach the church. It was actually checked a block away. The Golden Gate Bridge with its tall towers playing hide and seek in the mist always fascinates me. No wonder that Cabrillo and so many of the early explorers failed to find the entrance to the wonderful harbor at San Francisco, so aptly called the Golden Gate—it seems to want to hide the place and wears its eerie mantle of fog practically all the time. San Francisco is coming to be called the City of Bridges—and no wonder, with its two architectural marvels.

After travelling for a few hours we found

ourselves on the famous Redwood highway, about which I have previously written to you. It is wondrous and awe inspiring as ever, and one can never forget the many magnificent groves of giant trees through which this road leads. When the sun filters through them, it seems as though we must be near to the Garden of Eden. The coastline of Northern California, and Oregon too, is a breath-taking sight practically every mile of the way. One is ever "enthusing" about the lavishness of Mother Nature in pouring out so much beauty here. In Oregon we visited a small myrtlewood factory, where skilled craftsmen were turning out beautiful products made from this unusual wood.

Five days of driving through colorful country brought us to Seattle, where we remained for a few days. During our sojourn there I became very enthusiastic about the city, so enchantingly located on Puget Sound. We visited the University of Washington and were impressed by the setting and the many beautiful buildings, especially the magnificent Gothic library which seems a block long. The campus, too, is the most beautiful imaginable, with its infinite variety of tree and plant life. How I sighed for my lost youth, and longed to be a student all over again! This campus, however, is so extensive it would require quite an agile person to travel from building to building for classes. In Seattle we motored across Lake Washington on the only pontoon bridge in the world. This connects with one of the super highways to Spokane. And now "to be, or not to be?"—as far as our going to Victoria was concerned. We were determined not to leave our tired and trusty steed, Studebaker, behind, but the C.P.R. was carrying no cars, and the other line only a very limited number. It was a question of "first come, first served." So great was our desire to revisit this isle of enchantment that we came very early, and succeeded in securing trip space on the one and only boat of the day. Indeed, Lady Luck was with us on our entire trip, though I am certain it was another dear Lady, to whom we sent up a few "Aves" each morning before starting out.

As Victoria with its familiar landmarks came into view, most of the passengers gathered on the forward deck and with one accord broke into song. It was one of those

wonderfully spontaneous moments when everyone catches the spirit, and all the world seems in tune. Somehow this unison moved me very much and as the strains of "America the Beautiful" rang out, it wasn't the mist of the morning that dimmed my eyes. On our arrival in Victoria—that city that is a bit of old England—our first greeting was from a Customs official who, with a very British accent remarked, "There's lots of 'umanity movin' about this morning." We immediately felt we were in another world, and the feeling was confirmed when we saw the horse-drawn tally-hos lined up, all ready to show Victoria to the visitors. It was good to return to this dear spot. There stood the good Queen in the park before the Parliament building extending her hand in greeting. Just across the street is that most magnificent of hotels, The Empress, which we visited later. Reservations, *on dit*, must be made two years ahead at this lovely place, with its charming conservatory and spacious gardens, not to mention the stately grandeur of the building itself.

Before we went out to Craigflower, where we were staying, we visited the lovely Victoria church, which was most beautifully and artistically decorated. We sensed some very special event and later learned that they were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the diocese of Victoria. They were expecting Cardinal McGuigan from your city to participate in the event. While in Victoria he would be the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor at Government House.

We found Craigflower the same well appointed, restful spot we had remembered it to be. The rooms open on to a verandah which overlooks an enchanting lagoon whose placid surface is ever inviting one to go boating. In Victoria and elsewhere we found several

changes occasioned by the war. Many old familiar haunts had closed, being unable to carry on in the lean years. To get a boat that would carry us and Old Faithful (now rapidly filling with Canadian purchases) to Vancouver, we had to rise betimes and drive up the peninsula to Sydney—precedence, again, being given to the first arrivals.

The early morning trip was most rewarding, as was also the delightful sail that followed it—after about two hours of waiting in line, during which time we saw the freshly caught salmon brought in. We were fortunate in finding lodging for a night in a comfortable spot in Vancouver, where we received the utmost courtesy on every hand. Many times during our stay in Canada I was exceedingly proud of my Canadian ancestry. Indeed we were loath to leave Vancouver, with its charm and its hospitality. As we passed the Peace Arch, how I wished that the whole world had some such symbol before it—that meant as much as this one does, standing at the meeting of our borders!

We spent our last night *en route* home in Santa Rosa, the home of Luther Burbank. It was twilight as we entered his garden, and we were the only visitors just then. Surrounded by his handiwork, we sat down under a beautiful Chinese elm tree to ponder a little on the genius of the man whose home this had been. In fancy we could see him working about his greenhouse, or adding an apricot limb to the plumbtree before us, which now bears four kinds of fruit; or giving his attention to the production of the spineless cactus over which we had just marvelled. Here was a man who had lived close to nature and who had been a benefactor to the race. . . .

Edna Duffey Hasencamp.

HOME COMING

How strange! Thus after twenty years
To find the spot you left, with fears

So vague, and hopes so vast, is still

The same low cottage on the hill,

Set in a little, sleepy street

Where, long ago, your eager feet

Rebellious, traveled to and fro

Till time would free you—let you go

In answer to the city's call,

The city, that had promised all!

Swift change on change has made your life

A thing of peace, a thing of strife,

A checkerboard of joy and pain,

Of sickening loss and grateful gain.

In many lands your lot was cast;

And, now that twenty years are past,

Most strange of all to see once more

The same slant shadow on the door;

To pass, while Time, the jester, mocks,

The same long rows of hollyhocks!

—Aline Michaelis.

MARYHOLME

Historical Sketch

Loretto's terrestrial paradise is on the northern shore of Cook Bay, the southern elongation of Lake Simcoe.

Our summer home is next neighbour to Huronia, the first white man's settlement in Ontario, where our glorious Jesuit martyrs and many other brave sons of St. Ignatius lived and died.

The Red men there were driven out by fiercer tribes, and when their heritage was taken by the newcomers from Europe, great tracts of land were reserved for the "displaced persons." Our newly acquired property was part of an Indian Reservation. Snake Island in Lake Simcoe is the last stronghold of the Chippewa tribe. Old Chief Esquibé has interesting traditions with which to regale the curious who visit the island. He tells how the "seat of government" was almost moved north on the trail that later became Yonge St., and hidden in the forest on the lookout from the highest point on the present Cook Bay, when the war of 1812-14 made the Great Lakes' Region so dangerous. He tells of the recruiting and drilling of Indians and scattered settlers during the North West Rebellion and the Rebellion of '37 and '38.

There is interesting local history of this estate, now Maryholme. It relates that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, leased it to Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Sir James, who lived in the village of Lefroy across the Bay, had his house hauled about forty miles around the Indian trail that circled the Bay, and set down in the newly acquired estate, just where our beautiful summer house tops the sloping hill and commands its glorious view, one of the most beautiful on Lake Simcoe.

Later the old house was moved across the road, and is now part of Mr. Richardson's home.

Through this summer's business transaction, Mr. Richardson has proved himself a valued new friend of the Community. A new and more commodious house was built on the site of the old one. As was the custom of the pioneers, a "house-warming" preceded the moving in. Gaily the élite of the country danced and frolicked. But the warming was disastrous. A smouldering charred log left within the grate blazed up and broke into sparks that set fire to the new house, burning it to the ground.

A third house, which still stands, was built on the site, and occupied by Sir James Edgar until his death. The estate was given free gift to his widow by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In 1912, owing to financial difficulties, Lady Edgar sold it to Mr. George Fensom. Mr. Fensom added the north bedrooms, the spacious gallery and pagodas, and had the grounds terraced and beautified. As he was a civil engineer and practical inventor, he experimented with pump, motor and engine until all his projects and schemes for rural modern conveniences were of the latest and best.

In 1927 the Lodge was built for the overseer, his former house having been moved from the south west corner of the grounds near the lake and highway, to its present location—"the Chauffeur's house." The log cabin by the shore on the hill was then erected by Dick Blackbird and his son, Jim. They are residents of Snake Island, proud sons of the Chippewa tribe. They scoured the woods to find wood of uniform thickness and shape, to build this "gem" cottage. It is a complete and unique product of Indian genius and English thoroughness in beauty and in comfort, built for Mr. Fensom's daughter and her small son. Thirteen years later, after Mr. Fensom's death, the days of social glory and summer revellings were over for The Pines. Family discussions, followed by rumours of sales, grew apace until two years ago Rev. Mother General heard; she went, she saw, and faltered not in her hope of calling it some day "Loretto's Summer Home."

A Reverie

At high noon, July 16th, 1946, The Pines at Roche's Point became Maryholme—Loretto's surprise gift—a portion surely of the promised hundredfold.

We have St. Paul's word for it that it is useless to try "to give expression to the inexpressible;" however, if you were one of the 249 of Loretto Community who have thus far been at Maryholme this summer and early fall, you know something of the indescribable.

After your fifty mile drive, in the new Abbey bus away up Yonge St. and around the bay, brought you to the end of the road, you turned into the shady estate between the giant pines, survivors of "the forest primeval." They stand as sentinels at the gate and along the winding driveway to the beautiful dwelling that crowns the sloping hill.

You joined the merry, joyous throng that surged through the exquisitely artistic rooms,

out onto the wide gallery with its circular pagodas. There such a scene of glorious beauty burst on your view that you were spellbound.

One day Msgr. McGrand called to see this greatly lauded "Maryholme" where the Religious teaching in his school were to spend part of their vacation. After gazing silently at that exquisite "gem," Cook Bay, he exclaimed, "It is unsurpassed! I have travelled in America and Europe. I have made the Mediterranean Cruise—No, not Switzerland, not even Geneva surpasses this view!"

But now, if *you*, also, called one day, perhaps, enchanted by the panorama of lake and forest, gaily coloured flower-beds, and terraced lawns, you remained on that lookout, and explored no further. You would have missed the new pine grove where yearlings and young trees of various shapes and sizes aspire to the height and glory of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that protect the house.

In any case, I hope you did descend the rustic steps, down past the rose arbour, down and down, turn after turn, until the lovely bay lay outspread before you as far as the eye could see, to wooded shore and dim, hilly distances. Then you saw the trees bent over the great boulders piled along the beach, while at times noisy motor-boats and silently sailing skiffs chased away the wild duck as it floated along, or went under—to re-appear in some far-off spot. Did you catch a glimpse of the dainty little sandpiper bobbing along on his slender, pipe-stem legs, and pecking here, and pecking there, with his long, long, tapering bill?

But to appreciate Maryholme fully you must have joined one of the holiday groups privileged to remain for a time. Free with the "freedom of the children of God," you were—from the Morning Sacrifice of the Mass, and Holy Communion—a living tabernacle, and you thanked Him profoundly, viewing with unwonted leisure His lavish gifts of nature.

At evening well-trained voices sang favorite songs, and hymns of praise to Mary of Maryholme and to her Divine Son. When the nights became chilly the pleasant recreation was continued in the drawing room, where logs blazed and crackled in the deep, stone fireplace. Singing, playing, chatting, resting, one felt that the fatigue resulting from the tasks and responsibilities of the school year had gone and that another strenuous year in His dear service would be met with new vigour, after this perfect vacation.

Loretto Community and the individual members are offering thanks to the Great Creator for inspiring the donor of this wonderful gift, and are calling down heaven's rich blessings on Loretto's surpassingly generous benefactor; also on all who have made the dream of a summer vacation home come true and have planned all things perfectly in connection with Maryholme.

Mother M. St. Joseph, I.B.V.M.

UPSTAIRS

The downstairs is a happy place

Where noisy children romp with glee,
Or run to mother with their tales

Of what they'll do, and what they'll be.

There, fathers, smilingly returned

From toilsome work at close of day,
Join, by home's happiness refreshed,

In joyous children's gladsome play.

But upstairs is a quiet place,

Just built for peacefulness and prayer,
For mothers' sweetest kisses, pledged

To shield young lambs from every care.

And it is placed so very high,

That children, innocently wise,
May reach the angels, playing far
Upon the floor of Paradise.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Loretto



College

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL

1945 - 1946

President of Council—Helen McLoughlin
Vice-President of Council—Virginia Robertson.
Sodality President—Marianna Thompson
Dramatics Representative—Joyce Predhomme
Debating Representative—Frances MacDonald
Athletic Representative—Helen Malcolm
Loretto Rainbow Representative—Joyce Predhomme
Torontonensis Representative—Jane Hinds
Social Representative—Marilyn Barry.

Secretarial Department

387 Brunswick Avenue

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Toronto 4, Canada



Miss Joyce Robinson

Secretarial Scholarships

MISS JOYCE ROBINSON, 650 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, graduate of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, has been awarded the "Mother Evangelista Scholarship" for her high standing in Upper School subjects.

Each scholarship entitles the winner to a complete 10-month Secretarial Course in Loretto Secretarial Department.

MISS SHIRLEY MacPHAIL, Capreol, Ontario, has been awarded the Loretto Secretarial Scholarship for her high standing in Upper School subjects.



Miss Shirley MacPhail

Conveners of Sodality Committees

SPIRITUAL—(a) Eucharistic, Miss Marie Thérèse O'Meara, Our Lady of Lourdes' Parish, Toronto.

(b) Our Lady's, Miss Joyce Robinson, St. Peter's Parish, Toronto.

APOSTOLIC—Miss Imelda Irwin, St. Anselm's Parish, Toronto.

CATHOLIC TRUTH—Miss Mary Cancilla, St. Peter's Parish, Toronto.

SOCIAL LIFE—Miss Bernice Gallagher, Holy Name Parish, Toronto

Treasurer—Miss Nora Strachan, St. Lawrence Parish, Mulgrave, Nova Scotia.

Secretary—Miss Marjorie Quinlan, Our Lady of Mercy Parish, Sarnia, Ontario.

ST. LUCIA

The Island of St. Lucia in the British West Indies, although not large, is very beautiful. One of its most picturesque spots is Soufrière, a little village on the coast. Rising steeply out of the sea are two hills—the Gros Piton and the Petit Piton. Further inland are the wonderful sulphur springs—boiling, seething water issuing from the sulphurous rock beneath. Behind them is a wall of rock smoking continually—probably once a volcano.

Leading to Castries, the capital, and away from it, is the lovely bathing beach of Gros Islet. The water is crystal clear, reflecting perfectly the beautiful blue above, and the graceful palms; however, there is a contrast when a storm arises. Great, white-capped waves come thundering in upon the shore, beating their way between the boulders strewn there.

The chief crop in St. Lucia is sugar cane, of which there are many plantations, one of the largest being in the valley of Cul de Sac. Amid the rustle and sway of the sugar canes, the labourers cut the canes down and load them on carts to be taken to the factory to be converted into pure sugar.

The natives of St. Lucia speak a patois—a mixture of African and French. It cannot be written, as when it was originally spoken the natives were illiterate. They now speak and write English.

One of the most delightful hours of the day in St. Lucia comes at twilight. As the sun sinks, the green, towering hills turn purple, and the feathery bamboo trees cast their lengthened shadows on the earth. The sun goes down in a glory of red and gold, leaving vivid red streaks across the sky, and a shimmering trail over the sea. Gradually the vivid colouring fades above, giving place to darkness and the stars. Fireflies glow; lights appear in the cottage windows on the hillsides; and St. Lucia says "Good Night" to the world.

Pamela Devaux,
Loretto-Brunswick, Secretarial Department.

MY DREAM COME TRUE

My first month in high school proved to me that it was everything I had dreamed and hoped it to be. The first morning, meeting and being introduced to the girls was something very exciting to me. It meant more and new friends.

Then there were the desks, which I liked

very much; meeting the teachers, one by one, and finding out that the teachers remembered your sister or your cousin. As the days and weeks flew by, I got accustomed to this kind of school life.

What I like, too, is that all is so nice and clean, you can almost see your reflection in the floors. Teachers and girls are so wonderful. I'm very proud of Loretto Academy and the fact that I go there. I'm proud, too, of our uniforms.

I just hope that the remaining months will be as wonderful as the first month of high school has been.

Rita Dupuis, IX,
Loretto, Guelph.

MY FIRST MONTH IN HIGH SCHOOL

My first month in high school was like a dream come true. The first morning I was introduced to many girls who were very nice and friendly. The desks and seats were quite different from those I had been used to. As the days and weeks flew by I got accustomed to the rules and like them. Although I cannot take part in everything, I enjoy it all just the same. To me the days seem to go too fast and I am really happy when a little bell rings, letting us know it is time for English, French and Home Economics, which are my favourite subjects.

I'm very proud that I go to Loretto Academy and thank God that I may go. I am also very proud of my uniform and I hope that the next part of the year will be as wonderful and exciting as the first month.

Stella Alviano, IX,
Loretto, Guelph.

High School is not what I had anticipated. I had expected a group of senior girls shunning and even making fun of the freshmen. It has turned out very differently. The senior girls are extremely friendly and have done everything to make us welcome and at home.

I like the school, the girls and the teachers. I found it difficult in getting accustomed to different teachers for different subjects and also to having a set time-table. On the whole, High School is fine, and the only disagreeable part is homework.

Evelyn Hannam, IX,
Loretto, Guelph.

PETER

The young composer's head was bowed in despair as he sat fondling the ivory keys before him. How was he to write music when he was empty inside; when there was no well from which to draw the supply of beautiful themes he longed to give to the world? Those years of study, of arduous training in Paris—all wasted now!

"You must break out of this shell which hard work—overwork—has formed about you," said the kindly doctor, after that almost fatal collapse two years ago. "Go out. Have fun. Know people. Don't feel sorry for yourself!" There was something else he had said. What was it, now? Oh, well, what did he care about the rambling remarks of an old doctor, anyway? He would never be able to compose again.

At twenty-five, he, Peter Williams, whom Parisian professors had once called "brilliant," was through. Strange how tuberculosis could ravage the mind as well as the body. If only these moods of depression would go! Peter rose, and stood looking at his haggard reflection in the mirror above the fire-place. Perhaps he *should* take a trip.

Once again came back the doctor's words, "There are others worse off than you, my boy, but they have not drowned themselves in a sea of self-pity."

Peter reached for the 'phone: "Hotel clerk! A taxi for Mr. Williams in a half-hour, please!" For the first time in months, his voice was firm, and there was decision in it.

The train was crowded but Peter had managed to get a seat. Why should he bother about that woman standing in the aisle with a baby in her arms. There were plenty of soldiers who could offer her a seat. He was too tired himself. His thin, nervous fingers ran through his thick, black hair. He closed his eyes, but could not sleep. What was it that confounded doctor had said? The evasiveness of the words made them the more desirable. A blanket of drowsiness covered him—only to be suddenly drawn from him by a gentle voice:

"Would you take this seat, ma'am? You look mighty tired standing there with the young'un in your arms." Peter opened his aching eyes. A tall, well-built corporal was standing in the aisle, where just before had been that slim, young slip of a girl with a bundle of pink folded to her. Humph! About time! A big, strapping fellow like him! And

then—Peter noticed that the soldier leaned on a thick brown cane, and that he had one eye covered with a dull round patch that spoke of hospital wards, and months of convalescing. Well, that was no concern of his! Still, the fellow did look rather ill. Odd how he could joke with his companions.

Peter now, for the first time, turned his attention to the person beside him. He was young—off-hand, one might say twenty-three, or four. His fair hair was accentuated by the deep tan which bronzed his face. His tweed suit had a comfortable look. He was reading, and his face revealed a look of contentment as he gleaned tidbits of happiness from the page. His hands moved quickly back and forth over the braille. The sudden realization brought Peter out of the semi-dream into which he had relaxed while studying his neighbour. This young and apparently happy individual was blind!

"What are you reading?" Peter asked, on a sudden impulse to say something, anything, to relieve the tension.

"Paintings by the Master," came the soft reply—and then the huskier, "You see, I was an artist before the accident—I was hit by a bus—so I figured that if I can not paint any more, I can, at least, read about others' works. I can just see them as if they were here before me. I'm reading now about Michelangelo. There was an artist!" With a wry grin he turned back to his braille.

Peter sat very still. An old proverb cited by the doctor came to mind: "I had no shoes and I complained—until I met a man who had no feet." He began to hum an air from his own concerto; the one he had composed just before his illness. A sailor behind him touched him on the shoulder:

"That's from Peter Williams' Concerto, isn't it? My young sister plays it. She's pretty good, too, in music; tries her Grade X at the Conservatory next month. I wonder what has happened to that Williams? I hope he hasn't given up composing altogether."

"He hasn't," Peter answered smilingly. "He'll write again soon."

A reawakened Peter stood, and offered his seat to the tall, laughing corporal, who somehow seemed to need it more than he. As he stood there in the aisle, a beautiful theme found its beginning in the mind of Peter Williams, composer.

Doreen Hemingway, Class '46,
Loretto—Hamilton.

THE LOCKS

Before the war the public had the opportunity to visit the locks anytime they wished. During the war the gates were closed. This fact proves that the locks are a strategic pass.

Recently they have been opened but one still must be taken around with a guard.

I took the first opportunity and visited the locks. There are four of them, the McArthur, Poe, Davis, and the Sabin. The newest and most up-to-date is the McArthur. The locks are 704 to 1,350 feet long.

The reason the locks are here is that the Lake Superior water level is 22 feet higher than St. Mary's River level, therefore the two bodies of water are connected by rapids and a boat must be artificially raised and lowered.

When the boat enters the locks, the front gates are closed, which leaves the water even with Lake Superior. Then they close the two back gates which lets the water out, and makes it even with St. Mary's River. Next, they open the front gate which enables the boat to go on its way to the lower lakes.

These locks accommodate more tonnage than any locks in the world. It is the most vital point in industry. Sixty ships average every twenty-four hours and approximately 20,000 vessels yearly.

The locks are one of the main attractions for the tourist. The tourist trade is the "business" in the Soo.

June King, XI,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

AUTUMN

The leaves came down without a sound
And fell upon the russet ground;
Then, as they dropped, I noticed, too,
Each color was of radiant hue.

The maple leaves were brilliant red,
And brown the poor ones that were dead.
Yellow were those from the towering oak,
But some were green, in somber cloak.

And suddenly up in a giant birch
I saw a bird fly in, and perch
Upon a twig—and soon I found
A shower of gold leaves on the ground.

I sat in reverent surmise
And viewed the scene before my eyes.
I listened to a far bird call—
Thank God for sights and sounds of fall!

Geraldine Flynn, IX,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY DUCK HUNTING TRIP

We planned a duck hunting trip for over one week-end. We arrived out at Dunbar on Friday, and we could hardly wait for Saturday. During the night the icy waters rolled over the dock, leaving it very slippery.

On Saturday we rose and had breakfast before the sun came up. We had to put a blind on the dock. A blind is a huge canvas covered frame which conceals the shooters.

As we were struggling to construct the blind, my Dad, who was on the outside, slipped into the icy waters, dragging the blind, the gun, and all after him. When he was safe, and into some dry clothes, we put the blind back on the dock.

After waiting for what seemed to be hours, in swooped a flock of ducks. My Dad and I got up to shoot, but just as we were about to pull the trigger, the blind started to slip again. Before we knew it we were both in the icy waters of St. Mary's River. After getting out for the second time, we decided to call it a day. Thus ended a very unsuccessful hunting trip, for all that we caught out of it was colds.

Tommy Hallesy, XI,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY PARISH CHURCH

My parish church, St. Joseph's,
Has beauty at its best;
The Lord and Saviour dear dwells there
All day, all night, our Guest.

My parish church is comfort
For all who come to pray.
It's more than four walls and a roof;
It's beauty, day by day.

Jean Bannon,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

MY PARISH CHURCH

Serenely up the steps I walk
Of my parish church,
With my Blessed Lord to talk;
Faith and grace to search.

Our patron is Mary, fair—
So motherly to me;
To her I trust my daily care,
Thus shall it ever be.

For our dear parish church it is
Our Lady we elect;
Immaculate Conception is
The name that we select.

Rose Butler,
Loretto Academy Stratford.

AUTUMN EVE

Warm sunlight accents the scarlet, gold and mahogany enchantment of laden trees. Soft breezes carry through the air each withered leaf as it gently seeks repose.

From the kitchen arises the spicy fragrance of chili sauce and grape jelly.

Beyond the barnyard the golden waves of grain sway, patiently awaiting the gatherer's scythe.

Over-burdened boughs bend with their russet harvest as if to caress mother earth.

Over the hill is heard the joyous barking of an excited collie as he comes leaping and bounding, leading the cows home, as the sun sinks from the autumn evening.

Mary Ellen Adams,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

MARY AND I

Mary, my Mother, protector and guide,
Watch me, and love me, and stay by my side;
When temptation is great and my spirit is tossed.
Help me to stand till temptation is lost.

Mary, my Mother!

Mary, I need thee, I call upon thee,
Be my protector, my Star of the Sea;
All through the day and through the dark night,
Be thou my symbol, my leading light.

Mary, my Protector!

Mary, it's over, my long life is through,
Take me to Him, to Jesus with you;
At death take my hand and guide me above,
For what is death, but a burning of love?

Mary, my Guide!

Geri Carroll,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE CULINARY ART

Feeling quite accomplished in the art of cooking (my last batch of toll-house cookies had actually been good), I decided one day in an unguarded moment of ambition to surprise the family by fixing dinner. After minutely studying the edibles in the ice-box, consisting mainly of one tomato, three burnt potatoes, a dilapidated stalk of celery, two carrots, and the remains of what had once been mixed vegetables, I decided to make a casserole. If, at the time, I had been asked to define casserole, I would have called it a waterless stew, and so with that limited knowledge, I began the first dish for the evening meal.

Now everyone knows there is always a pie crust in a pie plate, so I rolled up a batch of Duff's "ready-mix" muffins (we were out of the pie crust) and placed it in the pan. After mixing the potatoes and tomato, the carrots, and mixed vegetables (I dropped the celery and decided I'd better not use it), I discovered that I hadn't enough mixture to fill the pan, so I poured a box of raisins and an egg white in the vacant spots.

I must confess the general appearance of my casserole was not very appetizing, but after mixing cinnamon and sugar and sprinkling it on top, the looks were greatly improved. Deciding that it looked complete, I put the pan in the oven, turned on the gas, and sat down to await the outcome.

Unfortunately, at the moment the phone rang, and while I was in the midst of "Centennial Summer" my casserole died a horrible death.

My mother had planned to dine out that night with some friends, so she was not disappointed. The others in our family still think that blackened heap was just another Chemistry Experiment that reacted unexpectedly.

Mary McInerney,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

When little feet grow weary,
And little heads oft nod,
Comes peacefully each eventide
The quiet hour of God.

The little bodies weary
Are bathed with tender care;
Then little hands are joined in prayer,
And angels hover there.

Doris Bailey, XI1A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

From mouth to mouth the strange news spread;
A silence fell as o'er the dead
The students sat as if in fright.
The news? No homework for tonight!!

Barbara Boland, XI-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

L is for loyalty, true blue and white;
O is for order, we practise with might;
R is for righteousness, ever the same;
E is for excellence that leads on to fame;
T is for tardy, which no one should be;
T is for teachers we all love to see.
O is for off-time—a rarity!

Kathleen Friel, XI-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

JUST A BIT O' BLARNEY

Ah, Ireland, truly the land of good times. All the excitement and experience I encountered on my trip are memorable; never to be forgotten. But I'd better begin at the beginning.

It all started four months ago when my aunt and uncle flew to America from their home in Ireland for a visit. I was asked in a jesting manner, the first night they arrived, if I would like to travel back with them. It never dawned on me that my uncle was serious, so I answered in a similar tone, "Sure." But two weeks later when he assured me of his feelings, I began to plan ahead with joyful expectation. The first problem was securing a passport and visa. After worrying, wondering and praying for three eternal weeks, the passport finally arrived. It came on a Saturday, the visa on Monday, and on Tuesday I was flying to New York to meet my aunt and uncle again.

Because of the difficulty in securing plane reservations, we were stalled in New York nine days, every minute expecting a phone call from Pan American Airways informing us to leave for LaGuardia Airport. Finally, on July 2 the welcome call came, but due to bad weather, we did not take off until the following day. Only one stop was made, that being at Gander, Newfoundland, allowing only enough time for refueling before we were again on our way, this time for the long hop over the Atlantic. Eight hours from Gander, Rineanna Airport was sighted and in a few minutes we were on the ground once more. The entire trip, three thousand miles, took only twelve hours.

I was searched by the Customs officials and "passed" by the Department of Immigration before meeting my fifteen-year-old cousin, Deirdre.

The same afternoon we set out from Limerick and "Kylemore" for Kilkee, a seaside resort on the Atlantic. If you meet someone from Ireland, ask him if he has ever been to Kilkee.—You'll hear a series of "oooh's" and "aaah's" mingled with tales of delightful memories and good times had there.

One thing that Kilkee possesses which ranks it above other resorts, is its natural beauty. The deep blue of the sea offers a striking contrast to the greenest green of Chimney Bay and George's Head, the famous landmark resembling the head of King George of England. There are four places available

and safe for swimming in the briny sea, with stretches of sand and rocks, as you choose, for sun-bathing. The ball-room of a new hotel provided many of my good times with its nightly dances. Here I learned to waltz.

If the group of lads and girls decided dancing was not the thing for the evening, we either went to the "cinema" or "pictures" or played a few games of ping-pong, always ending up with one of the group at the piano and all joining in a sing-song, full of fun, laughter, and good times. All were invited to swell the singing and add to the good fun of the party. A night was not considered complete until we ordered a plate of chips at the famous Chip Shop, chips proving to be American French fried potatoes. Many laughs were had at my expense because of my "Yankee twang" and forms of expression, such as "candy" for "sweets"; "sweaters" for "jumpers"; "dresses" for "frocks"; and "bobby-pins," which they could never fathom, for "hair slides or clips."

I was reluctant to leave Kilkee on July 30, after a month of unforgettable times. The next thing to see was the Galway Horse Races held in the City of Galway. These feature steeplechases, hurdles, and flat races, and are considered the most fashionable of the Race Meetings as they occur only two days each year. The fashions proved to be a bit conservative and not as smart as ours. Materials are below normal due to the war, and all clothing is rationed.

Back in Limerick after the brief stay in Galway, Deirdre and I spent the month of August visiting relations of my mom and dad. We toured the city on these visits but also found time to see the crowd from Kilkee and have more good times. During the month, we also traveled to Thurles in Tipperary, Dublin and Kilkee on week-ends.

The end of August finally rolled around and my ten-day visit to Dublin drew near. It took six and one-half hours to travel to Dublin from Limerick by train, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Arriving at the station I was loaded down with a suitcase, a large parcel for my aunt, weighing easily fifteen pounds, two boxes of candy, two books, a movie camera, a raincoat over my arm and my purse under it, besides having a huge greyhound dog to look after. I was expecting to be met with a car since news of the greyhound was to have traveled before me, but on disembarking from the train, I found only my two cousins, Nuala and Aileen, neither

one knowing a thing about the dog. The last bus for home was leaving in ten minutes, home being four miles from the station and a dog not allowed on the bus. The only thing left for us to do was to laugh at ourselves and our plight. We finally controlled ourselves long enough to phone home for a car and after numerous other complications, got two, one for us and one for the dog.

While in Dublin we drove to many of the outlying towns, passed the Motherhouse of the Loretto Nuns in Rathfarnham and also visited the Loretto College in Dublin. Besides driving in, through, and around Dublin, we found time to go to the movies, do some shopping and go dancing.

I expected to leave Dublin for Limerick on September 10, as I had reservations on the plane leaving the twelfth, but as usual on contacting Rineanna I learned I would not be able to get away for a week or ten days. Then two days later I was rushed down from Dublin and given three hours' notice by the Airways to leave. I packed, said hurried good-byes to all and raced to the airport, boarded the plane and was off.

We flew all night and made the usual stop at Gander for breakfast and continued on to New York. After a three-hour wait there I finally received a reservation on a plane to Chicago. I wired home and was met by a delegation of the family and friends at the airport.

Thus my trip to Ireland, one that I had always hoped for, was over much too fast. All the wonderful times I had there were now only memories to be taken out occasionally, to be recalled and related to some listening ear.

Clare A. Quinlan,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

COMPENSATION

The time of year I dislike most is fall cleaning week—that is, next to spring house-cleaning days. Be it ever so humble there's no place like home during this ordeal! It is the time when everything just isn't where you left it. One day life is calm and orderly, and the next—well, things just seem to slip from one room to another. As soon as one turns her back things disappear. The Chesterfield leaves to take up its abode in the kitchen; the rugs wander out for a little fresh air and the curtains go off to take a beauty bath. Some

pieces of furniture seem to be tripping one on purpose, and Junior has to find out in the hard way that paint does not taste as nice as it looks; however, when all is said and done, I really get a thrill on seeing the house shining like a brand new penny. There is a secret satisfaction besides in knowing that it will be six months until spring house-cleaning time rolls around to disturb my feelings again.

Jacqueline Judge, XI-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

OSCAR

He is a perfect villain. He will eat everything he can find, and delights in running into people. Here he comes! Yes, Oscar is our pet goat, acquired when very young, and quite spoiled by us.

One night, after dark, he got loose just as Uncle Jo came up from the driveway where he had parked the car. Suddenly we heard a shout and on going out to see what was wrong, found Uncle Jo seated on the ground, wondering if he might safely get up, and Oscar standing on guard. Ever since when Uncle comes to visit he brings a flashlight, and takes a good lookout before leaving the shelter of his car. Then he runs all the way up to the house and feels safe only when seated within. He would be happy to hear that the goat was banished, but Oscar remains despite his mischievous ways; life around our house would be very dull without this lively pet.

Lois Kidd, X,
Loretto, Brunswick.

DAY ENDS

The sun sets in the gorgeous west,
And sheds its length'ning rays,
While o'er the mountain far away
There spreads a golden haze.

The night is coming nearer us
And day will soon be gone;
We see the silver dewdrops
That glisten on the lawn.

Now night is fast advancing,
But the moon is rising high.
It now pursues its silv'ry path
Across the darkened sky.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, IX-C
Loretto College School

JOE THE MILKMAN

The sad news spread. It stunned the minds of those who knew him, and made even those who did not, feel a twinge of regret. "It is utterly impossible," said some, "unbelievable," exclaimed others, but nevertheless, try as they might to think otherwise, they knew it was really true. Yes, happy-go-lucky Joe Timmins, the milkman, was dead!

I'll never forget the first time I saw Joe. He was new on the route, and somewhat hesitant as to which house to deliver what, so, to refresh his memory, he had a little black book with him. He was a comical-looking fellow, big and blustering with bright red hair showing around his cap. It looked ridiculous—a big, capable-looking person like him depending on this tiny book, while the women in the block were all out on their doorsteps, waiting impatiently for the milk. But, as Joe went up each walk with his greetings, and giving the women that easy smile of his, their ruffled tempers vanished.

That was sixteen years ago, and during this time Joe and the people on his route shared many happy and some sad times together. The dogs always barked and sprang playfully on Joe with joyous yelps. The children rushed to him, for he was never too busy to play a minute with them. Mrs. Mulligan, the invalid, beamed when Joe was near, and Mr. Peake, the blind man, was always sure of someone to listen to his fancies.

Yes, Joe was the kind to whom all turned for relief from sorrow, or with whom to share their happiness. You could depend on Joe, not that he was on time; in fact, he was always late bringing the milk, but that was overlooked because he was Joe.

They still recalled the day he was later than usual and the reason was there was a new addition to the Timmins' household. Yes, the folks on his route rejoiced with Joe that day, instead of blaming his delay. There was the day, too, on which he received no answer from the Anderson home, and thinking something wrong, broke in, just in time to save the lives of the whole family from being asphyxiated.

Joe was always helping someone. The day he ran in front of an oncoming truck to grab Mary Lou Skinner, is one never to be forgotten. "Good old Joe" was his only reward from the grateful father, but to Joe that was a million dollars.

He was taken for granted, but now that there

is no Joe, we realize how much he had meant to us.

Two days before Christmas, Joe was cautiously walking his horses down the steep, slippery hill when he lost his balance and the frightened horses caused his death.

The small chapel was filled. The familiar face of Joe, so loved by all, was still, no longer able to smile that easy smile. Yes, it was like a dream; but the memory of big Joe Timmins is one never to be effaced from the minds of the people who knew him and appreciated his sympathy.

Shirley Wells, IX-C,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

AN ENJOYABLE THANKSGIVING

As we came out of church the sun was shining on the crimson and golden leaves along the path. What a day for a hike! Now, to hurry home for breakfast, then meet the rest of the group. Mother insisted that I hurry off, rather than do my usual share of housework.

At last, the bus drew to a stop. We all got out, holding tightly to the campfire equipment and food which our club had brought along. This consisted of pots and pans, popping corn, buns and weiners. We also had a basket of snow apples. It was two miles and a half yet to the campfire site, where a small outfit was set up for us to pop our corn and heat the weiners and buns. Our president suggested that we collect some leaves of different colours, and this passed the time as we hiked along. When we reached the appointed spot we prepared the food. After the weiners were eaten, the apples were passed around, then Jean put the popping corn in the popper, and, as we sang, we took turns shaking the corn over the fire. Each girl had brought a dozen marshmallows; these we put on thin sticks and roasted. As we sat around, we each took turns telling what we should like to do when we graduated from Loretto College School. Suddenly someone exclaimed, "Four o'clock!"—and it seemed we had only just arrived. O well, it had always been hard to leave things we liked very much. So, picking up our much depleted stock, we started on our two and a half hour tramp back to the bus stop, singing along the way and watching the nimble squirrels storing away their supplies for a long winter ahead. This lovely Thanksgiving day closed with evening festivities at home.

Teresa Mazza, IX-B,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

MY THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY

What is so rare as a day in June? Why, a day in Autumn, of course, and particularly Thanksgiving. In spite of the stuffed golden brown chicken with all the trimmings, Thanksgiving would not have the same significance for me unless I spent some part of it out of doors. Being fortunate enough to live near High Park, some friends and I decided to spend the afternoon there.

But alas! as I slipped on my coat I glanced outside and saw to my dismay that it was raining. It was only a slight drizzle, however, and after all, a little rain never hurt anyone. The four of us met in front of Mary's house. There were really five, that, is if you counted Margaret's "kid" sister, who, like all "kid sisters," always turned up where something was afoot. We tramped through the park for half an hour till we reached the duck-pond. A rather dreary group we presented as we stood there with nothing gained but five pairs of very cold feet. Even the ducks looked discouraged.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "where do we go from here?"

My spirits proved as damp as my feet. "How about coming to my house for a game of monopoly?" I suggested. "Mom won't mind," I added confidently.

I looked around at four disinterested faces. Several other suggestions were made but always someone disagreed. The odds were four to one and it was decided to take a direction, favourable to all but me.

There was a change for the better in the weather and we started off in excellent spirits by racing each other up a steep hill. Indeed we acted more like Margaret's "kid" sister than a dignified group of "First Formers." But what did we care? There was no one to see us anyway. We proceeded along winding paths which excited our curiosity as we rounded each turn. The autumn air was invigorating and we felt sure of working up enormous appetites.

All the while Mary and I had been exclaiming over the beauties of nature. We had gathered one or two specimens for our science class while Margaret and Elizabeth looked on quite bored, making an occasional sarcastic and discouraging remark. However, Mary and I decided we would convert them yet.

Knowing of a particularly irresistible path, I suggested that we follow it home. Surprisingly, everyone agreed. We were progressing pleasantly till someone conceived the brilliant idea of climbing an exceptionally steep hill. Gasp-

ing and panting we arrived on top of the hill and sank, exhausted, on the grass. Margaret's little sister expressed everyone's feelings by murmuring something about sore feet and aching limbs. We soon recuperated and made our way back down to the path. Suddenly, Elizabeth stood, startled. Her usually calm manner was somewhat ruffled, as shown by the way her eyes bulged out as she gaped at a gruesome, whirling object that clung to her coat sleeve.

"Take it off! Take it off!" she shrieked.

It was evident she was addressing me, for the rest had fled down the path.

"Oh, isn't it sweet!" I exclaimed, but the words must have sounded sarcastic to the shaking Elizabeth, as I plucked a small, defenceless bottle-fly from her coat sleeve. "Just the thing for the science class," I said, but no one heard me. They had rounded a corner of the path and were well out of sight.

By the time we neared the edge of the park, Elizabeth and Margaret began to show considerable interest in the curiosities of nature. We emerged from the park looking like a group of street urchins. Our faces were smudged, our hair dishevelled. Our pockets bulged with bouquets of leaves and strips of birch bark. We could already smell the aroma of roast chicken and so, tired but happy, we hastened to our respective homes.

Sylvia Hamstead, IX-B,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

STATE AND MADISON

Many a time I had heard of it, but I was still skeptical. People were surely exaggerating when they said: "*There is one place where bells are always ringing and clanging, cars tooting, and men, women, and children rushing and pushing in every direction.*" Furthermore, they told me that if by chance you got into that crowd, you just followed the crowd—or else! But why follow the crowd, I thought, when at last I stood on the famous corner in Chicago, so I took the "or else."

I then realized that I was indeed in the midst of ringing bells, tooting horns, opposing masses. I made a good Act of Contrition and was finally across the street, thanking God that there is only one State and Madison and convinced that there are times when it is best to follow the crowd.

Mary Audary, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MAKE BELIEVE

Sharry Lou marched down the avenue with head high, and a happy smile. Just the brightness and beauty of a day like this gave one a feeling of importance. Winter was coming soon, and everywhere Mother Nature was doing her fall house-cleaning. Mr. Wind assisted her in this arduous task, for he playfully blew the few remaining leaves from the half-bare branches. He had to do it subtly, however, for if the leaves suspected his motive they would not be so co-operative. Did he cunningly lure them off by promises of a merry game of tag? How could they resist, when it gave them the opportunity of displaying their bright new clothes? For, of course, every leaf had a new and brilliantly coloured fall outfit. How carefree they looked as they flitted about topsy turvily!

Sharry Lou, being of a poetic turn of mind, wove gay, romantic lines about these dancing leaves. The brightly coloured leaves were gaily attired damsels, and the plainer ones were their chivalrous knights, gallantly escorting them home from the baron's hall. Her smile deepened until she was chuckling to herself over her childish game of make believe. Suddenly, however, a gust of wind seemed to envelop her with sadness. Where were those leaves going, the gay and the plain alike? To death in a spectacular bonfire on the avenue.

What did St. Teresa say?—"All things are passing; God only is changeless."

Molly Mulligan, XII,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

HOW EXPLAIN?

Never before had such fear possessed me as on that night when I sat all alone in the dark corner, behind the back curtain of the brightly lighted stage. I shivered and shook and did my best to overcome the rising flood of stage fright which suddenly seemed to overwhelm me. Would I forget my lines? Would I make some foolish mistake that would cause a burst of laughter from the audience? No—I couldn't do that! I had been praised for my poise and self-possession different times. "Just be yourself, and everything will go according to plan." These were the thoughts I tried to make myself believe, till suddenly that long-dreaded moment had come, as the sound of applause reached me from the auditorium. That hearty hand-clapping meant the end of the first Act.

With the curtains drawn and the players com-

ing back stage, I hastily said a prayer to St. Jude, and walked from behind the curtain to the centre of the stage. Many times at rehearsals, I had done the same thing without fear or hesitation, but now it seemed as if that white guide line on the floor would never appear. At last I reached it, and summing up all the courage I possessed, I opened my mouth to announce my well-memorized speech:

"The Second Act will follow immediately." I then bowed and took my place behind the scenes—thankful that I had not broken down, and quite free from fear.

Viola Doherty, XI-A,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

A LESSON

As I had a great deal of spare time during my summer vacation, and as I was not going out of town, I turned over in my mind the idea of a "job." The subject was discussed with my parents and both approved, but they advised my taking on only part-time work and leaving the balance of my time for holidays. The more I thought of it, the more it appealed to me. Next, what kind of job? My father made up my mind for me by saying, "Tom Mitchell needs girls for part-time work in his store, and he has been asking some of us if we knew of anyone he could get." Mr. Mitchell was the manager of the Kresge store in our neighbourhood. I knew him, but felt afraid to ask him for the job. And then I began to wonder about my ability to do the work. I had seen the girls on duty in the store, and I knew there were times when they were very busy. How could anyone as slow as I would be hope to keep up with the others? What would happen if I carelessly made a mistake in giving out change? If I overcharged, or undercharged in selling an article? Well, notwithstanding all my doubts, I applied and was accepted. The first problem was, "What shall I wear?" My mother settled the matter promptly: "Ordinary clothes will do, but be sure you have comfortable shoes."

Well, off I went next morning to report for work. I was given in charge to a young lady who seemed to know that I was nervous. She explained that an inexperienced newcomer was not expected to know and do as much as the experienced ones. This gave me real comfort; in fact, I forgot my fears when she placed me with one of the regulars, who gave me some brief instructions and set me to work. With the fears gone it was easy to observe the methods and practice of the others, and I soon found myself

doing things as they did, with the result that I liked working in the store. There were, of course, moments when I got somewhat worried, as to whether or not I was getting on all right; however, as time went on, I became accustomed to managing the work, and was able to take my place as one of the regulars.

This experience has been a lesson to me. I know now that it is useless to become worried with misgivings about an undertaking before you have even made an attempt to try it out.

Patricia Dignan, XI-A,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

My summer holidays were delightful until July 6th, the day I ended up in the hospital with a broken leg. I was there for a week and really had very much fun. When I came home, I sat out in the sun. Next I was up on my crutches. If I had not had them, I never would have had the fun I actually had.

I would go out at nine or ten in the morning and come in at eight or nine at night. But, of course, you must realize I did not go anywhere farther than my verandah.

Then came the day when I went up to the playground. It would seem impossible but I used to play volley ball and go on the swings and the teeter.

Then came August and the day I was to return to the hospital. I was in high spirits thinking I was going to have my cast taken off, but I was disappointed when the doctor said, "Keep it on for three weeks more." I went home, and there forgot everything of the past few hours.

At last the day came and I went back to the hospital. My cast was taken off this time.

Now I walk as though nothing had ever happened. Notwithstanding the accident, I really spent a joyous and happy summer doing nothing—nothing worth while.

Joan Leiber, IX-B,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

BEFORE THE PARTY

Hallowe'en—and, for variety and excitement we decided to have our party in a deserted old house which was said to be haunted.

Jane and I, our arms full of parcels, started off a little ahead of the others to put the place in order.

"What a perfect place for a Hallowe'en party!" Jane exclaimed as we entered. We

climbed the rickety stairs that led to the creaky verandah and opened the door which was slightly ajar. We stepped in, taking some candles and matches from our supply; we lit them, and began our task of decorating the room. Next, we decided to go upstairs and dust one of the rooms, so that there would be a place for the coats and hats. While at work up there, we heard a loud bang, and there was a gust of wind that blew out our candles. We were in complete darkness. With a shaking hand I lighted the candle again. No sooner had I done this than we heard a noise. We were terrified.

"What was that?" whispered Jane. "I don't know," I whispered back. "Oh! If it's the ghost!" said Jane. For a few minutes there was silence; then we heard, creak, creak—yes, someone was coming up the stairs!

"Let's investigate," I said, pushing Jane in front of me. She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came, because there—halfway up the stairs, was Mother, carrying a forgotten lunch basket."

Augusta Mills, X-B,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

MY THANKSGIVING TRIP

My Thanksgiving trip was a very interesting one to me, and it had its educational viewpoints, too.

While we were touring through Rochester, New York, I saw a large river, the Genesee, and a pink fluid substance gushing down from the bank into the river. This made the river have a vast surface of scum and froth. It also made the river pink and oily. When I inquired about this I found out that there was a large dyeing company situated somewhere at the top of the bank of the river. There is probably a large tunnel-like opening under the earth where this substance has had a chance to flow down through the earth, seep right down and down, and empty itself into the river. Then we started on our journey again and entered into the Finger Lakes district, composed of Lakes Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Owaseo and Skaneateles. We also stopped at a place called Genesee which has a naval training school for the U.S. navy, where 40,000 naval men are stationed continually.

We ended our journey at Auburn, where we had such a pleasant time that we forgot the Thanksgiving dinner we would have had at home.

Madeline Jones, IX-B,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. EUPHRASIA, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. FRANCES CLARE, I.B.V.M.
Past President	MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. LEO DEVANEY, 126 Dinnick Cr., Toronto
First Vice-President	MISS MARGARET McCORMICK
Second Vice-President	MISS GERARDA ROONEY
Treasurer	MRS. W. B. McHENRY
Recording Secretary	MISS HELEN CONDERAN, 109 Pendrith Street
Corresponding Secretary	MISS HELEN O'LOANE, 18 Castle Frank Cresc.
Convener of House	MISS MONA CLARK
Convener of Membership	MISS KATHLEEN McDONALD
Convener of Tea	MRS. R. S. WEIR
Convener of Entertainment	MISS PATRICIA BARRY
Convener of Activities	MRS. G. B. PATTERSON
Convener of Press	MISS GERTRUDE TACKABERRY

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto College, Toronto.....	MISS LORETTA PARNELL, 70 Garfield Avenue
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MRS. EMERY BEBEE, 27 Roxborough St. W.
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLEN, 624 South West Street, Lima, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.	MRS. STANLEY STOTT, 108 Maple Ave., Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY, 7106 Lafayette Ave., Chicago.
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan..	MRS. RAY GILLESPIE, 424 Cedar Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
Loretto Joliet Circle	MISS BLANCHE DAGGETT
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS FRANCES ROCHE,
Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle	MISS MARY WOODS, 4084 W. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit 6, Michigan.
Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle.....	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y.
Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle	MISS GRACE GEISENHOF, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto, Englewood Auxiliary.	MRS. JAMES BATTLE,
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary.	MRS. J. GOODMAN
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. ARUNDEL

Let's make this a record Annual At-Home.

* * *

Tickets, \$3.00 a couple, may be procured from any members of the Committee.

* * *

We have arranged an adjoining room for any desiring to play bridge.

Sincerely,

Margaret M. Devaney, President, MO. 6874

Margaret McCormick, Convener, LA. 4567

* * *

CO-CONVENERS

Mrs. W. Smyth, "Programme"	HO. 0518
Miss Margaret Wilson, "Tickets"	ME. 6634

COMMITTEE

Miss Loretto Parnell	MO. 6310
Mrs. A. Lang	MI. 5630
Miss Joan Conway	LL. 9476
Miss Eleanor Foster	KL. 4988
Miss Margaret Huntley	LA. 3068
Miss Patricia Joyce	LO. 4602
Miss Joan Hunter	GR. 4665
Miss Molly Lancey	LO. 3443
Miss Kathryn O'Connor	HY. 4250
Miss Margaret Atkinson	KE. 7452
Miss Helen Conderan	LO. 4275
Miss Ruth Moore	RA. 1363
Miss Peggy McDonagh	MO. 1967
Miss Mary O'Donaghue	LL. 2410
Miss Catherine Macklin	KI. 7681
Miss Shirley Anne Rosar	RA. 7586
Miss Monica Calarco	LA. 0641
Miss Mary Hickey	LA. 4535
Miss Barbara Baker	
Miss Kay McDonald	LY. 0082
Miss Agnes Tully	HU. 1801
Miss Betty Feeley	LL. 8972

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

The Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae is deeply grateful to the Michigan State Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae for the award of the University of Detroit summer school scholarship to the Loretto Nuns. Mother Avila and Mother Suzanne of the Sault Ste. Marie Convent came to Detroit to attend summer school.

The September meeting of the Circle was held at the lovely home of our first vice-president, Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) with twenty-two members attending.

Our new president, Miss Mary Woods, opened the meeting with prayer, remembering especially the first anniversary of the death of our beloved member, Lola Bell Ripley.

A letter of thanks from the Mother Superior of Bar Convent, York, England, for the two boxes of food sent in July, was read and duly appreciated. Also received was a card of thanks from the I.B.V.M. Convent in Brusslo, Holland, for a box of food forwarded them through the Co-operative Allied Remittance to Europe.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Loretta Dupuis of our Circle upon her election to the office of International Treasurer for the I.F.C.A.

A FIRST step has been taken by Loretto Alumnae Association towards the celebration of Loretto Centennial. The printed notice sent to the individual members is here reproduced in part:

Dear Alumna:

This year the Loretto Alumnae Association Annual At-Home is being held in the Banquet Hall, Royal York Hotel, Friday Evening, November 8th; 9 to 1.

* * *

Added to last year's fun at the dance we have an extra incentive—Loretto's Centennial year—a hundred years of teaching and help from the Loretto Community.

at its 17th biennial convention held at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit this summer. We were happy to have the Loretto nuns represented among the numerous orders of Religious: Mother Agatha and Mother Lorenzo of the Abbey, and Mother Edwardine and Mother Sebastian from Chicago. Estelle Manley Shea and Anne Bickers Hurd were delegate and alternate, respectively, from the Detroit Circle, and a detailed account from them about the convention will be found on another page of this issue of the Rainbow. One memorable event was the closing of the convention with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Grosse Pointe, with Tea served afterwards on the spacious grounds overlooking beautiful Lake St. Clair.

Felicitations of the Detroit-Windsor Circle were extended by our president to Violet Culliton Lordan on the occasion of her 25th wedding anniversary, to Coletta Galvin Timpy and Estelle Manley Shea on their 20th wedding anniversaries.

Mrs. M. G. Brick (Mary Carmichael, Brunswick), our second vice-president, held a Loretta picnic at her home and grounds on Saturday afternoon, July 7th. An ideal afternoon was enjoyed by all present.

Miss Agnes Pineau reported that the C.F.C.A. convention took place in Montreal in August with Mother Ethné and Mother Irma of the Abbey delivering the vote for the Detroit-Windsor Circle.

Our president announced the chairmen selected for the standing committees for the coming year: Membership for Detroit, Mrs. T. A. Moorman; Membership for Windsor, Miss Agnes Pineau; Reception, Mrs. V. J. Lordan, assisted by Mrs. John Babcock and Mrs. T. D. Shea for Detroit, and Miss Sophie Amyot for Windsor members; Program, Mrs. T. N. Doherty and Mrs. Ed O'Connell; Press, Mrs. D. J. McCormick; Revision, Miss Myrtle Lloyd; Ways and Means, Miss Ira Sullivan; Sewing for Nuns' Chest, Mrs. F. Norman Wilson; Historian, Mrs. James A. Markle; Courtesy, Mrs. J. W. Matteson; Rainbow, Mrs. A. H. Priebe.

The September meeting adjourned and we were invited by our hostess, Mrs. Coletta Galvin Timpy, assisted by her two charming daughters, Mary Catherine and Coletta Ann, to partake of tea and dainties. Afterwards all assembled in the living room to enjoy songs sung by Mrs. Eileen O'Neil and Mrs. Lenore Sullivan Smith with Mrs. Inamae Dupuis Priebe at the piano, bringing to a close a very heart-warming first meeting of the 1946-47 season.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Scott (Josephine Invidiata, Alumna of Loretto-Brunswick and of Loretto College) on the birth of a son, Paul Stephen, on July 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brennan (Agnes Purtle, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, William Francis.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dan DeCarlo (Constance McKinney, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Grace, on August 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Steven Deck (Teresa Mildemberger, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth, July 28th, of a son, Bernard Kenneth. Mr. Deck is also a former Loretto-Sedley pupil.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wendelin Mildemberger on the birth of a son, Denis David, on August 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John B. O'Flaherty on the birth of a son, William Daniel, on July 24th. Mr. and Mrs. O'Flaherty are both former pupils of St. Anthony's (Loretto), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Lombardi (Mary Gizzie, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Joseph, on July 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kelly (Marguerite McKee, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Susan Marguerite, on May 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James M. Kelly (Margaret Smyth, Loretto-Saskatoon and Brunswick) on the birth of a son, Michael James, on February 25th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Muirhead, on the birth of a son, Peter John, on July 22nd. M. M. Urban, I.B.V.M., is the happy aunt of Peter, Michael, and Susan Marguerite.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kambeitz on the birth of a son, Leo Erwin, on May 22nd. Mr. Kambeitz is a former Loretto-Sedley pupil. Leo Erwin is the nephew of M. M. Hilda and M. Georgina, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bob Kinehen (Kay Conderan, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Joseph, on July 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Sheridan (Rosemary Usher, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pastirik (Marion Connolly, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a son, Michael Bernard, on July 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John McKinley (Dorothy Shean, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, on the birth of a daughter, Mary Sherril, on September 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cobleigh (Catherine Lindsay, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a son, Michael, on July 23rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Knox (Geraldine O'Gorman, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, Donald Gavan, on August 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maher (Clara Carbert, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Judith Ann, on August 24th. Judith Ann is a niece of M. M. Patricia, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Billington (Marion Reed, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of their son, Gary Albert, in April.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Halloran (Helen Bodendistle, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Helen Patricia Mary, on April 24th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Haber (Patricia Sullivan, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, Gregory Bartholomew, on June 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Blain (Bettie Sullivan, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of their son, Bartholomew, on June 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jackson (Bettie O'Brien, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of their son, Robert Michael, on July 27th.

MARRIAGES

Miss Rita Dumoulin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dumoulin (Georgette Grenier, former Loretto Abbey pupil) of Three Rivers, P.Q., was married on July 15th, to Mr. Robert Miller. The bride is a niece of M. M. de Lourdes, I.B.V.M.

Miss Glenna O'Gorman, Loretto College, U. of

T., Alumna, was married, on June 29th. to, Mr. Fred. Foy.

Miss Mary O'Connor, Loretto College, U. of T., Alumna, was married, on September 7th, to Mr. Leonard Tierney.

Miss Kathleen Shanks, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna, was married recently to Mr. William McMullin.

Miss Emmanuela Ruscica was married on June 5th, to Mr. Anthony J. Loprescti, in St. Edward's Church, with Rev. Father Flanagan officiating.

Miss Florence McDermott, daughter of Mr. Patrick McDermott and the late Mrs. McDermott, of Waterloo, was married September 23rd to Mr. Alfred House, Preston, in St. Peter's Church, Toronto. Rev. Father Wilson, C.S.P., officiated.

Miss Joan O'Donnell, Alumna of Loretto College, U. of T., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. K. O'Donnell (Maud Curran, Loretto Abbey Alumna), was married, June 29th, to Capt. A. Douglas McClellan.

Miss Catherine Elizabeth (Bette) Goetz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Goetz, was married to Mr. George P. Glynn, on May 25th.

Miss Barbara T. Goetz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Goetz, was married to Mr. John H. Holman, at the double wedding on September 25th, with Rev. Father Callahan officiating. The brides are Loretto-Guelph Alumnae.

Miss Mary Agnes Heffernan, R.N., Loretto-Guelph Alumna, daughter of Mr. J. Heffernan, was married, on June 22nd, to Mr. Austin Coulson.

Miss Carmel Steffler, R.N., Loretto-Guelph Alumna, daughter of Mr. E. E. Steffler, was married, on June 29th, to Mr. William Noonan.

Miss Audrey Turam, daughter of Mr. M. L. Turam, was married, on June 17th, to Mr. Ronald Feroni. The bride is a sister of Sr. M. Gilda, I.B.V.M., and is a former pupil of St. David's, Toronto.

Miss Marie Malone, of Regina, Sask., C.F.C.A. Secretary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Malone, was married on October 5th. to Mr. Patrick Donnelly.

Miss Mary Laub, former pupil of Loretto-Regina, was married, in August, to Mr. Robert Boyle.

Miss Joyce Walker, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, was married, on July 30th, to Mr. Gordon Robinson.

Miss Catherine (Bobby) Griffith, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, was married to Mr. Noel Kevin O'Neil, London, England, in St. Patrick's Rectory, Niagara Falls, on August 17th. Rev. Father Dominic, O.Carm., officiated.

Miss Gwendolyn Zimmerman, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Zimmerman, was married to Mr. Joseph G. Youdell, on August 6th.

Miss Helen Geisenhof, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Geisenhof, was married, on September 25th, to Mr. Francis Lavelle, in the Church of Our Lady of Peace, Niagara Falls. Rev. Father Dominic, O.Carm., officiated.

Miss Mary Gullion was married, on September 25th, to Mr. John Lavelle, in the Church of Our Lady of Peace. Rev. Father Daniel Egan officiated. Mrs. Lavelle, mother of the grooms in this lovely September double wedding, is Mrs. Loretto Moore Lavelle, Loretto Abbey Alumna.

Miss Mary C. Hurley, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. George Hurley, was married

to Mr. John J. Brennan, on September 28th, in St. Bernard's Church.

Miss Ruth Arkell, Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Arkell, was married to Mr. Ross Rylie on September 9th.

Miss Elizabeth Margaret Nelson, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. William Patrick Nelson, was married to Mr. Robert Neil McClellan, in St. Bride's Church, Chicago.

Miss Helen O'Leary, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Leary, was married to Mr. Paul Conroy, on September 7th, in St. Patrick's Church. Rev. Father Dominic, O. Carm., officiated.

Miss Frances Borelli, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Borelli, was married, on August 7th, to Mr. Angelo J. Mariglia, in St. Anne's Church. Rev. Father Quinlan officiated.

Miss Evelyn King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. King, and sister of Mayor King, Stratford, was married to Mr. Shea, on September 14th, in St. Joseph's Church. Very Reverend Dean Egan, P.P., officiated.

Miss Shirley Benner, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Benner, Fort Erie, was married, on September 23rd, to Mr. Ronald Milne.

Miss Rosemary Elinor Kirkwood, Loretto Abbey Alumna, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Kirkwood, was married on August 14th, to Lt. James Brant Fotheringham, R.C.N., in the Church of the Ascension, West Mount, P.Q.

Miss Joanna Herman, Loretto-Regina Alumna, was married to Mr. Adam Niesner, Loretto High School, Regina Alumnus, on September 2nd, in St. Mary's Church, Regina, Saskatchewan.

Miss Dorothy Margaret Pocock, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. Gabriel and the late Mrs. Pocock, was married on August 24th to Mr. Joseph Leo Bannon. The groom is a brother of M.M. Benita, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To Judge Doiron, of Saskatoon, Sask., on the death of his wife, and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Jacqueline, Alumna of Loretto College (U. of T.) Class 4T6.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Katherine Fortune, who died on June 6th, and especially to Miss Margaret of Class 4T6, Loretto College (U. of T.).

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dyer and bereaved family on the death of their daughter, and sister, Miss Mary Helen Dyer, also to M. M. Helen I.B.V.M., aunt of the deceased.

To Mrs. Thomson, Guelph, on the death of her husband, Mr. Arthur Thomson, on August 11.

To Mr. Hugh Grisdale, on the death of his wife, on July 10th, and to the bereaved daughters, Miss Helen and Mrs. Cushman (Ethel), former Loretto-Niagara pupils.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Albert Phillon, who died on July 19th, 1946, and especially to his daughter, Sr. Mary Carl, I.B.V.M., Loretto Convent, Flemington, N. J.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Edwards (Mary McCarthy, Alumna, Secretarial Department, L.C.S.), who died on July 29th, 1946, and especially to Miss Joan, Loretto College School student.

To the bereaved family and relatives of Mr.

Caruso, who died August 5th, and especially to his granddaughter, M. M. St. Donald, I.B.V.M.

To M. M. Magella, I.B.V.M., on the death of her brother, Mr. McKinnon, on August 7th, also to the other bereaved relatives.

To the bereaved sons of Mr. Gamble, who died in August, and to his only daughter (Sr. Eileen, Loretto College School Alumna).

To Mrs. Legault on the death of her husband, Mr. Philip Legault, on August 14th, and to Miss Eileen, student at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

To Mrs. William Shean (Annarose Schofield), Miss Margaret Schofield and Mrs. Philip McDermott (Frances), Loretto-Englewood Alumnae, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Anne Schofield, on September 5th.

To Mrs. Leigh Nelson (Kathleen Mulligan, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the death of her dear father, Mr. James Mulligan, on September 11th.

To Mrs. McAllister (Bessie Ganley, Loretto Abbey Alumna), on the death of her husband Hon. R. A. McAllister, and to the bereaved sons.

To Mr. G. Clarkson on the death of his wife, a Loretto Alumna, on September 29th, and to the bereaved children, Marie, Nancy and Tommy, Loretto pupils; also to M. M. Isabel I.B.V.M., Mrs. Clarkson's sister.

To Mr. C. J. Hanna, M.M. Alureda, I.B.V.M., and to the Misses Julia, Eleanor and Florence Hanna, Loretto-Englewood Alumnae, on the recent death of their sister, Miss Loretto Hanna, Loretto Alumnae.

To Mrs. Hayes, Chicago, on the recent death of her husband, Mr. John Hayes, and to the be-

reaved sons, Rev. Philip Hayes, Pastor of Nativity of Our Lord Church, Mr. Edward, Mr. Leo and Mr. Daniel Hayes; also to Mr. Hayes' grandchildren, especially Rev. René Hayes, O.Carm., and Sisters M. St. Camillus and Emanuel, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Austin Reding, Hamilton, on the death of his wife, on September 27, and to the bereaved family; also to Mrs. Reding's mother, Mrs. Fleming; her brother, Very Rev. Father Fleming, C.Ss R.; and to her sisters, Sister Felicitas, C.S.J., Arthur, Ont., Mrs. Meehan and Mrs. Dermody.

To M. M. Magdalen, I.B.V.M., on the recent death of her cousin, Mr. Edward Hawkins.

To Mrs. Wilson on the death of her husband, Mr. Arthur C. Wilson, Montreal, and to the bereaved family, especially Rev. A. C. Wilson, S.J., Rector of Regiopolis College, Kingston.

To Misses Maria Luisa and Luz Maria Cano, former pupils of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and to all in the bereaved family, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Cano, Mexico City, on September tenth.

To Mother M. Mechtilde, I.B.V.M., on the death of her brother, Mr. James W. Halloran, on August 26th, and on a second bereavement since, when her sister, Miss Catherine Halloran, was also called to her reward. To the nephews and nieces of the departed, especially Miss Mary Halloran, Dundas, we also offer our condolence.

To Mr. Hartleib on the death of his wife, Mrs. Loretto Hartleib, and to the bereaved family; also to Mrs. Hartleib's brothers, Rev. Fr. Remigius Dusand and Rev. Fr. Anthony Dusand; and to her cousins, M.M. Adèle, I.B.V.M., and M.M. St. Leon, I.B.V.M.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Sept. 10—We gather in for another school year and enjoy greeting old friends, and new.

Sodality meeting gives us the officers for 1946-1947: Prefect, Josephite McSloy; Vice-Prefect, Betty Cormack; Secretary, Frances O'Grady; Treasurer, Joyce Kornacker.

Sept. 12—Short periods in the afternoon and a dinner in the evening, in Our Lady's honour, were part of the celebration of the Feast of the I.B.V.M., the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

Sept. 14—We resume our choral classes under the inspiring direction of Cesar Borré, and are eagerly preparing for our Casavant Concert.

Sept. 18—The Seniors' "Get Together," with its dancing, sing-song and refreshments, gave us a wonderful afternoon and achieved its object—to get us all to know one another better.

Sept. 19—Our Riding Club formed for another season. The numerous bridle paths give promise of many a delightful canter.

Sept. 22—Our Athletics organized for the year under Mrs. Kennedy's capable direction. Leaders and helpers were named to keep the tennis, basketball, swimming and all other activities running smoothly.

Sept. 25—We listened with interest to Mr.

Michael Doyle's account of the work of the United Welfare Chest, and have resolved to do all we can towards the good work.

Sept. 27—A magnificent musical treat in the long anticipated Joseph Laderoute Concert in Massey Hall. We all came away newly appreciative of the artist's versatile genius.

Sept. 28—On this beautiful Autumn day we discovered some of the charms of Maryholme. A glorious Saturday filled in with bicycling, swimming and photographing, oh, and a weiner and corn roast at the end!

Sept. 29—At St. Michael's Cathedral we joined the other Catholic High School Students to receive our Religious Knowledge diplomas from His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan. We felt proud of our Joanne McWilliams, who came highest, winning the Grand Prize.

Oct. 6—We took part this afternoon—Rosary Sunday—in the ceremonies at the Stadium, when we had the honour of presenting to His Eminence, on behalf of the Catholics of the Archdiocese, petitions that the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin might be proclaimed a doctrine of the faith. His Eminence announced that he would forward these to His Holiness Pope Plus XII.

Oct. 7—In a reception and special programme we extended Feast day good wishes to dear Mother General.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Sept. 3—A host of smiling school girls welcomed within the portals of Loretto. Highly waxed floors and a newly decorated gymnasium proclaimed the opening of a new school year.

Sept. 7—Sodality elections proved interesting, with Dorothy Flic, President; Patricia Craven, Vice-President; Joan Vipond, Secretary, and Lucille Seitz, Treasurer.

Sept. 12—Mass in honour of Our Lady. To complete the celebration of this I.B.V.M. feast day, we held our annual M.T.W. (Make Them Welcome) picnic, given by the old girls specially for the new. Successful? Of course! All had a delightful day, and became better acquainted.

Sept. 18—Our first formal Sodality meeting for the new term was made most interesting by the accounts of our delegates, Joan Vipond and Patricia Craven, to S.S.C.A. in Montreal. They made us all long to attend next year.

Sept. 23—Many of us had the privilege of going to Kitchener to hear Rev. Fr. Lord, S.J. His Sodality talks are always brimful of inspiration; this one was particularly so.

Then, before leaving, we had an enjoyable dance. Excuses for unfinished homework accepted this time, surely?

Oct. 2—Big field day for our school, and for the Separate schools. Account in next Chronicle.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Sept. 9—The opening of school with everyone apparently glad to be back and ready for a year of hard work. Welcome to our new teachers and to our new schoolmates.

Sept. 12—Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost was offered in the Convent chapel by Reverend Daniel Eagan, O.Carm., Pastor of Our Lady of Peace Church.

Sept. 14—We packed a delicious lunch and were off for the day for our annual picnic at Queenston Park. What fun we had! And how glad to get home and to bed! How many steps up to the top of the monument, Jacque?

Sept. 21—This evening Miss Beatriz Rocha entertained at an "evening party" given in honour of the birthday of her cousin, Miss Beatriz Obregon. Marie Esperanza Luccayo and Joyce Luz were also included in the "Happy Birthday" since each completed another year in the same week. Our good wishes to Betty, Maria, and Joyce, and our thanks to our charming hostess for a really delightful time.

Sept. 22—Again the Boarders step into society—this time to entertain the new girls. Fun for all!

Sept. 23—Elections were held this afternoon in all the Forms. Congratulations to our new officers!

GRADE XIII—President, Margaret Lalor; Vice-President, Concha Azurdia; Secretary-Treasurer, Corinne Cronmiller; Athletic Representative, Mary Corcoran.

GRADE XI—President, Margot Azurdia; Vice-President, Joanne Kelly; Secretary-Treasurer, Patricia Robins; Athletic Representative, Muriel Doucette.

GRADE X—President, Rose Simko; Vice-President, Mary Sacco; Secretary-Treasurer, Jane Gallagher; Athletic Representative, Dorothy Barnett.

GRADE IX—President, Daisy McGibbon; Vice-President, Ida Mae DeGrant; Secretary-Treasurer, Rénée Pereira; Athletic Representative, Marjorie Jordan.

Sept. 26—This evening we donned work-a-day clothes for a combined corn and weiner roast on the grounds. Delicious things to eat! A wonderful time for all!

Sept. 28—Games in the recreation room, complete with silly prizes. But the grand prize! A beautiful box of lavender stationery with white ink! Rénée Pereira was the lucky girl!

Sept. 29—Turn about is fair play. The new girls entertained. A wonderful evening! Abundance of talent.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Sept. 4—All registered and ready! Usual excitement seeing new and old faces. Yes, the holidays are over?

Sept. 9—Classes are resumed and so are our good resolutions. The first milestone will be first term examinations—proof of the sincerity of those resolutions of ours!

Sept. 11—To ask God's blessing on our school year, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was offered. The entire High School attended. The celebrant was Monsignor A. J. O'Brien.

Sept. 26—How funny our Freshies looked adorned with twelve be-ribboned pig-tails, odd stockings and shoes, placarded backs and all! Initiation had begun in earnest, only to be concluded with formal ceremonies on Saturday evening. Then the "new" girls were at once "old" girls.

Sept 30—Following initiation, there was a "Welcoming party" tendered by the "Old Girls" to the "new." All had a most enjoyable time.

Oct. 3—Faculty and students were favoured by a Recital by Mrs. Smithbower, formerly Miss Mary Townsend, whose delightful selections charmed all who heard them. Encores were called for and generously given.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Sept. 3—School reopened today. Everyone is glad to be back, and all look ready for a year of good work. Let us make 1946-1947 the banner year for first class honours!

A hearty welcome to our twenty-five new boarders, eight of whom are Normalites. A special greeting to our new Spanish friend from Costa Rico. We are delighted, girls, to have you with us.

Sept. 8—Today we celebrated Our Blessed Lady's birthday, and attended Benediction in her honour.

Sept. 23—We were all overjoyed at the opportunity given us to motor to Kitchener to see and hear a favourite writer and lecturer, Rev. Daniel Lord, Editor of The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. We received good information on, "The Atomic Bomb and the Christian."

Sept. 25—In our Sodality meeting today plans were made for earnest Catholic Action. Election results gave us for Prefect, Rita Kelly; Vice-Prefect, Rita Butler; Secretary, Eleanor Murphy; Treasurer, Angela Ryan. During the meeting, class representatives were also elected.

Rita Kelly.

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LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

Sept. 9—The new school year begins with gay salutes for old friends, and welcoming smiles for the Freshmen. Lorettoans meet new faculty members, and also welcome a new Mother Superior in the person of Mother St. Aedan, our last year's principal, and Mother Juana, our new principal. Everyone is looking forward to a happy and successful year.

Sept. 12—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, early dismissal adds to the joy of the day.

Sept. 18—Senior class officers elected. Betty Perren, President; Lenora McGuire, Vice-President; Josephine Joy, Secretary; and Mary Spatz, Treasurer. Their classmates wish them all the best of luck.

Sept. 30—Officers chosen for the Loretto Rainbow staff. Editor, Marilyn Zehmo; Associate Editors, Lucille Fries and Mary Jean Goss; Business Manager, Helen Heffernan.

Oct. 2—Initiation for Freshmen. Looking very conspicuous in green bows and pig-tails, they were treated by the Seniors to a picnic lunch at Marquette Park.

Oct. 3—Loretto's Athletic Association elected the following officers: Mary Spatz, President; Patricia Poland, Vice-President; Rita Hughes, Secretary; and Eleanore Schuetter, Treasurer.

Oct. 16—Sodality Reception. With impressive ceremony, our Freshmen were happily received into the Sodality of Our Lady in Saint Bernard's Church. The entire Faculty and the student body were present while, in special attendance, were the officers of the Senior and Junior Sodalities. Breakfast was served for these new sodalists, and for their mothers, and the sodality officers. Congratulations to the new sodalists!

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Sept. 5—School bells rang out merrily for Loretto students. The Sophomores and Juniors have lost a few of their classmates this year. Merle Hinds, Don La Londe and Ed. Andary, before leaving to take up their studies at the Seminary, were given a farewell party by their classmates.

Sept. 6—First Friday—and specially arranged time-table.

Sept. 9—Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost for special blessings on our new school year.

Sept. 12—We were honoured in having a visit from Dr. Fleege of the Catholic University of America.

Sept. 20—Initiation. Everyone had a gay time. Even the Freshies enjoyed the fun and frolic.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

Sept. 9—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in its full solemnity as official opening of school.

Sept. 12.—In honour of the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Mass was attended in the gym by the entire student body.



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Sept. 13—Frances Perry, Bernadine Bocian, and Diane O'Connor will represent the Seniors. Mary Pat Braatz, Dolores Winterlin and Marge Hayes were elected as Junior class officers. Geri Carroll, Mary Jane Huck and Ann Memersheimer will lead the Dramatic club.

Sept. 17—We at Loretto were privileged in being visited by the noted dramatist, Miss Randall.

Sept. 30—Sophomore Sodality held a "get acquainted" party for the Freshmen—an enjoyable affair.

Oct. 2—A Social was sponsored by the Writers' Club and provided a good time for all.

Oct. 4—The Shoreland Hotel was the scene of the annual Auxiliary-sponsored card party.

Oct. 4—Glee Club elections were held. Mary Jane Huck, Betty Chianelli, Genevieve Lyons, Bernadine Bocian and Sue Hanton were elected officers.

Oct. 7—The Freshmen with their "big sisters," the Seniors, enjoyed an afternoon at The Point.

Oct. 8—To open Fire Prevention week a representative of the Chicago Fire Department addressed the Freshmen and Sophomores on fire hazards.

Oct. 7-21—To instill in the students higher Catholic ideals a "New World" drive was held. A copy of "The New World" weekly in every home will mean much.

Oct. 9—The students voted to inaugurate student council in our Academy. More on this in next Chronicle.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Sept. 3—Registration Day. Teachers and pupils renewed old acquaintances and made new ones. We miss our old friends and welcome the new. The old familiar corridors echoed with the sound of merry voices. The new school year is off to a good start.

Sept. 5—We all assisted at our annual Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Peter's Church. Fr. McNab delivered an inspiring sermon on the privileges that we as pupils of Loretto enjoy and of the great things we should accomplish during this coming school year.

Sept. 20—Congratulations to the new class officers: Junior College: President, Suzanne McGrath; Vice-President, Frances Coyne. Grade XII: President, Marilou Purvis; Vice-President, Ruth Doherty. Grade XI-A: President, Jacqueline Judge; Vice-President, Elaine DeRose. Grade XII-B: President, Teresa Ward; Vice-President, Jeanette Paloschuk. Grade X-A: President, Peggy Duffy; Vice-President, Marcella Brown. Grade X-B: President, Irene Terejko; Vice-President, Dorothy Nekechuk. Grade IX-A: President, Estelle Byrne; Vice-President, Neila MacNeil. Grade IX-C: President, Patricia Switzer; Vice-President, Joan Mulligan.

Sept. 27—Our first Sodality meeting was a real success. We intend to accomplish greater things this year than ever, under the leadership of the new executive. Our Prefect explained the idea of the Sodality, after which the chairman of the four committees gave a brief outline of the work for souls that they were planning.

Sept. 29—Last year's Fourth-Formers received their diplomas during the beautiful ceremony which took place in St. Michael's Cathedral, today—Catechetical Sunday.

Oct. 2—Fr. O'Looney, C.S.P., our new spiritual director, received the pupils of the Junior School into the Sodality of the Holy Angels this morning. Congratulations to the new members.

Oct. 3—Holy Mass was offered in the chapel at the request of the H.S. students for Mother Marie Thérèse on her feast day. Afterwards the student body assembled in the auditorium to present her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The high school celebrated the occasion with their fall picnic in High Park, and had a delightful day.

Oct. 4—The student body had a Mass offered in honour of Mother Superior on her feast day. In the afternoon a presentation was made. Mother Superior took the opportunity not only to welcome back the old pupils, but to extend a special welcome to the new.

Oct. 6—The Maple Leaf Baseball Stadium was the scene of an inspiring demonstration of faith, this afternoon, with the Catholics of Toronto gathered together for the Rosary Sunday Holy Hour. We received many compliments on our appearance, but we should all have liked to be able to join our few privileged class-mates in presenting the petitions to our Cardinal.

Newly Elected Officers of Our Lady's Sodality, Loretto College School

Prefect, Joan Barton; Vice-Prefect, Patricia

O'Leary; Secretary, Catherine Grady; Treasurer, Viola Lauthier; Sacristans: X-A, Katherine Bador, X-B, Thérèse Perron; Chairman: Our Lady's Committee, Junior College, Helen Varley. Catholic Truth Committee: XLI, Mary Dutton. Eucharistic Committee: XI-A, Lillian Dillon. Apostolic Committee, XI-B, Peggy O'Neil, Our Lady's Committee: X-A, Jean Hallarn. Catholic Truth Committee: X-B, Kathleen Teggart. Eucharistic Committee: IX-A, Catherine Gleason. Apostolic Committee, IX-B, Sylvia Hamstead. Our Lady's Committee, IX-C, Kathleen Murphy.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA

Sept. 3—Another summer vacation ended, but all seemed happy to get back to class-work. All registration completed. Attention to text books, time-tables, etc.

Sept 4—School in full session. Memories are being brushed up.

Sept. 5—A High Mass was celebrated by Rev. S. Leibel in honour of the Holy Ghost for special blessings on us all during this new school year. We are very grateful to Father Leibel.

Sept. 16—At our first general assembly, held today, the Loretto Rainbow Student Staff for Regina was elected. The officers for the year are: Editor, Catherine Dusel; Associate Editors, Mary Stepan and Wilfred Ottenbeit; Business Manager, Frank Sombach.



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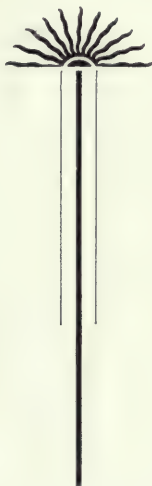
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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois. North Central Association. Secondary Schools.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory. for resident and non-resident

Mary, in America — 1847-1947



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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.

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St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechesis.





Love and Hope

Love forever dwells in heaven —
Hope entereth not there.
To despairing man, Love's given —
Hope dwells not with despair
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And reigneth everywhere.

In the inmost heart Love dwelleth —
It may not quenched be;
Even when the life-blood wellet, h
It's fond effects we see
In the name that leaves the lips the last —
Fades last from memory.

And when we shall awaken,
Ascending to the sky,
Though Hope shall have forsaken,
Sweet Love shall never die;
For perfect Love and perfect bliss
Shall be our lot on high.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Man of Destiny

During a recent visit to Eire I had the pleasure of an interview with Eamon de Valera, whose formal title is An Taoiseach, or The Leader, but who is known nationally and affectionately as "Dev."

I was to call a certain number and when I did so a very charming voice answered, speaking a delightful version of Dublin English. The speaker was Miss O'Connell, Mr. de Valera's secretary for a number of years, who, I learned later, was a product of both Irish and American colleges. She arranged an appointment for me at the Taoiseach's office in Government Buildings on the following day.

I was there a little before time and after satisfying a porter that I had an appointment I was shown into a waiting room with some fine pieces of eighteenth century furniture. Each wall was decorated with a bas relief of one of the men who had been the original leaders of Sinn Féinn. Later I saw that Mr. de Valera's office was similarly adorned and I recognized Pearse's fine profile, also Collins and Griffith. At one end of the waiting room I saw a stand that held a copy of our own Declaration of Independence, a gift from U.S.

The door into the inner office opened and Miss O'Connell appeared. She struck me as being very much of a personality, and deserves more than a word on her own account. Petite and gracious, she was every bit as charming as her voice. She led me at once into the Taoiseach's presence, and introduced me as Mr. de Valera rose from behind his desk to shake hands. It was only then that I realized he was a big man literally as well as figuratively. He shares this physical greatness with our own greatest presidents. I had heard him compared to Lincoln and he does resemble him in being tall and somewhat gaunt with a deeply lined face. But his face, though serious, has none of the settled melancholy that one always associates with Lincoln. When he speaks his eyes twinkle behind his glasses and his manner is fatherly. There is no man less like the generally accepted idea of a politician. He speaks quietly in a gentle voice, and relies more on the matter of his speech than on his manner of delivering it. His sincerity is something that simply cannot be ignored. One senses that here is a man whose integrity is beyond question.

We spoke of both America and Eire during

my visit and he showed a keen interest in this country and its problems. "Dev," as his people call him, has never forgotten the encouragement and assistance his American friends gave so generously during the dark years of the fight for Irish Independence.

He spoke at length of the natural beauties and wonders of the United States and said there were two places in which he would have liked to live if destiny had not cast his lot in Ireland. One was California, because of its superb scenery, its climate, and the Pacific at its doors: The other was Colorado, for its sparkling air and the magnificent Rockies.

So many things have been said and written about Eamon de Valera that are mere conjecture, a summary of his career may be of interest. Few men are so undramatic as he, yet few men can boast of such a dramatic life as this American born leader of the oldest nation in Europe.

Eamon de Valera was born in New York City in 1882, a year when a despairing, hungry Irish people had been driven to open violence, by rack-rents and misrule. His mother was Catherine Coll of Bruree, Co. Limerick. His father was a young Spanish musician who died when his son was only two years old. Unable to care for him adequately at the time, his mother sent him to her relatives in Limerick in care of her brother, Patrick Coll.

The boy grew up in an atmosphere of antagonism to landlords in general and to British landlordism in particular. He was educated at the Christian Brothers' school, Charleville. From there, at sixteen, he won a scholarship to Blackrock College, Dublin, where he later returned as professor of Higher Mathematics. It is of interest to note that Einstein once named him as "one of the nine men in the world who understood my theory of Relativity." At the National University Dev won several degrees, B.A., B. Sc., Higher Diploma in Education, LL.D., and Ph.D. He became interested in the Gaelic League and joined it in 1908. A common interest in the Gaelic language brought him and his future wife together. Dev and Miss Janie O'Flanagan, attractive teacher and amateur actress, were married in 1910. The Gaelic drama was then as it is now Mrs. de Valera's greatest interest outside her family. She is Dev's adviser and confidante, devoted to him and to their children.

But Eamon de Valera's life as a scholar and

teacher was drawing to a close. In 1916 he laid aside his books and took up arms as Commandant in the Irish National Rising of Easter Week.

The Rising was magnificent, heroic, although at the time it seemed only a futile gesture against British might. It was soon suppressed. But even in failure it captured the national imagination and gave impulse to a rebirth of patriotism. Dev received sentence of death which was later commuted to penal servitude for life. He was released under a general amnesty in June, 1917. He was again arrested in May, 1918, and sent to Lincoln Prison in England. The following February he escaped by a clever and daring plan which sounds like something that Hollywood might have thought up. He communicated with his friends on the outside by means of a code. They had a key made according to Dev's specifications and sent it to him hidden in a cake. By the time the tumult and the shouting of chagrined prison officials had died away, Dev had reached Liverpool and stowed away on a freighter bound for New York. He toured the United States enlisting sympathy and support for a free Irish Republic. During this visit he raised a loan of six million dollars for his beloved Ireland.

In 1920 he returned secretly to Dublin and became one of the leaders in the War of Independence. It was a bitter campaign just as our own fight for independence was grim and bitter. But its grimness was lightened and leavened by many of the ludicrous happenings of those hectic years. The Irish laugh more easily than any other people and their sense of the ludicrous had full play while they watched such situations as the Irish leaders comfortably ensconced on one floor of a hotel while the British officers searching for said leaders, were billeted on the floor above. Or the sight of the man "on the run" who strolled around Dublin disguised in a flaming red beard.

A truce in the fighting between Republicans and British forces brought about negotiations which led to an offer of complete independence for Southern Ireland—short of allegiance to the King. The right to use certain naval bases and the retention of six northern Irish counties was insisted on by Britain. Dail Eirinn, the Irish parliament, accepted this plan, but de Valera and his colleagues opposed the Anglo-Irish Treaty, protested against the partition of the country and expressed their distaste in no uncertain terms about remaining within the British Empire.

The inevitable clash was precipitated by a

general election. Fighting broke out between the Republicans who stood for complete independence and the Moderates who favored compromise. The Republicans were routed after months of civil war and William Cosgrave, leader of the Moderates, became president of the newly created Irish Free State on December 6th, 1922.

For the next ten years de Valera bent all his efforts towards building up his new party, Fianna Fail, which stands for an Independent Republic. In the 1932 general election Dev's party came into power. It is a tribute to him as a leader in whom the people have full confidence that he has been returned in each of the six general elections since then. He has put into actual practice Lincoln's immortal words "with malice towards none," by placing some of the men who fought against him in high administrative positions.

One of his first acts was to repudiate the obligation of the Irish people to pay three million pounds in land annuities to absentee landlords across the channel. He also pledged himself to abolish the oath of allegiance to the King of England, which he did in 1933. England proceeded to levy tariffs up to 100% on Irish imports. Fianna Fail immediately retaliated by placing high levies against British goods and voting a fund of two million pounds to carry on the tariff war. In the meantime Dev continued to urge upon the Irish people the advantages of self-sufficiency; a policy that his keen mind and foresight saw would help the country over many rough spots as a neutral nation in the war that seemed to be inevitable in Europe.

In 1937 the Constitution of the Irish Free State was scrapped and a new Constitution submitted to a plebiscite. It came legally into force on December 29th, 1937, since when Eire acknowledges no sovereign except that of the People of Eire.

In 1938 tribute was paid to a great Irishman, one of the founders of the Gaelic League; for many years its president and organizer of the League's cultural activities. Dr. Douglas Hyde had also been Professor of Irish at University College, Dublin, for a number of years. He had never taken part in politics. By agreement among all parties he was installed President of Ireland. It is interesting to note that Dr. Hyde, one of the Protestant minority, was unanimously elected by a Catholic majority. Since this time de Valera has been known in Eire as An Taoiseach, and outside Eire as Prime Minister.

While he was making good at home Dev was

also making his mark abroad. He was President of the Council of the League of Nations in 1938, when he called in vain for a conference of continental European countries to prevent war. When war did come he determined to keep Eire neutral.

Today, like all other countries, Eire has many peace problems. She has a sterling balance of \$400,000,000 in London, but her cost of living has risen 64 per cent. There is an acute housing shortage, as in most other countries. Unemployment is fairly high and many of those 160,000 Irishmen from neutral Eire who voluntarily fought on the side of the allies (most of them in the British Army) are now returning home. The administration is prepared to cope with these problems with a well balanced program. Home industries are aided and given every encouragement while more employment is given on the land through scientific farming helped and advised by experts employed by the Irish government.

The production of peat (turf) is government controlled and directed. It is the chief fuel supply. Coal is no longer available for general use. Instead one sees in each Dublin fireplace, and indeed all over Eire, in cottage or in drawing-room, the red glow of the dark turf and smells the nostalgic fragrance of Ireland's own incense.

Transportation and electricity are nationalized, but there is no question of nationalizing industries or farms. Plans are going forward to make Eire the great civil air base of Western Europe. Shannon is at the point of intersection of all the lines between U.S.A. on the one side, and Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and Copenhagen on the other. It is international in as much as the commercial planes of all nations are welcome at this very modern airport owned and operated, not by vested financial interests, but by the Irish government. I can speak from my own experience of the comfortable lounge where tea and coffee are served by polite attendants who usually speak at least one other European language besides English and Irish. The restaurant, presided over by genial Brendan O'Regan, is an excellent one. I can also speak from experience of juicy steaks, prime roasts, super eggs and bacon, cream that *is* cream, and butter that gives you the essence of sunlit fields, daisies, and buttercups.

It is the hope of the Irish Government that Eire will be a leading tourist center. This hope seems well on its way to realization,—even before the American invasion gets under way.

When I was there last summer, hotels were crowded with English and Scotch visitors who admitted quite frankly that they had come over—not just to enjoy scenic beauty or sports facilities, but in order to get some good meals. In spite of these hordes of hungry visitors much of the country's food surplus is now shipped to the devastated lands, and Eire has set aside one and one-half per cent of her national income for the relief of the starving peoples on the continent of Europe.

There is another invasion under way of which very little is known outside the country itself. Wealthy Englishmen are buying estates in Eire and moving there with their families. At first this sounded alarming. The thin end of the wedge of something or other. But the Irish themselves remain calm. As one man said to me, "Little countries like ours need new blood now and then. We will absorb these newcomers. Don't forget that Emmet was of English descent. Pearse's father was an Englishman. And look at Dev,—part Spanish. All of them, like the Geraldines, more Irish than the Irish themselves. Besides, this time when the government of Eire speaks the invaders listen."

Dublin itself is well worth a visit. It has been in the forefront of Irish history since A.D. 291, and has long been the capital of the country. The present city is a modern one with an eighteenth century atmosphere; an aristocrat among cities, with an easy air of unstudied elegance. There is no frenzied rushing about. People take time to stop and talk when they meet, and it is in Dublin that one hears conversation at its best. There is much laughter, and fine manners even among those we in America call the underprivileged.

The country or the seaside is only a short distance from the heart of the city by car or fast moving buses. You may get a whiff of a salt sea wind in O'Connell Street, blowing up the Liffey from Dublin Bay. Or the fragrance of the land coming down from the Dublin Mountains—The Three Rock, The Two Rock, Kattie Gallagher,—that pile up behind the city and are framed at the end of nearly every street.

Next year the centenary of the Great Famine will be marked in Eire. One hundred years ago the Irish nation was almost wiped out. It was then the exodus to the United States began. The year 1847 saw hunger and despair stalk the land; 1947 sees the Irish the best fed people in Europe and moderate income families living better than those in most European countries. It sees them, also, intensely aware of spiritual values in a

materialistic world. It would seem that Ireland is once more to be the treasure house of this same spirituality, as she has been in ages past, and that from this green isle will blossom forth

that christian social order so longed for by all the peoples of the earth.

E. Maguire Doyle,
Illinois.

We, Moderns

"Mother," called Nancy, bursting into the kitchen where steaming kettle and alluring fragrance of apple-dumpling prognosticated the near approach of a tempting dinner, "Mother, can I be a baby-sitter?"

"Nan—" but Mother's voice was drowned in a vociferous out-pouring from an excited, dancing-eyed teen-ager.

"But Mother, this is different. Dad will not mind now when I explain that we are to be professional. All the girls are going to take a course, and Judith, and Marilyn, and Frances Ann, and Peggy, and all of us will be in a union and we can have strikes for higher pay, and better work conditions and everything, and—"

Mother opened the oven-door, taking out a sizzling pyrex topped in golden-brown bubbles. "Hand me a plate, Nancy," she interrupted. "When dinner is on the table, you can tell Dad all about your proposed corporation. I'm afraid my thinking apparatus is working to capacity at this minute. Go and see if the dessert spoons are on the table."

A half-hour later, when Dad and Bob and Jerome and little Betty had seated themselves in the dining-room, healthy appetites obliterated every other interest. Or was it that Nancy's fifteen years had inculcated diplomacy in making requests to Dad only after an excellent dinner had put him into one of his genial, receptive moods?

The first course ended Nancy removed the dinner plates to the kitchen, and resumed her place beside Mother, who was serving Dad's favorite dessert. Quizzically she studied her father's expression. Would this be the psychological moment, she wondered.

"Dad," she ventured, "remember the day we talked about my being a baby-sitter?"

"Yes," said Dad, but his tone was severe, "I thought we settled that question once for all."

"But now, Dad, there's something new,—a school on Evans Avenue has been opened, and all the girls are going to learn to be professional baby-sitters; Marilyn went to the first class

last night, and she said there were teen-agers, like us, there, and grandmothers, and everyone, and they are going to form a union and have standardized prices and—"

"A school! To teach you how to sit still! They need it!" exclaimed Bob, whose superior one and a half years gave a patronizing tone to his remark.

Nancy deigned him only a withering glance, and then she turned to a renewal of her attack on Dad.

But Bob held the floor: "This baby-sitting is a racket," he said, "just the other day a fellow at St. George High, was called up by a friend of his mother. She wanted to know if he could give her two evenings a week to look after Junior, so that she could get out to a movie or a bridge or something. He says the girls' prices are too high."

"That's why we need a union, Dad. This way, we can have standardized prices, like fifty cents an hour if the baby is asleep when we arrive or seventy-five if we have to sing him to sleep."

Bob haw-hawed, and even Dad forgot to be serious.

"Seems to me," he said, turning to Mother, "we heard something about specializing once before. Remember the lady who came to help you with your house-cleaning, last spring? Didn't she offer her services for wood-work cleaning at one dollar an hour 'without bendin', and one dollar and a half with bendin'?"

Nancy did not see anything to laugh about.

Then Dad said, "You youngsters will all be late for school today. Let's postpone this discussion. I wonder where my nine sisters and two brothers learned all the baby-sitter rules that they practised on me in my tender years?"

And with that, he made the sign of the cross; Mother looked around at the children, for order; and, in his rich baritone, Dad began, "We return Thee thanks, O Almighty God—"

H. M. M.

A Visitor from Hollywood

Recently a priest who is connected with The Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood visited us at Loretto, Englewood. We were all eager, of course, to learn what he could tell us about our favorite actors or actresses. Some of them, he assured us belonged to Blessed Sacrament Parish, and others should.

He was most genial and we were sorry he could remain only a few minutes as he came on the day we had to practise for our Sodality Reception.

Naturally it was with interest that we found out a few weeks later that our visitor, Father John H. McCummiskey, S. J., is a celebrity, that he has been working with deaf-mutes for 32 years and is probably known to more of them all over the world than anyone not handicapped like themselves. His sermons for the deaf-mutes are the high points of his work.

Every 4th Sunday of the month Father delivers a homily on the Sunday Gospel to about 3000 people, one-half of whom are deaf-mutes. The rest are his regular Hollywood parishioners.

The story of Father McCummiskey's interest in deaf-mutes is unusual. As a young seminarian in St. Louis he once went to the Odeon Theatre and saw a deaf-mute performance going on in pantomime. It was the first time he had ever seen sign language and it fascinated him. At one side he observed a girl who was not participating. He then learned that she was not only a deaf-mute but, like Helen Keller, blind as well. She touched his heart even more than the others.

He returned to school the next day and made arrangements to spend an hour and a half every day, after his day's classes, at the University of St. Louis. At first he had to learn Abbé L'Epée's sign language. The deaf-mutes were his teachers. When he knew about 50 signs he would go into the garden of the St. Joseph School for the Deaf and converse with the children. They were highly amused at his mistakes, but after two years he learned to talk to them in signs.

When he felt he had mastered the language he began on the deaf-mute girl who was also blind. He taught her by touching her palms and spelling out the words against her hand. It was long, hard work but he succeeded. He even prepared her for her First Communion. When he came to visit her each afternoon he

would touch her cheek with the fringe of his cassock sash. Her face would light up with a smile as she recognized that it was now time for the day's lesson.

After ordination, he spent three hours a day with the deaf-mutes. He discovered that a teacher of deaf-mutes has to be practically the man on the flying trapeze to hold their attention. But he held their attention enough to teach them even to "sing" the Star Spangled Banner and to "sing" it in unison with natural voices.

It was Father McCummiskey's privilege once to visit Molokai, the leper colony in the South Pacific where Father Damien's successors are now caring for the 400 lepers on the island. There he met a leper who had not had communication with the world for more than three years because he was a deaf-mute. Father spent the whole day with him telling him all that was going on in the outside world.

We hope that Father McCummiskey will sometime again come to see us and then we'll ask for stories about his own interesting work, instead of about movie actors and actresses.

H. M. M.

The New Competitor

Down the corridor of Time

Glides the Old Year staid and solemn:
Graduated, capped and gowned,

From the school of Life profound,
Where she's added her last column;
Where has knelled the bell's last chime.

As she passes, lo! there comes,

Mute and shy, a maiden gentle,
With the student's ardour burning;
With an eagerness for learning.
Light she steps, in ermine mantle,
Bearing book of problem sums!

Treat her kindly, everyone:

Unsuspected, she may carry
To her tasks unstinted measure
Of resource; with prudent pleasure;
And of course, we know she'll tarry
Till her final duty's done.

F. B. Fenton.

Sketches

LULLABY FOR MIGNON

Mignon, Mignon, come now to sleep!
Your Persian kitten on this chair
Has curled himself so snugly up,
He seems a snow-ball fallen there;
Your largest doll, Bess Imogene,
Observes you with an anxious air;
"Oh, please, let's go to bed," she pleads;
I read it in her sleepy stare.

Mignon, Mignon, the nursery lights
Are very soft and low this hour;
Mignon, Mignon, your golden head
Is nodding like a weary flower.
Come, come to sleep, to move awhile
Through dreams no lovelier than your days,
For all you know of life, Mignon,
Is bright and fair as Dreamland's ways!

Mignon, Mignon, come now to sleep!
Your toys are weary after play,
While shadows creep, find slumber deep,
And dreams no lovelier than your day!

—Aline Michaelis

AN OPENING DOOR

What change an opening door can bring!
Twilight to dawning, fall to spring,
All these eclipsed in briefest space;
An opening door, a well-loved face.
A knock upon the door who knows
What flux of life it will disclose
When, in an instant, swinging wide,
It bares some secret now denied?

What brav'ry lies in the command,
"Come in!" that bids an unseen hand,
A stranger standing there without,
To enter, and to end all doubt!
Upon the threshold there may wait
The bearer of some quirk of fate.
The world, perhaps, will be no more.
The same, when once that opening door
Reveals the hesitant event
Which time in its due course has sent.
Twilight to dawning, fall to spring—
Such change an opening door can bring!

—Aline Michaelis

MY BACKSTAGE CLOSE-UP OF DANNY KAYE

Yes, indeed, actors are human! I saw it proved just the other day when Danny Kaye, well-known comedian, interviewed over one hundred and fifty high school fellows and girls representing schools throughout Chicago. There was tension as we waited anxiously in the screening room of the Chicago Theatre for the "Kid from Brooklyn" to make his appearance.

One girl, typically clad in bobby sox, skirt and sweater, chewed the head of her pencil until the eraser fell off while amateur photographers nervously adjusted their obviously new equipment.

The few minutes that elapsed until Mr. Kaye finally made his appearance seemed to stretch into hours. But at last he came and the crowd immediately settled down. Pencils were gripped tightly as we waited for the "Wonder Man" to step into his "Funny Man" routine. Our friend of the "double jointed tongue," posing for pictures, wound himself around the top rung of a ladder giving a pretzel-like appearance. After the seemingly endless flash and

flare of camera bulbs, the crowd once again settled down. Now the questions and answer portion of the program proceeded.

"How did you get your start?" questioned a frail-looking specimen of mankind peeping sheenishly over a pair of thick rimmed glasses.

"There is no one particular event that really gave me my start. I was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1913, of Russian descent. My real name is David Daniel Kominski. At the age of thirteen, I joined the A. B. Marcus vaudeville show. In 1934, travelling with the same company, I spent time entertaining in Japan where our troupe played at the 'Nippon Gekijo' theatre. We also toured the Philippines, French-Indo-China, and Siam."

As if reminiscing, Mr. Kaye added that in 1945, he again entertained in Japan, this time under the auspices of the United States government. He also played in the same theatre, however, under different circumstances, for it had been converted into a small Arms factory during the war.

"How did you manage to master your famed 'double talk' so perfectly?"

"Well, I picked it up while playing before Japanese audiences. Since they couldn't understand English, I somehow learned a few Japanese key words and simply relied on facial expression and body movement for the right effect." Mr. Kaye described his "double talk" as a "kind of a gibberish with pantomime"

"What is the extent of your education?"

"Due to circumstances beyond my control, I was unable to go to college, but I don't think I've suffered for it."

"What do you do in your spare time and for relaxation?"

"In my spare time I do a great deal of talking in schools throughout the country." Here the "live wire" explained that he is struggling against racial and religious intolerance. He

maintains that "people have a right to think any way they please, but no one has a right not to think."

"What is your favorite color?"

Pointing to a very dark brown suit, the King of the Clowns, quipped, "As you can see, blue is my favorite color."

"Did you always want to be on the stage?"

"Well, I guess I always had an urge to entertain, but when I was young I had great plans of becoming a doctor, but couldn't. Now, I only want to make good in my profession and I'm trying hard to reach the top."

Well, Mr. Kaye, perhaps you didn't succeed in reaching the height of your aspiration; but just as a doctor cures those physically ill with medical devices, so do you with your instruments of mirth bring joy to the sick of heart.

Jean Cain,

Loretto—Englewood

DEPENDABLE

The wind is rustling the ivy leaves
Round an old mansion grim with age;
An owl in its lair in the turret eaves
Feels not the grip of the winter's rage.
Below, in the vaults of the grey old house,
A cat is watching a hole for a mouse;
While the good folk dance, and the good
yarn clicks—
Eighteen hundred and forty six!

Fifty years hence— and the mansion's left
To gloom and decay and the sob of the gale,
As it whistles and whines through key-hole and
cleft
Made by tumble brick, in a piteous wail.
The old folk have passed from this earth, who,
of yore,
Sang and made merry and danced on this floor;
And their progeny now in a new world
mix—
Eighteen hundred and ninety six!

The old folks' descendants are gathered to-
night;
Radio falls on expectant air;
A Christmas tree sparkles with colour and light,
Cousins and uncles and aunts are there.
In the furnace room, where it makes its bed,
A little brown mouse shows a perky head;
But old TOM'S up to his ancient tricks—
Nineteen hundred and forty six!

F. B. Fenton.

GIVER

Friends have sent me lilies,
Orchids, roses, too;
For-get-me-nots, carnations,
'Mums aglow with dew;
Recalling large red asters,
Tiny pinks; sweet peas,
White phlox from old-time gardens,
Baby's breath, heart's-ease;
Still, nicest of all bouquets
Came today to me,
Some bruised, shabby dandelions
Picked by a child of three.
It was just the element
Of a pleased surprise
Shining in the giver's face,
And his little eyes,
Tho the flowers were wilted,
Stems too short of part—
May God's benediction
Bless his little heart!

Lola A. Beers.

BLUE SPRUCE

A spruce stands just across the way
Silver by night—blue-white by day,
A thing of stately loveliness
With tiers of ruffles on her dress;
And when the wind lifts thru each branch
I'm wondering if by any chance
Before my eyes she'll join a set
And curtesy in a minuet . . .

Lola A. Beers

For Better Things

FOOTSTEPS TO HEAVEN

Lines dedicated to Miss Alice Sharp, Montreal.

To bring to Christ some soul perplexed,
Who, scornful of a charted course,
Had sought an encompassing route
Which led him on, by will—by force;

Who cried at last bewilderedly,
“I’m weary spent—show me the way!”
‘Twas then you came with hand outstretched
To guide this soul to brighter day.

To lead to Christ some blinded soul
Whose vision had been blackened out;
This time you stood with surgeon’s skill
To clear the cataracts of doubt.

To bring to Christ some arid soul
Whose parched lips burned his eager face;
Again, you eased this ardent thirst,
Beck’ning him to founts of grace.

To lead to Christ some timid soul
Who shrank behind warped prejudice;
You taught this one the golden worth
Of prayer—the passport unto bliss.

To bring to Christ some soul confused
Whose tangled thoughts the spirit bent;
To such as these you brought the faith,
On such as these your life is spent.

To lead to Christ the favoured few
Who might have falter’d at the start;
But who, because you passed their way
Were consecrated to His Heart.

To bring to Christ your own pure soul,
To yield with sweetness to His will;
When Mary’s Son shall bid you come,
Your life will be a model still.

Marie-Louise Collins

“SIX DAYS WE’LL NEVER FORGET”

When we first saw “Home, Sweet, Home” we were completely astounded! We couldn’t believe our eyes! The Institute Pedagogique was the largest, windiest building in which we had ever been. It was even bigger than the Abbey! The language spoken was something foreign

and we couldn’t make it out. It might have been French but then we weren’t quite sure, so we just smiled, nodded and blinked in reply.

There were people! people! and more people! Coming from the secluded confines of the Abbey we found it quite a sight! However, we managed to battle the throng and make our way to the Loyola auditorium for our first session in the Summer School of Catholic Action. This was a general session with Father Lord, during which he discussed absolutely everything from a to z—but it was entitled, “The Answer to the Atom.” If you have ever heard Father Lord speak you will understand and appreciate why I say he discussed everything from a to z. He is intensely interesting and grandly humorous, making you laugh one minute and almost cry the next. Naturally we hated ten o’clock to roll around, for the session then came to a close.

The lectures following the general session were quite as entertaining. There was “The Sodalist,” with Father Lyons at his best; “Personality for Convert-Making,” with Father Odou; “Modern Challenge to Catholic Youth,” with Father Daly; “How to Plan Your Sodality Program,” with Miss Gillespie; “The Meaning of Mary,” with Father Duff. There were many others, including: “Radio Workshop in Action;” “Courtship and Marriage;” “Party Planning;” “How to Get Out a School Paper;” “Youth and Student Guidance;” “Catholic Attitude on Capital and Labor,” and “Social Careers for Catholic Leaders.”

As you can see, our days were filled with these many and varied lectures. However our evenings were occupied, too! Each evening a programme was planned. The first was a “Get Acquainted Party,” which all the Abbey representatives attended—needless to say. We had a wonderful time! The thing that impressed us most about everyone was the friendly attitude! We went to several programmes including “Talent Night,” “Sodality Night” and finally the “Farewell Party.”

But as all good things must come to an end, we came to the close of the Summer School, completely happy and contentedly fatigued. We all agreed that they were “six days we’ll never forget.”

Josephite McSloy, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights



**Rosary Sunday
in
Maple Leaf
Stadium,
Toronto.**



**St. Joseph Students
present
the Living Rosary**



**To honour Our
Lady's Name
M-formation
by a group of
Loretto, I.B.V.M.
students.**



Felicitations

To His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, we offer heartfelt felicitations on the Silver Jubilee of his consecration, on November 19th, and sincere good wishes for abundance of blessings on him and on his great archdiocese during many years to come

AUXILIARY BISHOP CONSECRATED

On November 21st the beautiful and impressive ceremony of episcopal consecration took place in St. Michael's Cathedral, when His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan consecrated Most Rev. Benjamin Webster as Bishop—the assistant consecrators being Bishop Kidd of London, and Bishop Ryan of Hamilton. From near and far had come friends of the new Bishop—bishops, monsignori, priests, Religious and laity. A most eloquent sermon was preached by His Excellency Bishop Carroll of Calgary.

In the weeks succeeding his consecration, the new Auxiliary Bishop has had many proofs given him in the various functions held in his honour that he is most welcome to Toronto, and not least because of the great assistance he will afford to our beloved Cardinal in his overwhelming duties.

Our prayers and good wishes are for blessings on Toronto's new Auxiliary Bishop.

Our congratulations and good wishes are extended to Msgr. Brennan, Vicar General of Toronto, and pastor of Holy Family Church, on his investiture by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, with the insignia of the rank of Protonotary Apostolic. Msgr. Brennan is the only priest in Ontario to enjoy this title and favour from the Holy Father.

Welcome and congratulations are extended to Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. W. Cullinane on his arrival in Toronto as successor to the late esteemed Msgr. Treacy, for the past many years pastor of St. Cecilia's Church; also to Msgr. Cullinane on his having been created Dean of Western Toronto.

To Very Rev. Father A. E. McQuillen are offered our sincere congratulations on his new appointments as Pastor of St. Catherine's

Church, St. Catharines, and Dean of the Niagara Peninsula, and our regrets at his departure from St. Michael's Cathedral, of which he has been rector for many years past.

Good wishes and prayers for blessings on his labours in a new field will be his from his innumerable friends in Toronto.

Golden Jubilee felicitations to Reverend Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., past General of the Paulist Order, and founder and some time rector of Newman Club at the University of Toronto. Newman Hall has steadily flourished because of the excellent foundation, and the spirit of its first years, and has since been a boon to the Catholic students attending the University.

Father Burke's achievements as lecturer, pulpit and radio orator, and as writer, are well known. May he long be spared to carry on the glorious work for souls to which he has devoted his priestly life.

The revered Jubilarian is pastor of Old Saint Mary's Church, San Francisco.

To Rev. Father Dominic, O. Carm., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont., we offer congratulations and good wishes on his Silver Jubilee anniversary in November.

Congratulations to Rev. Joseph Maguire, C.S.C., Superior of the Community House of Notre Dame, on the recent Golden Jubilee celebration of his ordination.

Father Maguire is a brother of the late Rev. Oswald Maguire and of the late M. M. Emiliana, I.B.V.M. May many happy years await the Golden Jubilarian!

Our good wishes and congratulations are extended to Rev. Brother Rogatian, F.S.C., on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee on October 16th, and to Rev. Brothers Urban, Herman, and Silvín, who each on this same day celebrated his Golden Jubilee at the Motherhouse, Aurora.

To Rev. Father Hendriks, some time assistant Pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, and previously of St. Anthony's, on his appointment as rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, we offer best wishes and congratulations.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

Fifty years ago, in the course of the year 1896, some twenty postulants entered the novitiate at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Street, and of the twenty there remain five to grace on earth the Loretto of the present day. All Ontario was represented in the group of that year: London, Lindsay, Galt, Guelph, Toronto, Hamilton, and then Shakespeare, Georgetown, Logan, Eramosa, Hayesland, Pilkington, Port Credit, Lanark, and there was one whose birthplace was far across the ocean in Zurich, Switzerland. A special joint celebration was held at Armour Heights on the great feast of St. Michael in September, 1946, for M. M. St. Anthony Keenan, M. M. Odelia Forester, M. M. Bertrand Waite, M. M. Lucilla Breen and M. M. Andrea Dillon. The Abbey car made a Saturday trip to Stratford to bring M. M. Odelia and M. M. Andrea; called at Guelph for M. M. Zita, and returned with them on Monday. On Sunday morning the Abbey school bus went to L.C.S., Brunswick Ave., for M. M. Bertrand and a host of others from the city Lorettes. At the Mother House, Chapel, Community Room and Refectory were all aglow with the splendour of golden mums and autumn foliage. The Jubilee High Mass at 9.30 was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Hackett, C.P., and sung by the novices. Rev. Fr. Hackett delivered a sermon on the realities of religious life: a religious sacrifices joyfully to God the essential desires of a human being in the natural order—possessions, family life, independence. The daily routine of religion with its recurring self-denials lived faithfully for fifty years is a great record of grace and of peace. The singing included the *Jubilata Deo* and the *Alleluia-Benedictus* of Rev. Wm. Finn, C.S.P.

In the Refectory tables were rearranged and a great head table for superiors and jubilarians had among other glories rich yellow roses from our own rosebed, carefully nurtured that they might be just ready for this event, late as it seemed in the rose season. A gorgeous jubilee cake, the work of our own culinary artists, was enthroned in front of one of the large pillars. Its top layer was decorated with five miniature gold crowns—a pentagon at the feet of a small sweet statue of Our Lady. Place cards and decorations were all in golden tones and the menu was worthy of the setting.

The gathering in the Community Room in the early afternoon was delightful. The five honoured jubilarians found laden gift tables, and sat in state to hear what their admiring

Sisters had to say and to sing. A chapter of annals recalled the year of their entrance into religion, the year just before the Golden Jubilee of our coming to America. The twenty postulants of that year were the last to be received in the first Chapel at Wellington Street, which afterwards became the Refectory. The Chapel wing at the south east of the building was begun in 1897 in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of Loretto and in it these jubilarians of today were the first to pronounce their vows.

As the years have gone by, each of the five has made a distinctive place for herself in the life of the Community, and there were local and individual celebrations. Mother St. Anthony went on invitation to visit her nieces and nephews in St. Paul in June, and on her return made a considerable sojourn in Chicago. She had been one of the first music teachers in Englewood's early days and set a high artistic standard for her successors. If you had aught to do with her during the school year you felt that music was next in importance to the salvation of your soul, but once vacation came the gold dust twins were not more vigorous in household affairs than she. She still proves herself fifty years young by being volunteer morning caller for the community.

Mother Odelia and Mother Andrea had a golden jubilee celebration in Stratford also, where they are both valued new members of the community there. M. M. Odelia teaches the Pitman shorthand, gives music lessons on the guitar and is First Assistant.

Mother Bertrand nearly missed the jubilee event, having been in the hospital for many weeks in the beginning of the year with pneumonia, just hovering over the grave. She received instead a new lease of life and has resumed her cheerful fidelity to the duties of community life.

On Oct. 15, commemorating the day of her entrance, Mother Lucilla had the joy of a Mass said for her at the Abbey at nine o'clock. It was arranged for and attended by a group of former pupils who had also had the Gregorian Masses said for this revered teacher.

At 4.30 p.m. on St. Michael's Day there was Solemn Benediction and again beautiful music. Rev. Fr. Fraser was celebrant, with Rev. Fr. Callaghan and Rev. Fr. O'Driscoll, S.J., as deacon and subdeacon. The two youthful altar boys were nephews of M. M. St. Martha, Michael Byrnes, son of Dorothea Cronin Byrnes, and his cousin Paul Cronin, making his first appearance in this rôle. At 5.30 the

Refectory was the scene of another banquet for the large community gathering and then, shortly afterwards, the Abbey bus was at the door and goodbyes and congratulations enlivened the vestibule for a few moments. At length the great community day was at an end in actuality but never to end in the community memory.

Ad multos annos!

—M.

To Professor Etienne Gilson, director of the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies, St. Michael's, Toronto, on his election, October 24th, to the French Academy which, as is well known, is limited to forty members, we offer congratulations with all good wishes.

THE WINNING VOCALIST

In the 1946 Chicagoland Music Festival held in Soldiers' Field, Miss Dorothea Brodbeck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav K. Brodbeck, 7831 South Shore Drive, Chicago, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Class '45, and now a sophomore at Mundelein College, was selected as the winning woman singer of the Midwest.

We should like to republish for our readers

a delightful appreciation, "17th Pageant Really Proves America Sings," from The Chicago Sunday Tribune, by the columnist, Miss Rita Fitzpatrick, also a Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, however, space permits only a brief extract from it:

The competition reached a new pinnacle of importance this year and determined the best man and the best woman singer from the east coast of the United States to the western-most fence of the middle west. A double-barreled contest took place on the field with winners of the Chicagoland Music Festival titles vying with the outstanding singers of the Philadelphia Music Festival.

Midwestern Singers Triumphant

It was a high moment when the national winners were selected by Thomas, Miss Traubel and Edith Mason, Chicago's own opera luminary. They were the two Chicagoland singers, Lloyd Thomas Leech, 32, dramatic tenor of Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Dorothea Brodbeck, 18, coloratura soprano, of 7831 South Shore Dr. The eastern contestants, whose voices, too, were excellent, were Miss Jean La Roche, lyric soprano, and David L. Jenkins, dramatic tenor.

These top flight singers were heard not only by the thousands in the Stadium, but by millions of radio listeners over W-G-N, Mutual Broadcasting System, and Canadian Broad-casting Corporation.

Loretto's congratulations to Miss Brodbeck!

You and I

How much wisdom, think you, maidens fair, may carry
On pert shoulders yet unbent by life's stern task?
And as the passing years touch lightly, you may ask
What revelry graced joy when you planned to marry
A prince charming, riding gaily, gaily, daily?
O joy! my loved sister, you drew a changeling Prince,
And I—unworthy beyond all words uttered since—
Chose poverty, but unlike St. Francis, gaily:

Talking with the birds and opalescent fishes,
And tapping gaily the buds, and blossoms airy,
Nodding sprays of red and blue. Unlike a fairy,
I groaned and grumbled over washing china dishes.
I, indeed, unlike St. Francis, on a day
Saw oft, too oft, but thistles on the way.

Lucile B.

Anniversary

Tears burn hot within my eyes—
(They refuse to fall);
I have learned to be so wise,
I don't weep at all—
I must casually discuss
Which flowers—and where,
And say "that" and say "thus,"
Tho new grief will tear
Me apart. Who shall know
That thoughts within my head
Reach and ask, "GOD, DEAR GOD!
How goes it with my dead?"

Lola A. Beers.

Dear Girls

If I could only write your story
Just like some ancient Homer man
Could dress it up in trailing glory
And add allurements, as he can—
What think you would my offering be
If not a message from high despatch
That you be, all, of the Saviour's free
In the heavenly haul of Peter's "Catch."

Lucile B.

In Memoriam

REV. JAMES J. REDDIN

On Sunday afternoon, November 10th, the sad and startling news of the death of Rev. Father James J. Reddin, but recently appointed pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Toronto, spread rapidly and occasioned expressions of regret, far and wide at the sudden call of this devoted priest.

Father had celebrated Mass, and had given the sermon at each of the two Masses that morning. A little later came the fatal heart attack. There was a special pathos in the fact of his having been only little more than a week in his new parish, after having been pastor of St. Dunstan's for more than twelve years.

The Funeral Mass was celebrated in St. Dunstan's Church which, during his pastorate, had been "vastly improved, and beautified, and left free of debt," and with a congregation about him that had grieved deeply at losing him to another parish so short a time before.

His Eminence James Cardinal McGuigan was celebrant, with Rev. Earl Reddin, S.J., as deacon, and Rev. M. J. Carroll, sub-deacon. Deacons of honour were, Rev. Dennis O'Connor and Rev. A. O'Brien. Assistant priest was Msgr. Brennan; the Masters of Ceremony were, Msgr. Allen and Father Delaney. Very beautiful and full of comfort for those who mourned him was the sermon preached by Monsignor W. T. Davis.

Father Reddin was a nephew of the late M. M. Seraphia, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Anselm, I.B.V.M.

To Father Reddin's bereaved mother, Mrs. Mary E. Reddin; to his brothers, Rev. Father Earl Reddin, S.J., of Winnipeg; Mr. D. V. Reddin, and Mr. Frank Reddin; and to his sister, Miss Marie Reddin, we offer our deep sympathy in their sudden bereavement.

May he rest in peace!

RT. REV. C. W. JAMES, D.P.

Another painful shock was experienced by those still grieving over the sudden death of one of Toronto's highly esteemed priests, Rev. Father Reddin, when they learned that a similar sudden call, on Monday afternoon, November 11th, had come for Rt. Rev. Msgr. James, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

Msgr. James was apparently in his usual

health on Sunday. He celebrated Mass, preached, and attended to other church matters. On Monday morning he celebrated Mass, and had a busy morning and afternoon until—a sudden heart seizure proved fatal.

In a press notice of Msgr. James' death a glimpse at his well-filled days is obtained in this illuminating paragraph:

"Msgr. James, who had been highly successful in his previous offices, coped with the difficulties of St. Mary's most triumphantly, and the church flourished under his pastoral care. He found time to undertake outside activities, and for years was one of the most influential and active members of the Toronto City and Suburban Separate School Board. His death will be a heavy loss in the cause of the Separate Schools, as well as to the archdiocese in general."

The Solemn Requiem Mass at his funeral on Thursday, November 14th, was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan, with Msgr. Brennan, V.G., as assistant priest; Rev. M. J. Carroll, deacon; Rev. P. Johnson, sub-deacon; Msgr. Kirby and Msgr. O'Connor, deacons of honour; and Msgr. Allen and Rev. G. Quinlan, masters of ceremonies. Present also were Most Rev. F. P. Carroll, Bishop of Calgary; Most Rev. M. Johnson, Bishop of Nelson; Most Rev. J. G. Berry, Bishop of Peterborough; Most Rev. B. I. Webster, Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto, and unnumbered prelates, clergy, Religious and laity.

"In the congregation were His Worship Mayor Saunders, of Toronto, Controller Balfour, Senator Roebuck, Chairman Cockburn of the Toronto Board of Education and a full representation of the Toronto City and suburban Board of Education."

In the inspiring sermon by Rev. Dr. L. F. Barnett, of the Faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, tribute was paid to many virtues and characteristics of Msgr. James, not least was his life long devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and his fidelity in reciting her rosary daily, however tired he might be at the end of a busy day. He cited the special stress Msgr. put on the last part of each *Ave*, "now and at the hour of our death," and stated that his whole life had been a preparation for death.

May the self-sacrificing soul of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Campbelle William James, D.P., rest in peace!

RT. REV. MSGR. TREACY, D.D., D.P.

Before the close of 1946, still another esteemed and distinguished priest of Toronto, Rt. Rev. James Power Treacy, D.D., D.P., was to be called by death.

For some time past Msgr. Treacy's health had been impaired, but none realized that the final summons could be so near. When he had learned of the sudden deaths of his two good priestly friends, Father Reddin and Msgr. James, he decided that although ill he must see them, and pray beside them, and give a word of comfort to the sorrowing relatives. Many believe that the strain caused by these two heroic visits hastened his own death, which occurred on November 23rd.

Monsignor Treacy for the past thirty-three years was the beloved pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, having previously been in turn assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, St. Paul's, and St. Michael's Cathedral, of which he became rector, and lastly, pastor at Dixie till 1913.

Through the years he was known not only as a scholarly preacher, and writer of uncommon distinction, but also as the zealous, cheerful, humorous, kindly priest on all occasions. He had reached the age of 77, and in June, 1942, had celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood.

At the Solemn High Mass celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal McGuigan, in St. Cecilia's on the funeral day, the church was crowded with those who had come to pay a last tribute to a beloved priest and friend. There were present bishops, monsignori, diocesan priests and those of religious orders; Sisters of various Communities, and his people of St. Cecilia's, and of many other parishes.

The soul-stirring sermon by Rt. Rev. G. J. Kirby, was a true and beautiful picturing of the departed priest.

The burial took place in St. James Cemetery, Colgan, in accordance with his wishes, as he had spent some of his boyhood with his aunt in Colgan, on coming from Ireland, at the age of eleven, on the invitation of his uncle, Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto. In Monsignor's death an irreparable loss has been sustained.

May his soul rest in peace.

MAJOR REV. A. DERMODY

With grief and a real sense of shock his many friends learned of the sudden death of Major Rev. A. Dermody on November 16th in Christie St. Hospital, Toronto, as the result of a heart seizure following a minor operation.

Father Dermody, a graduate of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, and of St. Augustine's Seminary, was well known in Toronto; after entering the Army Chaplain Service in 1942, he had been stationed at Camp Borden, and was, later district chaplain for M. D. 2, Toronto. Only recently he had been retired from the services. In Hamilton he had been assistant pastor in various parishes and for some seventeen years he was on the Cathedral High School staff. For a time he was chaplain at Loretto Academy, Hamilton, where many prayers have been said for the repose of his soul.

The remains of Major Rev. A. Dermody were brought to St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, on Monday, the eve of the burial day, for the recital of the office of the dead by his fellow-priests and after the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, on Tuesday, were interred in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Hamilton.

May he rest in peace.

M. M. ST. LAWRENCE O'NEILL, I.B.V.M.

Mother St. Lawrence O'Neill was born in Grey Co., Ont., of Irish parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Neill. Forty-nine years ago she consecrated her life to God in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. The perfection she aimed at in religious life was reflected in her years of active service in the community as also in the 15 years of invalid life which she bore in patient unobtrusiveness. She was confined to bed for not more than two weeks and after the reception of the Last Sacraments and Holy Viaticum died peacefully on Oct. 20, with members of the community praying beside her.

The funeral Mass was sung on Oct. 23 at Loretto Abbey by Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J., with Rev. M. J. Ryan, C.S.B., and Rev. Wm. Fraser, Abbey chaplain, in the sanctuary. Relatives and friends were present with the community and the Abbey students to pay tribute to her memory. M. M. St. Lawrence is survived by several members of her immediate family and by nieces and nephews; her sisters are Mrs. J. Gaffney and Mrs. R. Hagen of Toronto, and Mrs. D'Arcy of Saskatchewan, her remaining brother, Mr. Tom O'Neill, of Toronto. May she rest in peace.

—M.

M. M. ST. PIUS McGUIRE, I.B.V.M.

After many years of ill-health, Mother Mary St. Pius, I.B.V.M. of Loretto Academy, Ham-

ilton, went to her eternal reward Wednesday, December fourth.

Mother St. Pius, born in St. Louis, Missouri, was the daughter of the late Cornelius McGuire, Kansas City, and Mary Dwyer. She entered Loretto Abbey, November 21, 1897, and taught with remarkable zeal in a number of the schools of the Community, namely, in Joliet, Illinois, Chicago, Toronto, Stratford, and Hamilton. Compelled by failing health to abandon her work in the class-room she bore the retirement and forced inactivity with much patience and cheerfulness.

A fatal condition having developed she prepared with great fervor and resignation for the inevitable. Death claimed her early Wednesday evening, December fourth. May she rest in peace.

—M.

M. M. ATTRACTA McKENNA, I.B.V.M.

On Christmas Eve at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Mother Mary Attracta ended a long life in religion and on earth, being in the 74th year of her religious life and the 91st of her age. Her name is written into the annals of the parish of Our Lady, in Guelph, and of St. Mary's parish, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, for the long years of extraordinarily successful teaching in the primary classes.

Annie McKenna was born in Toronto, the daughter of Irish parents, James McKenna and Mary Murray. She lived for a while in Nobleton, Ont. At the age of 17 she joined the Loretto Order, from Our Lady's Sodality of St. Michael's Cathedral. Her intelligence and her memory remained clear and sympathetic even throughout the recent years of retirement and failing health. She received the Last Sacraments on Dec. 19, but it was thought she would recover, so that her death on the eve of the feast for which she had so often prepared her little classes so lovingly was a surprise.

The funeral Mass and Libera were sung on Friday, Dec. 27, by Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J. Other priests attending were Right Rev. Msgr. Cullinane, Very Rev. G. Nunan, S.J., Rev. W. Fraser, Rev. H. Callaghan, Rev. G. Cochran. Nieces and nephews present were: Misses Mary and Sarah Carmen of Rochester, N.Y., Mrs. Mary O'Neill, of Elgin Mills, Mrs. S. S. Starret, Mrs. Annie Perrin and Miss Mary Darrach of Toronto, Frank McKenna of Schomberg and Joe McGinnis of Toronto. Other nephews are Jim McKenna of Saskatchewan, John McKenna of Schomberg and Wm. McGinnis of Toronto. Interment took place in the Loretto plot in Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

MOTHER M. ATTRACTA, I.B.V.M.

(An appreciation at the request of the Knights of Columbus in Guelph, for their paper.)

Christmas had always been her favorite feast day. For over fifty years in a classroom of little children she had held a concert, and the children said their 'pieces' about Jesus and Mary and Joseph and the Crib! There might be a Christmas tree and gifts and decorations and costumes, or there might not, but always the little minds were furnished with sweet thoughts and sweet songs. Christmas of 1946 found her, now in her ninety-first year of life and in the seventy-fourth of her religious life, a long way the eldest member of the Loretto Community. Her mind was as clear as a bell, though both sight and hearing were much impaired. When one happened in to visit her, it was never of herself she spoke, but of some little lad in classes long ago and what he said and did, or of First Communion classes and Inspectors' visits. A woman offering to help on a busy First Communion morning before Mass in the basement of the Church was told there were dozens of white ribbons to be tied on the boys' arms. Wondering how she could identify First Communicants, she was assured they would all be wearing new shoes. The parish priest coming in on a Monday morning to pick out the small boy who dangled a lead pencil on the end of a string at the Sunday Mass to the distraction of a whole row of small boys—do you picture it? A new story for each day. She spoke little of her own loneliness, or of the lessened sight and hearing, but one knew it from other things. "Be kind to the young," she quoted, "they have a long way to go; be kind to the old, they have come a long way."

Mother Attracta, Annie McKenna, was born in Toronto and lived for a while in Nobleton, Ontario. At the rural school there, the discerning schoolmaster called upon this dependable bright girl to hear the reading and the tables of the A.B.C. class, little suspecting that this was the apprenticeship to a life long occupation. On her seventeenth birthday, Aug. 15, 1873, Annie McKenna entered religious life at Loretto Convent, Bond Street, with no expectation of ever finding herself in a classroom. A year or so after profession, she was named for Guelph. When in a few weeks a temporary supply was needed for the Primary Class in St. Stanislaus School, she was sent for a few days. The days became a week, and her quiet success in handling and teaching these eighty or ninety little wrigglers was phenomenal. The weeks

turned into months and the end of the school year arrived. At the beginning of the next school year she was permanently established as a teacher on the Holy Hill. Daily after school hours, her sense of duty was exercised on some household task. The coal-oil lamps to be filled, the glass chimneys cleaned and the wicks trimmed, were a regular "chore," of no small importance, for many a year. Each summer she packed her trunk before going to retreat, so as to be ready for some other appointment. Year after year she returned to unpack the trunk and begin again in September, until, almost unawares, the children she had first taught, now grown to manhood and womanhood, were bringing their sons to start their educational career under the steady influence and humanly understanding care of the same Sr. Attracta. Two generations in Guelph and one, in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, have risen up to call this little nun "blessed."

Sister returned to the Mother House about fifteen years ago, retired from teaching, but busy on many other things, for several years more, until bodily strength was definitely wearing out. For almost a year now she had been confined to her room but able to sit up in her chair some hours each day. She had taken a cold about the middle of December, and by Christmas Eve it was evident that she was not likely to recover. She received Holy Communion that morning, and spoke now and then to those who came in. She had been anointed on the Thursday before. When she was first anointed some two years ago she had a scruple that she was not sick enough to receive the Last Sacraments. The priest reassured her, saying she was old enough. This time again it seemed as if she might well rally. The chaplain and the community said the prayers for the dying about 4 p.m.; then, she seemed to be resting. Though her breath was short and her pulse weak, we thought she would live through the night and maybe next day. A Sister sat beside her quietly and twice she spoke, fearing she was alone; then the breath just came to an end. The Community gathered quickly as the bell tolled, about six o'clock, and many prayers were said for the departed soul—Home for good by Christmas!

The funeral took place on Friday, Dec. 27. After Mass the nuns bearing lighted candles walked in procession from the Chapel to the front door of the Abbey, reciting aloud the Miserere and De Profundis Psalms until the casket was placed in the hearse. M. M. Attracta's nieces and nephews from Rochester, Toronto,

Schomberg, Elgin Mills, with members of their families were present and followed in cars with some of the nuns to Mount Hope Cemetery. As the prayers at the grave were finished and the coffin in its plain gray wooden box was being gently lowered into the ground, a soft Christmas snow began to cover it. Four of her boys represented the vast number who would have wished to do her honour in death; Eddie Hewer, John Scanlon, Rev. George Nunan, S. J., and Rev. Dan Hourigan, S. J., the latter having the privilege of singing the Requiem Mass and the Libera.

One of M. M. Attracta's favorite verses in late years was the familiar "Rabboni":

When I am dying, how glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life has been burned
out for Thee.
That sorrow has darkened the pathway I
trod,
That thorns not roses were strewn o'er its
sod;
That anguish of spirit so often was mine,
Since anguish of spirit full often was Thine.
My cherished Rabboni, how glad I shall be
To die with the hope of a welcome from
Thee.

Yet she never allowed anyone to say that she had done great good in her lifetime, or that a great reward was awaiting her, and so, she will wish that all the grown-up boys and girls who were once her pupils and who want to do something for her, will have Masses said for the repose of her soul.

Requiescat in pace!

M. Margarita, I.B.V.M.

Spring Miracle*

From mud—a nest
Lined with the best
Of mother's breast—

This may *you* reap—
A graceful sweep
Where waters leap—

Queer how a thing
Can sing, and wing,
Make you a king—

Lola A. Beers.

* (Editor's note: The author's son, a naval flyer was killed four years ago. "Spring Miracle" came inspirationally as his mother watched from the bridge some fifty swallows dipping in circles over their mid-western river, with unsurpassed grace and beauty.)



STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1945 - 1946

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THE COLLEGE CAMERA

September 21—Back to College. Glad to see many familiar faces again and to welcome the new girls.

September 22—Weiner roast on Centre Island. Our first house party honouring the resident and non-resident freshies.

September 23—Lineups at Simeoe Hall. Sophs entertained freshies with a party at Newman.

September 25—Opening night at Newman. Renewed old acquaintances on the crowded dance floor.

September 26—Mass at St. Basil's Church, where Father J. L. Bondy, C.S.B., addressed the student body, the largest in history of St. Michael's College.

September 29—Trip to Maryholme; some ventured into the water, but most enjoyed an afternoon of bridge.

September 30—Initiation, enjoyable, memorable!

October 2—Bid fond Adieu to Mother Marion, leaving to continue her studies at the University of Chicago.

October 8—Another farewell party. This time for Father McLaughlin, C.S.B., who expects to leave for Rome shortly.

October 24—The first Athletic Night of St. Michael's Women. Looking forward to many more.

October 26—Senior debate, Frances Mary MacDonald and Ruth O'Shaughnessy on the affirmative, Millwood O'Shaughnessy and Virginia Robertson upholding the negative. Subject—Co-operative versus Socialistic Government.

October 28—Record shower—many new records added to our collection for our Radio Victrola.

October 30—Ghosts and Spooks at large . . . good time enjoyed by all at our Hallowe'en party.

November 3—Sodality Sunday; Communion Breakfast; inspiring talk by Father J. L. Bondy, C.S.B.

November 8—Great excitement and long preparation for the Loretto Alumnae Ball at the Royal York Hotel.

November 12—Intra-mural debate, in which Doreen Cullen, 4T9, participated.

November 17—Annual Mission tea; good time for a good purpose.

November 20—Jean O'Shaughnessy and Joan Macdonald upheld the honour of the College at a debate between Loretto and St. Michael's . . . Subject, "Are Trade Unions Justified?"

November 25—Jackie Doiron, a graduate and friend of the College, thrilled us with a short and informal concert.

November 27—An interesting and inspiring talk by Miss Kay McLean, on the activities of students in Europe.

December 1—First meeting of the Thomistic Society this year at which Dr. Peguis was the guest speaker.

December 2—Bridge enthusiasts matched wits with the St. Joseph girls.

December 3—Freshman debate, Jane White and Teresa O'Donnell versus Joan Coffey and Muriel Smith—subject, "Woman's place is in the home."

Dec. 4—Freshies entertained at a delightful tea, honouring the St. Joseph's freshies.

December 8—Day of Recollection—Father G. B. Flahiff, C.S.B., spoke to us on the Mystical Body of Christ.

December 14—Mistletoe and Holly bedecked the halls of Brennan, for the Christmas hop, a fitting conclusion to our first term at College.

December 16-20—Term Exams. Christmas vacation.

Ellen, "Sandy" Smeaton.

MEET THE FRESHIES OF LORETTO COLLEGE CLASS 4T9

- RITA BAUER:** Rita is our star athlete, following in her brother's footsteps. Waterloo is her home town and her one ambition is to visit Hollywood.
- LAURINE BUREAU:** One of our Northlanders who hails from Cobalt. She is a good student in 1st year Pass Arts. Her main ambition is to drive a Checker taxi.
- GWEN COBLAN:** a sweet girl graduate from Loretto Brunswick. She is a Toronto girl, but not greatly interested in Collegiate Rugby. She's our star Spanish student.
- JOAN COFFEY:** one of our Abbey alumnae who excels in English, and is most anxious to meet Hamlet.
- MILDA DANDENEAU:** Milda is carrying the banner for Belleville in that difficult Pass Art course; already looking forward to next year's rugby games. She also thinks you meet so many interesting people at Newman.
- JOYCE FLYNN:** Our representative from the Wrens. She's from Barrie, likes Toronto, but thinks Kingston is nice too. She is very fond of geometry, especially triangles.
- BETTY FLYNN:** Another Belle from Belleville, who is struggling through English? Her main ambition is to do a ballet with a boy from St. Michael's.
- MARY FLYNN:** She's Betty's sister, but not the intellectual! She's fond of dissecting fish, but finds Medicine more interesting.
- NANCY GOETZ:** A Loretto girl from Guelph, who is very much at home on the diamond—baseball that is.
- PAT KEARNS:** One of those Northern lights from Copper Cliff. She is our star actress whose main ambition is to play Ophelia opposite Maurice Evans.
- PAT MacDONALD:** Our W. D. from Ottawa, who loves those History sessions at Convocation Hall. Her main ambition is to get to the U. of T. Library on time some morning.
- MARY MacFARLANE:** Another Loretto graduate who is terribly interested in astronomy. She is full of vim, vigor and vitality, and never drives when she can walk.
- MARY McKINNON:** A westerner from Saskatchewan. One of our star Political Science students. Her one ambition is to hear Mart Kenney, playing the West, a Nest and You.
- PAT McGRATH:** She is carrying on the good old Newfoundland tradition by getting an A in Botany. Her one ambition is to work in the Creighton Mines.
- PEG McLELLAND:** Another Northerner from South Porcupine, who loves to translate French. Every Saturday finds her hurrying over to the Maple Leaf Gardens, with three of her classmates; we wonder why?
- GLORIA McALENDIN:** Student in Honour French and Latin, but we don't think she studies enough to get through! She is another Northerner from Timmins.
- ANN MALCOLM:** A Montreal girl who thinks Michigan is a wonderful place. Her main ambition is to spend a day at the Museum looking at vases.
- GRACE NORMAN:** Our Trinidadian from Port of Spain—an Abbey Graduate who is tremendously interested in the study of rocks.
- TERESA O'DONNELL:** Our star English; very much interested in Plato. She also is from Toronto, and her ambition is to learn the Blackwood Convention.
- CECILIA ROY:** Our versatile artist from the West; she hails from Regina. We must buy that girl an alarm clock.
- MARY SHERIDAN:** A Loretto girl from Hamilton; one of the "Moderns" with a very great interest in fine old Antiques.
- MARILYN WALSH:** A Moderns from Toronto; a graduate of the Abbey. She wants a pair of roller skates for Xmas. Varsity's a big place, isn't it?
- SHEILA WATERS:** Pass Arts student from the good old Abbey. She certainly doesn't think much of the Argos team.
- MARY WARD:** Following in the footsteps of her famous namesake; she comes to us from the Abbey. An excellent student in Psychology.
- JANE WHITE:** A Household Ec. girl who comes to us from the Abbey. Her favourite drama is Snow White. Couldn't you ring that bell a little earlier, Jane?
- HELEN SMYTH:** Another Lang. and Lit. student. A Toronto girl who is dying to learn how to play Bumble Boogie.
- MURIEL SMITH:** One of our students in Household Ec.; she is also from Toronto, and wishes people would mail their Christmas Cards early.

HUMOUR AND SATIRE IN CHAUCER

John Masefield has said of Chaucer, that "no other, except Shakespeare, has been so true, gentle, wise and merry in his statement of what is significant in life." There is an abundance of humour in the works of Geoffrey Chaucer, which is based on a profound and true knowledge of the human character.

The earliest form of satire is to be found among the Greeks. Homer says of the satirists of his time that they were "carpers and fault-finders." We imagine them to have been ill-natured and full of animosity for the subjects of their wit. By a series of gradual changes and refinements, in which the Fable plays a prominent part, satire ceases to be something purely personal and becomes general. Horace develops it anew into something "genial, playful and persuasive." It is this type of satire which we find in Boccaccio and perhaps, thanks to him, in Chaucer.

Through Chaucer's very use of humour and satire, we may learn a good deal about the Mediaeval period. It is said of satire that it is the inevitable concomitant of freedom of speech. Chaucer, it is true, refrains from satirizing that class from which he draws his livelihood, and while he is not ranked as a satirist, yet he does make use of this form of wit. Chaucer does not satirize the court as an institution but he must inevitably show up many faults or peculiarities which the members of his audience would recognize as their own. They saw themselves as they were and they liked it. Meredith writes that "the comic poet is not a frequent apparition." "A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience." Chaucer's audience may have been affected with courtly mannerisms, indeed, the light satire with which he treats the Prioress as embodying many of its affectations, is evidence in itself of this, but perhaps we do not realize the full import of the fact that if the Fourteenth Century could produce Chaucer, it must have been a great age.

It is of interest to discuss the influence of Chaucer's life and environment on his work. Chaucer was a man of humble but respectable origin, his father being a London vintner; thus he grew up in association with the lower classes of that city. He knew their ways and their talk and, perhaps, a more important fact is that he knew their humour. Ruskin tells us that "nothing is so refreshing to the vulgar mind as some exercise of this

faculty, more especially on the failings of their superiors;" and that "whenever the lower orders are allowed to express themselves freely, we find humour, more or less caustic, becoming a principal feature in their work." Chaucer does not include any of these among his pilgrims, but it is pretty certain that he, like Dickens, must have learned a good deal about human nature from folk of the London streets and shops.

Chaucer later spent time at court as a page. He had here an introduction to a different kind of life and also to the audience whom he was afterwards to entertain. Certain records tell us that he bore arms under Edward III in an invasion of France. He was taken prisoner and ransomed by the king himself. He knew then, from personal experience, something of "Chivalrie;" of the military expeditions on which his "Knyght" would ride. It is interesting to note in this connection, that Chaucer does not mention anything of the French campaigns in his description of the knight. Perhaps these were too close at hand; we do not know. From this time on, Chaucer rose in society. He became attached to the Royal household and through a marriage, he even became connected with John of Gaunt. He was given the position of comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wools, skins and tanned hides in the port of London. Thus he gained an intimate knowledge of law and of those engaged in commerce. Owing to his training in and his attachment to the Civil Courts, Chaucer had no love for the Ecclesiastical ones. This fact results, most probably, in the picture which Chaucer gives us of those attached to these courts. The Pardoner and the Summoner come to our mind at once as being the most harshly treated of all the pilgrims. Through his knowledge of commerce, we have been given the picture of the Merchant, the Shipman and the Miller. He shows by touches of irony and humour, a true knowledge of these professions, which he could have learned only at first hand. That Chaucer was a lover and admirer of learning, we know from the fact that he shows off his knowledge whenever the opportunity arises. He makes many allusions to astrology, to the classic myths and writers, and he lists the battle of the Moorish wars. In his description of the "Doctor of Physik" he shows us that he is quite familiar with the various medical remedies and with the founders of Medicine and the writers of its history. In his description of the Doctor we find an example of irony which is outstanding. After having described the miserly qualities of the Doctor, he goes on to say: "For gold in physik is a

cordial: Therefore he loved gold in special." Chaucer treats most favourably among his characters, those who are students. There is no satire in his account of the "Clerk of Oxenford," who would prefer to have at the head of his bed, "twenty bookes, clad in black or reed, of Aristotle and his philosophie," than rich robes or musical instruments.

Chaucer's life, then, had a decided influence on his writings. It is from the knowledge gained in this varied environment, that he draws his material. It is on account of this knowledge that we find satire and humour present in varying degrees throughout his characterization.

Dryden has said that "the true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction." Certainly, this was not Chaucer's aim. Rather, it would seem that "although he hits the moral bull's eye again and again he may have little real interest in producing any effect other than laughter and aesthetic enjoyment." His aim was to please his audience which was a limited one and well-known to him. Chaucer loved the world too much to be bitter in his satire, as were Pope and Dryden. His poetry is gay and full of laughter. When he satirizes his characters, with but one or two exceptions, he does not pass on from his description of them without first smiling at them, as it were. We note this particularly in his treatment of the Friar. He paints a pretty ironical picture of him, particularly in the light of his words that "Humble folk been Cristes freends;" but he ends his description by saying that "his eyen twynkled in his heed aryght As doon the sterres in the frosty nyght." Chaucer is not ranked among the great satirists, chiefly, perhaps, because his satire and irony are not to be taken seriously. "Where Langland cries aloud in anger, threatening the world with hell fire, Chaucer looks on and smiles." Had it been Chaucer's aim to preach by his irony, he would have dealt with many of the evils of his day, which he ignores completely in his writings.

In his characterization, Chaucer uses satire in varying degrees. Those pilgrims, whom he holds as ideal, are hardly, if at all, subject to his irony. His picture of the Knight is one of a noble and brave soldier, a gentleman at all times. It is hard to detect any trace of satire here. Others who fall into this category are the "Clerk of Oxenford" and the two brothers, the Plowman and the "Person." All these are idealised characters and are probably representative of their corresponding types. The Clerk represents the student class, much admired by Chaucer; the Parson is the ideal Parish Priest, and the Plowman stands for the ordinary God-fearing working man of the day.

The majority of Chaucer's pilgrims, however, are dealt with ironically in the measure in which they deserve it. The two women with whom he deals at length are the Prioress and the Wife of Bath. It is interesting to mark the way in which he treats people of such different characters. While he exaggerates the worldly affectation of the Prioress by such means as naming her "Madame Eglentyne," and by showing us her over-sensitive nature: "She wolde wepe if that she saugh a mous kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde," yet Chaucer is rather laughing at her in a mocking way which is not unfriendly. His irony here is due more to an exaggeration of charm than to a defamation of character. The "Wif of Bath," on the other hand, does not fare so well at Chaucer's hands. No doubt she amuses the rest of the pilgrims on the journey, but the author leaves us no doubt as to her character. His very introduction of her is one which his audience would appreciate as ironical: she comes from Bath and "of clooth-makyng she hadde svich an haunt She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt." It was common knowledge that the cloth-makers or weavers of Bath were not only very bad at their trade, but that they pretended that it surpassed the work of Ypres and Ghent; neither were they exactly honest in the sale of their goods. She always wanted to be at the head in Church; this in itself is ironical but if she were not there she was "out of alle charitee." This is an example of true British understanding, and it shows up her character very well. "She was a worthy woman al hir lyve; Housbondes at chirche dore she hadde fyve, withouten oother compaignye in youthe." The fact that Chaucer should call her a worthy woman at this juncture, shows that he means the very opposite of what he is saying. This device for the introduction of irony, is one that is met with in several of the characters in Chaucer's "Prologue." When Chaucer tells us too that she is "Gat-tothed," it is true that she is a great traveller, but there will be little doubt in the minds of the audience that its secondary suggestion, of lasciviousness, applies to her also. Thus, Chaucer's irony in dealing with the "Wif of Bath" is quite different from that which he uses in describing the Prioress. There is a note of raillery here that is absent from the picture of the Prioress and his satire is much harder on the Wife of Bath than on her.

In his description of the Monk and of the Friar, Chaucer also introduces a great deal of humour and irony. He says of the Monk that he is "A manly man, to been an abbot able." This is evidently what the Monk thought of

himself, and Chaucer is laughing at him. He uses here a type of sympathetic satire or irony. "What sholde he studie and make hymselfen wood, Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure, Or swynken with his handes and labour, as Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?" And when having shown so clearly why the Monk thought the rule of St. Maure too strict, he says "And I seyde his opinioun was good," one has no doubt that it is just the opposite of what he means. The Friar, "a wantowne and a merye," seems to be a very shrewd businessman, who likes to mingle with good company and to visit the Frankleyns' houses, where the board is well known to be of the best. Chaucer by the use of his subtle humour brings out all these points in a way which will please his audience and make them enjoy the joke. "He knew the taverns wel in every toun, and everich hostiler and tappestere Bet than a lazar or a beggestere." By merely stating this fact, without any exaggeration or understatement, Chaucer is able to be ironic. The fact stated is incongruous with the state of life of the Friar. We feel at the end of this sketch, however, that the Friar, for all his faults, is a "good fellow."

Chaucer uses, then, many devices to bring irony into the characterization of his pilgrims. He may be discussing their habits, their clothes, their business practices or their vices, but he introduces irony in a masterly manner, which appeals to all his audience.

The "Somonour" and the Pardoner belong to the Ecclesiastical Courts, and from the description which Chaucer gives of them, it is quite clear that all the abuses and bad practices which were prevalent in the Church at that time, were embodied in these two members of it. His treatment of the Summoner and of the Pardoner is merciless. Here, and perhaps nowhere else, Chaucer makes use of invective and bitter satire. He is cynical and has no good word to say of the Pardoner; the Summoner does not fare much better at his hands. Not only his acts but his very physical make-up is ridiculed and sneered at. His hair is sparse and flaxen; most certainly he is not a "manly man." His dishonest practices are of the worst type, for he dupes people in their very religion. It seems evident, although there are opinions to the contrary, that Chaucer, in describing the Pardoner, had a definite person in mind; someone perhaps with whom he had had a quarrel at some previous time. By subjecting the Pardoner and his practices to this type of satire, Chaucer is, perhaps, doing what the builders of the Gothic Cathedrals did when they carved their grotesque gargoyles. Ruskin says of these

artists, that they thought "folly and sin are, to some extent synonymous and that it would be well for mankind in general, if all could be made to feel that wickedness is as contemptible as it is hateful. So the vices were permitted to be presented under the most ridiculous forms, and all the coarsest wit of the workman to be exhausted in completing the degradation of the creatures supposed to be subject to them." The Summoner, of whom little children are afraid, is treated in very much the same manner. When people have seen the ridicule of their sins, they may not be quite so inclined to continue in them as before.

It is rather ironical that one whose character is of the worst type should tell a tale which is in itself an excellent sermon. Moreover, the text of the Pardoner's Tale is "*radix malorum est cupiditas*," and Chaucer has well pointed out that avarice is one of his worst faults. It may sometimes be objected that there is a lack of reverence here in Chaucer's flippant treatment of things of such great import; for he deals with death, blasphemy and the Seven Deadly Sins, which are the greatest offences against God. For Chaucer's light and humorous treatment of these things we may again find an explanation in Ruskin's analysis of the motives of Mediaeval sculptors. He says of these that they always caricatured death and introduced the grotesque element into their sacred art. "Nothing is more mysterious in the history of the human mind, than the manner in which gross and ludicrous images are mingled with the most solemn subjects in the works of the Middle Ages, whether of sculpture or of illumination. He offers this explanation, that for the Mediaevalist, death and sin were true subjects of human fear, which operated upon strong powers of imagination or that the human soul failed in its endeavour to grasp the highest truths. "The fallen soul, at its best must be as a diminishing glass, and that a broken one to the mighty truths of the universe around it, and the wider the scope of its glance, and the vaster the truths into which it obtains an insight, the more fantastic their distortion is likely to be, as the winds and vapours trouble the field of the telescope most when it reaches fartherest." St. Thomas, when speaking of analogy, also says that "similitudes drawn from things farthest away from God form within us a truer estimate that God is above whatsoever we may say or think of Him."

The characters which Chaucer chose to describe are all taken from the middle classes. He includes no one of the nobility: the Knight and the Prioress are the most elevated members

of his society and the cook and the yeoman are perhaps the lowest in the scale. If he had no other reason for limiting his pilgrims to this class, the one which Meredith gives would suffice: "In all countries the middle class presents the public which fighting the world, and with a good footing in the fight, knows the world best."

G. K. Chesterton says of Chaucerian irony that "it is almost too large to be seen." The very fact that he has included himself in his *Tales* is an excellent example of this. Not only is this so, but he carries the joke farther and elects to tell a tale which consists of so much doggerel that the Host of the Tavern has to silence him. He apologizes, saying that he is no poet and proceeds to tell a very mediocre tale in prose. Chaucer is the author of the whole work, but he makes its very development hinge on chance and the action of his characters. Thus it is the Host decides on the telling of the tales before he intends to join the pilgrims, and the Knight tells his tale because he happens to draw the lot. When the pilgrims do not want the Pardoner to tell a tale, as they believe he will tell one that is indecent, he promises and does, indeed, give them a sermon. Again, the *Tales of the Miller* is of a coarse nature and Chaucer excuses him for relating such a one as being all you could expect from such a man and so proof of the authenticity of the collection. All these examples of whimsical humour on Chaucer's part, contribute much to the greatness of his work. Chesterton describes them as "practical jokes on the plan of the book."

It is rightly said of Chaucer that his humour is his most inimitable quality. Indeed, this has been used as an argument for the fact that he is the real author of some earlier works, such as "The Court of Love," which some, owing to a deviation from his usual form of rhyming, attributed to some other poet.

Chaucer's humour permits him to enjoy himself as he tells his *Tales* and makes his audience capture that same gaiety. He laughs at his pilgrims, he laughs at his listeners and he laughs at himself, indeed, he goes far in self-depreciation. He gives us a picture of human nature as it is, and because we share its weaknesses, we must laugh at it. The satire which underlies his humour permits us, with Chaucer, to know the real world, and we do not expect too much of the men and women in it, although we hope for good all the while.

Mariana Thompson, 4T8,
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CHARLES LAMB AS ESSAYIST

Charles Lamb has been called the most universally beloved of English writers. He takes his place in literature as an essayist, as the writer of one single volume of incomparable essays.

It was not until 1820, when he was forty-five, and was "teased" into contributing to the newly-started *London Magazine*, that he found opportunity and scope to practise his own literary form, and to earn for himself, during the five years of that magazine's lifetime, his own peculiar niche in our literature. Wishing to remain anonymous, Lamb chose for his signature for his contributions to the magazine, the name of a former Italian friend who had worked with him years before at the South Sea House—the name of *Elia*.

The *Essays of Elia* contain the best of Lamb's literary efforts. His best poetry will be found in their prose; his most searching and subtle criticism; "situations" so pathetic and so ludicrous that they bring tears and laughter without the help of any stage or curtain; "miniature romances" wrapped in the incidents of hum-drum daily life. The quips and puns of *Elia*, his bright nuggets of epigram, his sugary English humour, and, above all, his ineffable tenderness and charity, make his essays unlike any others, with their charm and fragrance, their intrinsic value in our written language.

What is it—what blend of literary qualities—that made *Elia* so beloved among English writers? It is that the qualities beloved in *Elia* are not only literary; those who read him may always see, through limpid depths, the human nature below the written words.

One of the rarest and most delicate of the humourists of England, Lamb had no influence on his own times. He had little or nothing in common with his generation, which was almost a stranger to him. There was no reciprocity between them. His contemplations were retrospective. He was, when living, the centre of a small social circle. He had an insane sister, Mary, who, in a moment of uncontrollable madness, had unconsciously killed her dear mother; and to protect and save this sister the whole length of his life was devoted. In constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic. The safety and welfare of his sister absorbed the poor clerk of the India House, body and soul.

Charles Lamb's very curious and peculiar

humour showed itself early. It was perhaps born of the solitude in which his childhood passed away. He was born in the Temple, educated in Christ's Hospital, and passed onwards to the South Sea House. His humour is consequently essentially English.

In his writing, tenderness, and good sense, and humour are more intimately and happily blended than in any other writer; his view of men and things is invariably generous, and true, and independent. Lamb pitied all objects which had hitherto been neglected or despised. He viewed the objects of his pity—beggars, chimney-sweeps, and convicts—with clear, unerring vision. He never applauded the fault; but he pitied the offender.

He brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of his day. The style of the essays is full of grace, not antiquated, but having a touch of antiquity. It is self-possessed, choice, delicate, penetrating, his words running into the innermost sense of things. The essays are genial, delicate, terse, full of thought and full of humour; they are delightfully personal; and when he speaks of himself we cannot hear too much; they are not imitations but adoptions. We encounter his likings and fears, his fancies and his nature in all of them. The words have an import never known to us before; the goodness of others is heightened by his own tenderness: and what is in nature hard and bad is qualified by the tender light of pity, which always intermingles with his vision. Gravity and laughter, fact and fiction, are grouped together, leavened in each case by charity and toleration; and all are marked by a wise humanity. In mere variety of subject they surpass almost all other essays.

The extravagant side of his humour appears in his love of punning, and the humour of Elia is an even mixture of tenderness and playfulness. His lightest moods are subdued by an undertone of pathos; where he writes in sadness, a sudden thought sheds a transfiguring gaiety upon his work. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" fills the essays which deal with his early recollections and suffuses the portraits which they contain. Yet, the lighter side of the subject is not forgotten: his portraits are lively representations of their subjects, as the world, and not only the son, brother, or friend saw them—irreparable union of laughter and pathos in his nature and style.

Lamb's study of the older English authors bred in him that love of quaint turns of phrase

which in a less humorous writer might have become a disagreeable mannerism. This archaism, however, lending itself well to Lamb's demure type of humour, is part and parcel of his style. In play of fancy, in susceptibility to the varying shades of human emotion, in a humour which reflects clearly the perpetual irony of life, Lamb is without an equal in an age in which the journalist and essayist flourished.

The quality of his humour was essentially different from that of other men. It was not simply a tissue of jests or conceits, broad, far-fetched, or elaborate; but it was a combination of humour with pathos—a sweet stream of thought, bubbling and sparkling with fancies; such as was not met with elsewhere except perhaps in Shakespeare. His delicate and irritable genius, moved within a limited circle; and this fact was not without its advantages; for it gave to his writings their peculiar charm their individuality, their sincerity, their pure gentle character. Wit in him assumed a new shape and texture. He was no longer simply malicious, but was coloured by a hundred gentle feelings. His heart warmed the jests and conceits with which his brain was busy and turned them into flowers.

The very literary form that he chose, the few vivid pages—efforts of the moment—thrown off for circulation in a busy world, is characteristic of the man's life and nature. For he was "at home in crowds," and the thoughts that passed through his brain threaded their way as did the human beings on the crowded pavements of his London.

He took mankind into his confidence, not afraid to bare his mind and heart. He wrote his essays for mankind in the same spirit of trust and candor in which he wrote his familiar letters. It was "the general" that he always exalted, in his heart of hearts.

A large portion of Lamb's own biography can be written from the essay. Using his own impressions and recollections as a text for his work, he wrote without a trace of egotism or self-assertion. To himself, he was one of a crowd, sympathizing with its most ordinary pleasures and sorrows. Subjective though his essays are in the sense that they deal largely with himself and his doings, his personality did not project itself so as to bend everything within its reach into the shape of its idiosyncrasies; it reflected the ordinary life of the world, with an added light colour. The prevailing intellectual quality of his style is humour, he intertwined in a manner similar to Shake-

speare the ludicrous and pathetic elements in human nature.

Many of the essays may be termed autobiographical. The Elia series begin with *The South-Sea House*, where Lamb worked for a few months almost thirty years before. Here is a fresh mingling of realism and romance, people who could really be identified, in a setting which had the mystery of a Gothic romance. Thomas Tame, whose "mind was in its original state of white paper," and "the fine rattling, rattle-headed Plumer." In "*Christ's Hospital*" there emerge some distinct, never-to-be forgotten pictures: the bathing excursions in the New River where the boys stripped and "under the first warmth of the sun wanted like dace in the stream," the suspected gag-eater—"the young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds." In *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, Lamb wrote of the Temple as one having a thorough knowledge few men have had. In one of the most beautiful pieces of prose in the English language Lamb has caught the glamour of this old institution in a description with all the suggestions of an old painting. He wrote of London and the Temple as shrines of great antiquity and placed therein a picture of his father, a touching tribute to John Lamb. Best of all descriptions is that of Bridget Elea, Mary slightly disguised, in "*Mackery End in Hertfordshire*."

In "*Blakesmoor in H-----shire*" the story of Lamb's early life is enriched by the description in this essay; his liking for the old house, its high walls and old pictures, the grounds about, and the memories which had come down from many years. He mourns over the ruins of Blakesmoor (once his home on holidays), "reduced to an antiquity." He stalks, ghost-like, through the desolate rooms of the South Sea House, or treads the avenues of the Temple, where the benchers ("supposed to have been children once") are pacing the stony terraces. The inimitable Sarah Battle (unconquered even by chance), arms herself for the war of whist; and the young Africans, "preaching from their chimney-pulpits, lessons of patience to mankind." Bobo, who invented roast pig,—at *Mackery End*, the Gladmorns and Brutons will bid you welcome, the face of dear old Bridget Elia is "in a season of distress the truest comforter."

The poor relations, the old books and the old actors. Dodd who "dying put on the weeds of Dominic," Mrs. Jordan and Dickey Suet; Ellis-

ton always on the stage; Munden, with features ever changing; Liston with only one face; "But what a face!"—Comberbatch (Coleridge), borrowing of books and Captain Jackson and Barbara S. A distinguishing mark of the Elia essays is the portrayal of persons, not merely those whom Lamb knew and liked but also the nameless people whom he saw as he went about—father, sister, brother; the old clerks at the *South Sea House*; the teachers at *Christ's Hospital*; Boyer and Field; the inimitable Sarah Battle; himself as the "*Superannuated Man*"; the little girl who makes us remember Valentine's Day and Jem White, who gave the supper for the chimney sweeps.

In "*Old China*", one of his best essays, liking for old china strikes the note for recalling old friends, old books, old scenes, and naturally suggests the tenderest memories of Charles' association with Mary—their walks together, going to the theatre, and eating strawberries. "*The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*" shows Lamb at his best as a writer and humourist and exhibits his special liking for and understanding of children. "I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind." A realist in the experiences of life, not living in a world of dreams, he liked people, he liked to look into their faces. He had a passion for life.

However quaint or familiar, or sprinkled with classical allusions, the essays are never vulgar, nor commonplace, nor pedantic. The phrases are not affected, but derived from our ancestors. Lamb's studies were the lives and characters of men; his humorous and tragic meditations were generally dug out of his own heart; there are in them, earnestness and pity and generosity and truth, but not a mean or base thought throughout. He was the last true lover of Antiquity. Although he admitted a few of the beauties of modern times, he soared backwards to old activities. His essays are reflections of his own feelings and link themselves with the reader's affections.

Hazlitt (in the "*Spirit of the Age*") says: "The streets of London are his fairyland, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood: he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance." He went back into dim antiquity,

and sought out the old English writers, and proclaimed their worth to the world—abandoning the gaudy rhetoric of popular authors for their sake. He surmounted that great interval of time and space, and is now in a manner, *Their Contemporary!*

Elia is the young city clerk, with the nervous stutter, the Titian head, the almost immaterial legs, and the unforgettable smile, whose memory we cherish; the Elia who took upon himself in a moment of agony, a life's duty, and performed it; making his whole life subservient to it; sacrificing much, loving greatly, failing sometimes, weeping often, light-hearted and whimsical to the end. To Coleridge he was ever the "gentle-hearted Charles," and to the world he is the most beloved of English writers.

Jane Hinds, 4T7,
Loretto College.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

It was cold on the bridge. Staring ahead through the snow and sleet was like looking at a blank wall or out of a frosted window on a winter's morning. It strained the eyes and tired one quickly. The Captain felt his hands grow numb with the cold and his head begin to ache with looking out into the night at nothing.

"Wind's shifting to nor'-west—barometer's dropping!"

The words of the watch rose above the fury of the storm, struggled against the wind, and hurled themselves against the Captain's eardrums. He started, nodded, and made his way slowly down the ladder to the deck below. As he entered the mess room he glanced at the calendar inside the door. Someone had neglected to tear off yesterday's date. "December twenty-fourth" still hung there. But today was—why, Christmas! The Captain sighed: Christmas at sea. It was all right for him; he was accustomed to it. But he felt sorry for his men; especially the new cabin boy who was probably spending his first Christmas away from home.

He left the mess room and made his way toward the men's quarters, from which a great deal of noise was issuing. Evidently the crew had not forgotten the date and were celebrating it in their own fashion. As he opened the door the sight that met his eyes made him smile—probably the first time he had done so in a month. The men had found a tree somewhere. The Captain thought he could detect the outline of the clothes stand beneath the pap-

er decorations and feeble imitations of tinsel. Grouped around the "tree" were the burly members of the crew: McCormick, the red-headed Irishman, from County Cork, shouting at the top of his lungs, and entirely off key; Klasky the Russian adventurer, strumming some kind of native instrument, with a far-away look in his eye; Simpson—formal, pompous, looking for once as if enjoying himself. The cabin boy was there too—a bit melancholy, perhaps, but harmonizing very earnestly with the Polish stoker on a Christmas carol.

To a critic the music would have been atrocious, but to the Captain it was beautiful, for it represented the contentment and good will of a group of men of diversified types and origin, spending Christmas together in complete accord. To these men, Christmas meant the cold, grey sea, the sleet, the hail, a midnight watch on the bridge, where it was so cold as to numb even one's thoughts; but it meant also a Christmas tree, and carols; happiness and goodwill.

The Captain, unseen by the men, left the room as quietly as he had entered. He had not the heart to interrupt the merry-making. He returned to the bridge and dismissed the watch:

"Go on down below," he ordered, "there's Christmas down there!"

Margaret Kearns, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HER PORTRAIT

A few days ago, walking through the front hall at school, I noticed a group of fellow-students standing before a picture. I halted, out of curiosity. The girls were obviously Freshmen, and seemed to be taking the opportunity of early dismissal to become acquainted with their school. Just now they were gazing admiringly at the portrait of a beloved foundress, Mother Mary Ward, of the seventeenth century.

One of the girls remarked, "She's beautiful, isn't she?" Another answered, "yes, I wonder why she became a nun?" I looked at the picture more carefully. Someone who had recognized me as a Senior asked suddenly, "Do you know any details of Mother Mary Ward's life?" I smilingly admitted that I knew a few facts about her, and even that much might help. All seemed anxious to hear, so I began, as I should, at the beginning.

Mary Ward was born at Mulworth Manor in England in 1585. Both parents were really

staunch in their religion and on this account had often been persecuted. It was a trying time in England for all who held fast to the Faith, and the shadow of death was never far from the faithful. Still, Mary lived happily during her early years, and the example of her good friends and relatives impressed itself on her memory. At the age of sixteen she resolved to become a nun.

We can imagine that there were many to oppose her. Her features were lovely, and she was in every way perfect.

Naturally, a few young gentlemen sought her hand in marriage. One of these was Edmund Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who was favoured and encouraged by her father. Mr. Ward urged Mary to accept Edmund, and he tried in every way to discourage the heavenly inspiration.

Mary was firm, however; she left England and entered the Order of the Poor Clares. She applied herself faithfully to her tasks, but she soon knew that her lifework was elsewhere. At the end of a year she left the Poor Clares and had many hardships in carrying out her inspired plan. She founded a community whose members would make the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and who would devote their lives to the education of girls, but would be without enclosure, that is they would not be cloistered nuns.

In spite of great opposition she established houses in several places, Liège, Munich, Vienna, Naples, and Rome. All this time Mother Mary Ward seemed to be everywhere, helping the poor, strengthening her religious companions and always she was merry and pious. Even during a period of imprisonment, she maintained this remarkable spirit. From the continent she returned to England, and laboured in London amongst the poor. She also opened a school for girls. Then the Civil War between the Cavaliers and Roundheads broke out, Mary went to Yorkshire and there provided a refuge for hunted priests and comfort for persecuted Catholics.

In 1644 she fell ill, and early in 1645 she suffered greatly. With her unflinching courage she endured all cheerfully as she held the crucifix in her hand. Finally, after consoling her sorrowing Sisters, she passed away just after saying "Jesus," which was the first word she had pronounced as a child.

After a few appreciative remarks, the little group broke up. I looked again at the paint-

ing and the eyes seemed to smile and I fancied I heard a Mary Ward motto: "Be merry; meet all your troubles with a smile and a prayer." I nodded imperceptibly—"I shall do that, Mother, and, when I fail your spirit must urge me on."

Alma Samis, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

MONDAY

Good old Monday morning!
The one red-letter day,
When week-end fun, is over and done,
And we've the debt to pay!
Every seven days it comes,
And like a thief at night
It sneaks up on our pillows,
Turns on a glaring light;
Memories flood our sleepy souls,
Our conscience creaks with guilt
And we begin to twist and pull
Aunt Mary's favourite quilt.
"I can't get up!" 'You will get up!'"
These voices drive me crazy!
Not a scrap of homework done—
I'm just so weak and lazy.
That rugby game was simply grand;
I cheered with all the others
And wished with all my little heart
That they could be my brothers,
The voice of doom has knocked again,
It says so sweet and clear:
"I think you have an English test,
Of course you know that, dear!"
Why can't these Monday gremlins
Let us poor folks alone?
Fly away a block or two,
And bother poor old Joan?
The mirror always tells the truth—
My hair's uncurled and tatty—
But please don't say I look a wreck,
You're only being catty!
No, I won't get discouraged;
I won't let on I care;
I've had a grand old week-end—
But oh! I'm really scared!
I'll never, never do again
What I have done before;
I'll do my homework, then I won't
Be frightened any more.
I won't wake up on Monday morn
Just feeling like a fool,
And like a sentenced criminal
Wend my way to school.
Instead I'll be a model
To every girl I know;
My English homework won't be left
For some old boring show! (????)
These words may seem convincing
And the motto seems all right;
If you don't want those voices
Why! stay in on Sunday night!

Catherine Mary Stinson, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

A GIFT

Peter sat on the rock, his hands clasped around his knees, thinking. The beauty of the night was all around him, more so than on any other night, but Peter did not notice it.

Anybody, standing on the crest of the rise a little way behind, would have thought the scene a most peaceful one—the stars big and bright in the blue-black velvet of the sky, the lambs bleating softly at times, and the boy sitting quietly on the rock.

But none, if able to see Peter's thoughts, would have thought them peaceful. That evening he had left the house, having quarreled with his grandfather. The cause of the trouble lay at his feet—a little white lamb. Its mother had died two weeks after the birth, and since then, Peter had looked after it carefully, feeding it with a bottle, and seeing that it always got a good spot to graze on. The lamb now followed Peter everywhere, and the boy had grown to love it.

But now someone wanted to buy it from grandfather. Peter had begged to be allowed to keep it, but grandfather had said, "No, it is so weak, it will never grow into a hardy sheep, and we who are so poor cannot afford to keep pets." In the end, Peter had refused to give it up, and now he was in disgrace.

He could not decide what to do. Picking up the little lamb, he hugged it to him, thinking how sad he would be if it went. But, on the other hand, he loved his grandfather, and did not like to displease him. So he sat there, torn between two alternatives.

All at once, Peter felt a deep peace come over his thoughts. He sat holding the lamb, watching the stars, while a great happiness stole into his heart.

There was one big star up there—how bright it was! And how strange—rays of light coming from it seemed to point to the rock below!

And Oh! The sky was all lighted up now!

Peter wondering what it could be, suddenly heard the most beautiful singing. It seemed to come from everywhere and told of something wonderful. "Take your lamb, and follow the star." Peter looked around; no one was in sight, yet he knew he had heard a voice saying those words to him. He hesitated—but it was a strange night, so, holding the lamb tightly, he stumbled down the hillside to the mass of boulders below. When he reached them, he saw nothing but caves, where a farmer kept his cattle.

He walked into the one nearest to him, and

saw a crib, over which a woman was bending. Impelled by some strong impulse, he knelt before it, and looked into the eyes of a little Infant. The Baby smiled at Peter, who was still holding the lamb. Peter looked up at the woman. Her beautiful face was pale, and a little tired, but Peter noticed more the peace and joy which shone from her wonderful eyes.

Behind the crib, a man was kneeling. There were three or four shepherds, also, in the cave, among them Peter's own grandfather. Peter looked at him, and moved to put the lamb in his arms, for he had now made his decision. But his grandfather, looking at the crib pointed towards it.

Peter placed his pet at the foot of the crib, and the Baby smiled at him, then looked up at His mother. Two little arms rose in the air, and the mother bent down.

Peter walked home with his grandfather that night, happier than he had ever been before.

A great and wondrous Thing had happened!

Pamela Devaux,

Loretto-Brunswick, Secretarial Department.

A PET PEEVE

Much adverse comment has been made, and probably with some justification, on the variety and structure of ladies' hats. Now, Gentlemen, take heed! You, too, have a deplorable idiosyncrasy. When passing a men's clothing store, have you ever blinked at the rows upon rows of brightly coloured ties on display? Yes, that is the unpardonable failing, your TIES.

Bright colours appeal to me; however, when about five or six of them in an indiscriminate combination and with a few dots added are presented to my eye they are slightly too much for me. Still there are males adorned with such ties, who strut about the earth, as though they owned it. We unconsciously follow the lines of a painting, but if we attempted to follow half the lines of some ties, we would become unconscious. It is amazing to note the colour, designs, and what-not that can be mixed up and put into a single tie.

I recall one party I attended with a young gentleman who wore one of the most hideous ties I have ever seen. When dancing with him I was continually confronted by innumerable blotches of loud colours. I vainly attempted to look elsewhere; the result was only to see pink, green and purple. He thought himself dressed "fit to kill." Yes—fit to kill someone's eyesight.

Those who wear such ties are lucky, for they see them only when they aren't wearing them.

Some men may excuse themselves by saying that their wives, daughters, and sweethearts are to blame for existing conditions. On every father's day, Christmas and any other occasion that calls for gifts, they receive these obnoxious ties from their female friends. Rail on, Gentlemen! have you ever stopped to realize that the giver, when choosing a gift, attempts only to please the person to whom it is to be given? So you have no one to blame but your dear, vain selves. Many a time, indeed, I have been jostled out of my common complacency by the sight of an old man with a tie so vivid and loud that it would please any gypsy or Indian dancer.

The next time any man takes it upon himself to rail about women's hats, let him pause and think of that bit of wearing apparel dear to the male species — the brightly coloured tie.

Mary Cancilla,
L.C.S. Secretarial Department.

MY CHILDHOOD

Looking back into the dim years that I can now term my "Childhood," I can recall some happenings that at the time seemed, to us, all-important, but now are mere subjects of hilarity, to be laughed over in our reminiscent moods. They are made more vivid by the proverbial "family album," which shows us as we were then—a group of five prim little girls with cropped hair and bangs. We knew little about anything except the huge wheat farm that was our childhood home, and the little green and white schoolhouse where we made our grand entrance into the world of learning. We all loved to go to school then, and had to fight to keep back the tears when mother decided it was best for us to stay home.

Living as we did in Western Canada, we had as our playground a wide expanse of prairie land stretching as far as we could see. In the field back of our home, I can remember very distinctly one tree. It was only an ordinary tree, that here, would be considered not much more than a seedling, but it was so important to us, simply because it was the one and only tree. Out there, we held our picnics which consisted of packing a lunch in a basket, going out to the field and eating it under our precious tree. Mother said she often laughed to herself when she saw us going off in such high spirits to our pathetic little picnics.

Another of our favourite pastimes was playing in the loft of our huge red barn.

Lorraine Menard, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

SHE KNEW

A little girl, not much more than a baby, walked with a steady step up the dimly lit aisle of a great church. Her tousled hair was almost completely hidden under a large woollen scarf, and she seemed lost in the coat that covered her small body.

Though several worshippers were gathered in the Church—for Christmas was just around the corner—the little visitor seemed oblivious of all, as she made her way to the crib at the front of the church to visit the Baby Jesus. Without hesitation, she stooped, and kissed the statue of the Holy Babe. An old gentleman, who had been watching the scene with amusement, approached the child and asked her why she had done that. "I love my own little brother very much," the baby-voice replied, "and I often kiss him, and I kiss his picture, and I love Little Jesus even more, so I thought He'd understand." She left the old gentleman, and he felt he understood a little more why Jesus so cherished the love shown Him by children.

Lorraine Menard,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

EPIPHANY

The Wise Men three approached the gate
Of Bethlehem's fair town;
Above them, blazing in the sky,
Their guiding star looked down.

Its blinding rays were with them still
From Herod's home, and street;
And when they found the Son of God
They worshipped at His feet.

The perfume of the golden hay
Was sweet upon the air;
The heav'nly light of sanctity
Shone 'round the Holy Pair.

These Wise Men knelt and worshipp'd long
The incarnate King of Kings.
The angels prais'd Him with their songs,
And watched with folded wings.

Jackie Williams, XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

HIS CALL

The wind is sharp but stars are bright
 And shepherds gaze as angels sing
 Of glory come about this night
 And peace brought by the new-born King.

Spurred by an angel's joyous face
 They haste to find the Saviour Lord;
 Into the town with hurried pace
 They go; they find the One adored.

And from another land afar
 Three Wise Men travel country wild;
 Led to the manger by a star
 They render homage to the Child.

Margaret Lalor, XII,
 Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

She had been lame since infancy. Her small twisted legs and thin body were a pitiable sight to behold. Of all her children Mrs. Connelly had a special love for her golden-haired Alice. My story begins a few days before the glorious feast of Christmas and, incidentally, on Alice's ninth birthday.

Preparations aplenty made the old house on Elm Street literally vibrate with life. Little excited whispers were to be heard and strangely shaped packages could be found tucked away in hidden nooks throughout the house. Dad had brought the Christmas tree the other day and the children were going to decorate it. Alice would be carried into the spacious living-room and placed on the divan before the huge fireplace. Then the tree would be set up to the right of it. Boxes of red and green paper, piles of silver rope and multi-coloured decorations were everywhere. Strings of lights would soon be twinkling from the branches of the tree. Surely this was the happiest day of the whole year, thought Alice.

After the tree was decorated mother would gather her little family around her, with Alice occupying the place of honour on mother's lap, and her golden head nestling on her comfortable shoulder. Before the crackling fire she would tell them the story about the Christ-Child and Christmas. Always she would tell them to try to keep the Christmas spirit throughout the year, not just at Christmas, and in that way Christ would be more closely united to them. Little Alice would listen with wide-open eyes to every word her mother spoke and wish she could do something for the Christ-Child. After the Christmas story, mother would unwrap a beautiful little halo of stars. This was to be put on in the morning after Mass. Then her little

family would be tucked in bed to dream of the morrow and the lovely things to come.

This particular Christmas Eve, Alice was not at all sleepy. After the house had quieted down, she was still wide awake.

"I wish," she murmured, "that I could see the Christ-Child, I love Him so much! But I am not worthy of such a thing as a visit from Him!"

Suddenly the room was flooded with light and a beautiful young boy stood there. Alice was filled with wonder, and asked who He was and how He got in.

"I am the Christ-Child. Doors are no barriers to Me when hearts are pure and full of My grace." He said. "Come now and play with Me, Alice."

"I would love to play with You," she said, "but I am lame!"

The Child approached her, took her by the hand and Alice felt free and light. The Child asked what she wished most to do, Alice replied, "I wish I might fix the Angel on the top of the tree."

Leading her to the tree, the Christ-Child handed her the Angel, Alice felt herself being lifted upwards, as she felt when daddy lifted her up sometimes. She fixed the Angel firmly, then turned to thank the Child but He was gone. She heard beautiful voices singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" in the most wonderful harmony, then she slept peacefully.

The next morning Mom and Dad found the Angel fixed on top of the tree, and Alice asleep with a beautiful smile on her face. When she woke she related the incident as a lovely dream. But we like to think it was really a visit from the Christ-Child to a little sufferer who loved Him.

Mary Campbell, Class '46,
 Loretto Academy, Stratford.

THE UNEXPECTED

On a cold, bleak, wintry Saturday morning my brother Bill and I trudged wearily over dreary reaches of snow and ice on our way to the market. We talked merrily of the Christmas season and especially about Midnight Mass which excited both of us immensely as it was to be our first time to be present for this wondrous event. Bill was thrilled, too, because he was to serve at Mass!

All was quiet when suddenly I shrieked as Bill slipped unexpectedly on the icy road and his outstretched legs landed directly beneath an advancing truck. My screaming was to no

avail, the truck had crushed Bill's legs. The brakes shrieked bringing the truck to a stop instantly. The driver bounded out and ran toward Bill who was now unconscious.

As the accident occurred on Main Street, a large group of eager and wondering faces approached the scene. Just as the ambulance arrived I fainted and could not remember anything for several hours. Then all I could think of was Bill and how disappointed he would be since he would not be able to serve Midnight Mass, his greatest happiness.

I woke startled and jumped out of bed to thank God this was only a dream, and Bill could still be a sanctuary boy at Midnight Mass.

Rita Schultz, XII,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

AVOID THE RUSH

You have very likely often heard this warning, "Only ten more shopping days till Christmas!" You may have heard it on the radio, or read it in your daily newspaper.

And what does it mean? Well if you react to it in the same way as I do, you just put it in the back of your mind and convince yourself that ten days will leave plenty of time for anyone to do her shopping.

Life glides on until there are only three days left, and then you decide it is time to make out a list. You write the names of the members of your family, never thinking, of course, to include your great-uncle who gave you that beautiful watch, or your cousin, who is always asking you out to dinner.

For next move off you go to Eaton's, just thinking of dashing in and right out again. You make your way to the nylon counter, and, to your astonishment you find a great crowd assembled there. After a half-hour or so of waiting, the salesgirl gives you the disheartening news, that they are all sold out, but that if you are lucky, you just may happen to get a pair tomorrow, providing you are there early! Feeling quite disillusioned, you make your way around to the rest of the counters, and find them all the same, except for a few, where garden implements are sold, but who would want a hoe or a shovel for Christmas? Finally, after an arduous day, you turn your tired feet, on the homeward path.

It is usually at this moment that the yearly resolution is again formulated in your weary mind.—"I shall start my Christmas shopping early next year." But in spite of yourself you

have disquieting recollection of having made that very resolution last year, and in previous years. Will it be ever thus, or shall we help each other to keep our motto, "Let's avoid the rush?"

Betty Payne, IX,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MCGEE'S

Mr. McGee returning home from work walked more slowly than usual for he was in deep thought. His children, Sharon and Paul, would be waiting for him. How could he explain to them that he had lost his job so near Christmas?

As he turned up the pathway to the small white cottage where they had been living since his wife died, the children came to the door greeting him with enthusiastic chatter about the Christmas holidays. They went into the kitchen for the evening meal. After saying grace the children broke into laughter as they suggested presents for each other and for their friends. On seeing this, Mr. McGee had not the heart to tell them about the misfortune. Presently Paul and Sharon hung their stockings before the fireplace in the usual manner. The tree was colorfully decorated and the parcels under the tree were of every imaginable shape and colour. After these preparations they went to bed and night passed quickly into morning. The snow sparkled and glistened on the trees. The McGee's left for early Mass and after thanking God for all their blessings returned home. When they were opening their parcels the mailman arrived bringing many greeting cards. Among them was a notice for Mr. McGee telling him to return to his job, which the children need not know he had lost. The Christ child saw to it that there was a happy Christmas for all at the McGee's.

Aileen Baker, X,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

WHAT I EXPECT TO GET FROM A CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Wherever one finds a Catholic Church, usually there is found near-by a Catholic school. If one may be permitted to use the term, the school is an external mark of the Church. In this diocese, and the same is doubtless true of every other diocese in Canada, our forefathers made great sacrifices in order to have a Catholic school in their midst.

Schools should be inseparable from the

Church. Why? Because religion for us is not simply another subject added to our already over-burdened curriculum. We are convinced that early training is important. The boy of to-day must be trained to keep the Ten Commandments, if the man of to-morrow is to keep the laws of the land—"As the twig is bent so grows the tree." Religion is not something to be put on and off from one day to the next. Lack of religious training in youth results in this, that many attend Church on Sundays, and do as they please for the remainder of the week, regardless of commandments.

The question that now arises is, "What do I expect to get from a Catholic Education?" God made us to know and serve Him here on earth and to see and enjoy Him forever in heaven. This is the fundamental background for happiness and peace. Therefore my Catholic training will enable me to choose wisely and be more fitted for my vocation in life. My happiness in this world and in the next depends largely upon a correct choice of occupation.

The purpose of religious education, moreover, is to train one to live a good Christian life and to achieve a real personality, which is the key to success. Character is said to be the moral basis of life. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence for good that is constantly exercised by a wholesome environment. Catholic schools provide this. There we are in daily contact with the virtuous. Such surroundings have been known to transform a disposition from its evil inclinations into a virtuous and happy temperament. The good example of one man has often influenced, not only his immediate family, but a whole nation. Man has been placed here on earth in order that he may spend his life in society with other men and under an authority ordained by God; that he may develop and evolve to the full, all his faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator and that by fulfilling faithfully the duties of his station in life, he may attain to temporal and eternal happiness.

Therefore, I hope to achieve from my good Catholic education, book knowledge sufficient for my temporal welfare, a strong will to overcome the temptations that will beset me during life, a practical piety to enable me to practise the religion lessons taught me during my school days, a sincere love of my neighbour, and a truly loyal spirit of citizenship.

Dolores O'Sullivan,
Commercial Department,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS

There was never a time when so much official effort was being expended to produce happiness, and probably never a time when so little attention was paid by the individual to creating the personal qualities that make for it. What one misses most to-day is the evidences of widespread personal determination to develop a character that will in itself, given any reasonable odds, make for happiness. Our whole emphasis is on the reform of living conditions, of increased wages, of controls on the economic structure, on the government approach—and so little on man improving himself.

The ingredients of happiness are so simple that they can be counted on one hand. Happiness comes from within and rests most securely on simple goodness and a clear conscience. Religion may not be essential to it, but no one is known to have gained it without a philosophy resting on ethical principles. Selfishness is its enemy, to make another happy is to be happy one's self. It is seldom found long in crowds, but is most easily won in moments of solitude and reflection. It cannot be bought, indeed money has very little to do with it.

No one is happy unless he is reasonably well satisfied with himself, therefore the quest for tranquillity must of necessity begin with self-examination. We shall not often be content with what we discover in this scrutiny. There is so much to do, and so little done. Upon this searching self-analysis, however, depends the discovery of those qualities that make each man unique, and whose development alone can bring satisfaction.

Of all those who have tried, down the ages, to outline a programme for happiness, few have succeeded as well as William Henry Channing, Champlain of the House of Representatives, in the middle of the last century.

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common."

It will be noted that no government can do this for you, you must do it for yourself.

Bernice Flanagan,
Commercial Department,
Loretto Academy, Stratford

MODERN FARM OF TODAY

Let us look back in the dim distant past at the many hardships and inconveniences of our grandparents. Travel was difficult in those days. Their only means of transportation was by horse and buggy, and in the winter by sleigh. When we think of them it makes us thankful to be living in this modern age with its cars, aeroplanes, "hydro" and many other labour-saving devices.

For instance let us take electricity. It is commonly used in every home today. The home has all the electrical appliances available, such as: The electric refrigerator, range, washer, iron, toaster, radio and, best of all electric lights.

Then in the barn the work is now done much more easily with the lights, milking machine, chopper and grinder.

Even the hen houses have heated water. Their pens are equipped with electric lights which are lit in dull weather. This device makes them more profitable.

I think if our forefathers could come back they would certainly be astonished at the well-built homes all equipped with electricity, and would congratulate the present-day farmer on his freedom from the inconveniences and hardships of their days.

Angela Ryan,
Commercial Department,
Loretto Academy, Stratford

HOLIDAY SHOPPING

I glanced over my list reassured that all was in order and hurriedly thrust it into my pocket before stepping into the bus. As I glanced at my watch, I noticed that it was slightly after noon, and decided that my Christmas shopping would take no longer than an hour or so. I was soon downtown, amid a crowd of last-minute shoppers with arms full of bundles, hurrying to and fro. I had intended to shop further down the street, but "the crowd" thought otherwise for me. Before I knew what had happened, I found myself in a strange store, and heard a saleslady hurriedly asking, "may I help you?" After asking to see some gloves, she directed me to another department and hurried serenely on her way. A fall on the escalator caused by a careless shopper, did not hinder my progress too much, but to find the glove department and then be informed that it could not satisfy my needs was disappointing. I hurried into the street. As I passed friends, we exchanged

yuletide greetings in the usual gay fashion. Finally, I happened to notice a pair of gloves in a shop window, to which I took an instant fancy. However, a slight wait of twenty minutes was endured before I finally procured them. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in being propelled from store to store by carefree people, who, like myself, were in a great hurry, or so it appeared. I see now that I was a trifle over-confident in regard to the capabilities of store clerks. There were many people besides myself who were seeking the same thing as I, namely service.

It was dark as I stepped off the bus, arms laden with gifts, and in a bewildered state of mind. As I hurried homeward I encountered a slippery spot on the pavement, and some seconds later, I rose to my feet, dazed, to find my brother laughing, and at the same time helping me with my parcels.

Christmas came and departed, in a gay manner, and as New Year's approached I found myself jotting down the resolution: "I will shop earlier next year." So has it always been and, I suppose will always be throughout the coming Christmastides.

Loretto Dwyer, X,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

AS I RECALL IT

It was a scorching day, July 25th, but the temperature mattered little to me, for this was the day set for my first visit to New York's greatest skyscraper, the Empire State Building, which lifts its proud head 1,250 feet above its city streets.

Being equipped with a camera and three rolls of film, I entered this highest man-made pinnacle on earth. I was instantly fascinated by the Indiana limestone and granite walls, which were set off with strips of chrome steel.

Crowds of people clamored for tickets to the observatories on the 86th and 102nd floors.

On entering a self-controlled elevator, a strange feeling crept into me—as though butterflies were playing tag inside of me. After reaching the 86th floor in less than one minute, I stepped from the huge elevator onto the floor—roof of the first observatory. On this level, were wide outer terraces from which many spectators watched the ever-changing panorama of New York and its outlying districts. Looking to the North, I could see across Central Park, past the George Washington Bridge,

for fifty miles up the Hudson. To the South, I saw the spires of lower Manhattan gracefully silhouetted against the New York Harbor.

I sighted a telescope which was on hand to accommodate visitors, and peering through it I received a clearer vision of these places.

Being refreshed by the cool ocean breezes, and after snapping several pictures from various directions, I entered the tower elevator which carried me to the second glass-enclosed observatory, on the 102nd floor. This exhilarating height afforded me an even finer opportunity to see New York spread out like a living tapestry beneath me. Its famous sky-line formed a magic circle which enclosed the tremendous, ceaseless vitality that is Manhattan.

Buses and cars speeding up and down Fifth Avenue resembled tiny fat bugs. Pedestrians looked like busy ants hurrying in swarming crowds along the sidewalks, and New York Harbor was still another fascinating sight to behold as I stood 1,250 feet above the earth, wrapped in the magic of the world at my feet.

Seeing the sun sink into the West which seemed so much more magnificent from this higher altitude, I resigned myself to the return once more to the busy, buzzing, chaotic metropolis that I had just viewed.

Rita Cunningham, Senior,

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

"Ooh," the murmur rose from the people gathered in the elevator, as the car flashed past the tenth, thirtieth, fiftieth floor and came to a sudden halt at the eighty-third. Having always had a secret fear of elevators, I now breathed freely, and quickly followed the crowd through the restaurant, where savory odors assailed my olfactory nerve,—past crowded souvenir counters, and on to the terrace which is surrounded by a wall five feet high.

The first thing I felt was the brisk wind and the gloriously fresh air. The wind tore through my light summer coat and blew it out behind me. I had a feeling of freedom, and it seemed as though I could just step over the wall and start to fly—a wonderful sensation! All my cares and worries were gone, and I did not want to get back to the ground in a hurry.

Looking over the wall, I was thrilled by the magnificent view of the city. As far as the eye could see, in three directions, all that was visible was New York, that fabulous fairy city, whose fame is known throughout the world.

Directly in front of me, I saw the city stop short, and the ocean begin; and out in the bay, the Statue of Liberty stood, proud to represent one of the greatest nations in the world.

It amazed me to think that this huge city of iron and steel was made by man. It seemed an impossible feat, but man had done the impossible many times before and he had shown his great ability to do it again, as this city gives mute testimony. Towering steeples rising above the flat-topped buildings, reminded me that God, Who in His infinite mercy has given man the power to build great cities of this sort, still has His faithful children who recognize His rightful place in the scheme of things.

A sudden chill blast of wind rounded the corner of the building and shivering, I pulled my coat tighter around me, but not to be daunted by the elements, I held my ground.

My eyes darted here and there, trying to see everything at once, as if I were afraid that it might vanish at any moment.

What impressed me greatly was that no sound came from the city below. I could see signs of life such as tiny automobiles crawling up the drives, and street cars, the size of beetles, slowly pushing their way forward, but I couldn't hear them, which seemed incredible.

At that point, a still greater gust of wind came huffing and puffing up, and a sailor hat was quickly lifted from a dark head and flung downward toward the street. There was general laughter at the mishap, and a little girl insisted on being lifted up to see the fate of the hat.

Satisfied with my view of the city at that height, I followed the crowd and soon found myself in a crowded elevator, which ran up to the observatory tower on the hundred and third floor. After assuring myself that I was intact, I stumbled out of the car and saw that the tower, unlike the terrace below, was very small and enclosed in glass. Looking toward the ocean, I could see ships heading for the port, with their stacks smoking, and even the people aboard.

A fog suddenly arose, rolling slowly up from the ocean, and in a few minutes the city was a mass of swirling grey mist. Reluctantly I agreed to be led away from the magical window and we started down in the elevator. We made the trip, non-stop, in about thirty seconds. Ears and stomach could hardly stand the pace, and so it was with a thankful heart that I stepped out of the car, and planted my feet on firm ground again.

Joanne Murphy, Senior,

Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.



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VERMILION RIVER GORGE

The camp was still except for the steady hum of the motorboat and the sound of a hammer in the boathouse behind the lodge. The log cabins on either side of the lodge were quiet and empty since all who were going fishing today, had left long ago. As I stepped into the rocking boat from the desolate dock I could feel the wind cool against my face. This was my first motorboat ride and the thrill left me with a feeling of exuberance.

As we sped along sprays of water bathed my face.

We could see many rocks projecting from the surface of the water. On them were red warning posts to protect people who did not know these waters extremely well. At high tide the rocks would be lost to view but the posts would still show.

The wind whipped, whipped through my hair, and many times I was forced to gasp for breath. Along the shore we caught glimpses of deer, dashing swiftly into the woods at the sound of the motorboat.

After passing a bend in the river we could go no farther by boat. The remainder of our trip must be made on foot. The only access to our destination, the Vermilion River Gorge,

was a narrow path. Forging the gorge proved a precarious task. Stepping from one slippery rock to another, with the icy water swirling underfoot gave me a strange feeling.

We had to go some distance through the woods to get to the falls. The gorge itself was very narrow and high stone cliffs rose on either side. It was not a very good path and my legs were severely scratched. Peering over the edge of the cliff at the fierce churning of the water below, my pulse quickened and my heart beat faster at the sight of such a masterpiece.

As we continued, the trees and brush suddenly cleared and the small majestic falls met our gaze. I hastened to the very edge to get a better view, but the soft earth slid from under my feet, I caught myself by a small tree and observed that the view was just as good a few feet farther back.

The water came from a clear little pool, rushed over the falls and as it hit the rocks below it began to churn faster and faster until the din was deafening. Then the turbulent waters slowly calmed and flowed into the peaceful Vermilion River.

We were in raptures over the lovely scene, another work of God!

Joan Rauen, X,
Loretto-Englewood

HAM SCORES OVER TURKEY

The horrors of baked ham and Thanksgiving had haunted me almost all the years of my existence till it now became a dreaded and almost distasteful thing. The dislike for ham had nothing to do with the meat itself for on any day of the year it tasted fine to me, but on that special Thursday the thought of it fairly made me cry.

All my friends boasted of the perfect turkeys which were annually prepared by their mothers and grandmothers during that happy season. As for me, ham had been my lot and ham it would continue to be till either a miracle occurred or the expense of preparing the ideal Thanksgiving dinner descended considerably.

It was different this year and I was almost overjoyed at the prospect. I was ill and although the discomforts of not feeling well hindered my complete enjoyment of being the center of attraction, I was nevertheless most grateful for the slight discomforts. I would be taken to the hospital a few days before that certain Thursday and there, I had been told many times as an inducement for getting me there, an ideal Thanksgiving meal would be served. You know, cranberries, chestnut dressing, pumpkin and apple pies and, yes, TURKEY.

I tolerated my ill health for the few days before the big event but I was certain that nothing short of death could check my long awaited feast.

A meager measure of good health was mine on Thanksgiving Day and it increased as the tantalizing aromas ascended through the elevator shaft and up the stairways of the hospital. It drowned out all traces of ether and

penetrated the walls till I thought I'd perish of expectation.

Finally, the zero hour approached and nurses began wheeling heavily laden carts of food into room and wards and then into the very room where I lay. It took only a few minutes, all was ready but an unfortunate thing then happened. The TURKEY, cranberries, and pies were before me, but they forgot to bring something. I couldn't say what, but something was lacking. The others in the beds about me were eating heartily, but something was lacking! I pushed the burdened tray back and flung myself exhaustedly against the airy pillows. "What's wrong?" I thought. Maybe I was just in a new environment that I hadn't grown accustomed to and it made me feel uneasy. No, it wasn't that exactly. I surely didn't miss the ham. "Oh!", I remembered. Be kind of nice to push my chair away from the table and crawl up on the forbidden front room couch for a bit and maybe sleep off the stuffed feeling. I guess if the hospital supplied a couch and table and . . . The nurse startled me with her question.

"Aren't you hungry dear?"

"No mam, got a headache, kind—a. Guess maybe I'll take a nap for a while. I guess I'll feel more like eatin' afterwards. That is, if you got any ham."

Betty Prete,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

"Loretto Lorelei," published by the students of Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago, had this interesting announcement in its Fall issue:

It's here, the prize sensation of the year! A chance to win the beautiful \$25,000 dream home, complete with a two car garage and a 1946 Hudson four-door Sedan, all for a dollar. The drive, under the auspices of the Loretto Englewood Auxiliary, is led by Mrs. Hal J. Webb and Mrs. T.A. Du Charme.

Mother St. Aedan addressing the school on October 25, said that the purpose of the enterprise was "to liquidate the debt on the new Wheaton property, opened as a novitiate on June 28, 1946."

The novices home in Wheaton will receive one-half of the proceeds of every book sold by the students of Loretto. The other half will go to the Mount Carmel Building Fund. To spur on additional sales, a free chance is given to everyone completing a book.

On any bright sunny afternoon the luxurious home, located at 354 E. 85th St. might be viewed and inspected by patrons. The drawing date is set for February 17, 1947.

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

from

Loretto High School, Englewood

to

*The Institute of the
Blessed Virgin Mary (Loretto)*

*In this, its Centennial Year
in America*

1847 ——— 1947

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF INITIATION?

To this question, proposed by a member of *The Loretto Lorelei* to Freshmen of Loretto—Englewood, came the following views expressed, respectively, by Dorothy Wells, Kathleen Battle, Mary Broderick, Pat Woods and Marilyn Glynn:

The wearing of pigtails, different shoes and stockings, specked glasses and label signs were only a few of the many sights that appeared at initiation, which then did not seem to me as very amusing. It was proved though, by the seniors, that even in this odd regal one could have a good and greatly exciting time.

* * *

I was not only amused but greatly relieved by the initiation. Having heard many frightening stories about the green freshies' entrance into high school, I had been dreading the ordeal. It was all good clean fun, not too embarrassing and taken by all in a friendly spirit.

* * *

A chill ran through my frail structure at the thought of being initiated. "I will never come out alive," was my only thought, but surprise came upon me when I finally encountered the "big day." It held in store many laughs and full knowledge of high school fun.

* * *

Scrubbing sidewalks, shining shoes and eating raw potato sandwiches did not stop me from displaying an air of gaiety, for I would soon be fully fledged in high school, that long awaited dream. It was a thrill to meet such wonderful girls and it certainly proved a worthwhile event.

* * *

Now that initiation is over I look back at the many misgivings I had in regard to it. It was an all-round pleasure, especially, when some of the tricks were accidentally reversed and my senior was the "red faced" victim, not I.

UP THE KANKAKEE RIVER IN A CANOE

While the canoe swayed, bobbed, and ducked the steady hands holding it, five of us eased our way into it and with one swift movement of the paddle we were gliding up the river. Trees on either side of us tipped their hats as we passed. Swiftly we made our way through the murky water with the bright summer sunshine glistening like sequins.

Out of the peace and quiet came the roar of

Mendel. The canoe fought back with silent defiance. Tossing, turning, and bucking, the canoe held on until the motorboat had passed. In an old hat we scooped out the water that had rolled in over the side of the canoe.

Moving along we came to an uninhabited island covered with trees, bushes, and everything green. Curious about it, we steered closer. Weird designs formed by shadows greeted us. Birds fluttered around like leaves in Autumn. Dark, sinister trees loomed out at us. A branch caught my hair and I was nearly drawn out of the canoe. Soon we reached the end of the island and the mighty river flowed before us.

Leisurely making our way up the river, we came to a summer resort. The sound of barking dogs, crying babies, shouting children, and excited fishermen echoed down the river to meet us. One by one these little cottages melted away in the distance and soon we came in sight of the small creek.

As we neared it we could see the murky water of the river rushing by the clear water of this creek. Slowly but surely we went on our way, scattering little black insects in confusion. A school of minnows swam past us. This was a fishermen's heaven. Hungry fish were leaping like Mexican jumping beans.

Nature interrupted us, but for only a moment. She had laid a tree across the creek, but we managed to squirm past with a few minor scratches and just a slight tear in my brother's shirt.

On we went, zig-zagging down the creek. Ugly turtles, which my brother insisted on trying to catch nearly upsetting the canoe, bobbed their heads over logs. Frogs croaked their tales of woe to each other.

Suddenly from out of the river, directly in front of us, rose a little paradise, the perfect spot for our picnic. Our exploration of the Kankakee River came to a happy ending as we jumped out and pulled the canoe to shore.

Marian Smyth, Senior,

Loretto High School, Englewood,
Chicago.

BY CROSS AND ANCHOR

Would you like to enjoy a new adventure story? Well, read the life of the frail little priest, Fr. Frederic Baraga, spent in the snowy wastes of the Lake Superior Region. It is written by James K. Jamison.

Fr. Baraga was born at Castle Malavas in

the Kingdom of Illyria, a province of the Austrian Empire, in the latter part of the 18th century. He had name and wealth but even as a child he gave away his shoes to the needy. He finally gave up everything to come and spread the Catholic Faith among the Indians of the Great Lakes in America.

In 1835, Fr. Baraga arrived at Mackinac Island, bound for La Point. There at La Point he built a church with the aid of the French Canadian Traders. The wild, pathless, snow-bound wilderness seemed no place for this slight priest, for his parish covered vast territories and he was the *only* priest. His sorrows were the Indians who were being continually exploited and displaced from their land.

There are many thrilling events related in this book. For instance, the hero and his companion were caught on an ice flow, and were miraculously drifted shoreward. Another time his staunch guide fell sick on the snow trail and he had to take the great packs upon his own back and help the guide, too.

As the years advanced, a few young priests came from the Eastern States to help him, and in 1856 he was made Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie. His Indians always were a great strain on him, they continually got into trouble. He became weaker and a trip to the East greatly aggravated his condition. He returned, literally gasping and panting for each painful breath. In 1869 on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, which fell on January 19th, Bishop Baraga with his crucifix in his hands, breathed his last feeble breath, while the violent winds of Lake Superior were whistling without. The great mission of Frederic Baraga was completed.

Donna Mae Barras, XI,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

WINTER PARTY

Having my birthday in the winter afforded some difficulties as far as a party was concerned. I live in the country and transportation to a party is always a problem. Our house is rather small, so mother said to have real fun most of our time would have to be spent out-of-doors. I planned a combination sleighride and toboggan party. The gala night arrived, clear and frosty, with the full moon shining on the crystal white snow. We gathered my friends up with the team and sleighs, and spent a glorious time skiing and tobogganing. Later we went into the house for a few games and a lunch of

hot chocolate, sandwiches, and cake. The sleighride returning the guests to their homes was rather quiet as everyone was ready for bed, but apparently all were well pleased with our merry evening.

Shirley Doran, XI,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE SAULT'S FAVORITE WINTER SPORT

In Sault Ste. Marie is found by interested observers an "Arena" where covering the large cement floor, is a sheet of artificial ice. Many people enjoy this winter sport without feeling the effects of the cold weather. Sunday night is one of the busiest at the Arena's box office. At this Polar Rink one sees all types of skaters including those doing fancy figures. The skaters keep time to the music, and skate for long periods of time.

This Arena is also used for the Northern Michigan-Ontario Hockey Games. The rink is then filled to capacity with hockey fans. Such a building is a means of good entertainment. It is one of the Sault's leading recreational centers, The Pullar Ice Stadium.

Ruth Giacometto, XI,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SPEARING FISH

January and February are the months when we spear fish in Lake Superior. We get ready in the early afternoon, make ourselves a big lunch and get into heavy clothes. It takes half an hour by car to get to the shore. From there to the fishing shack it is really cold; the wind bites through all our heavy clothing. When we finally get to our shack, two long miles from shore, as it is cold in there, we have to build a fire and take the ice out of the hole. The ice will freeze in the hole again if the spear isn't kept moving in and out of the hole. Next we get our spear ready and wait for the first fish. Usually we fish from 4:30 till 8:30 and even sometimes we fish all night if we have enough food. One night, two of us, in about five hours, got one hundred and forty-four herring. Most of the fish that some lucky fishermen catch are whitefish. Spearing is a great sport.

David Shields, IX,
Loretto High School
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.



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TORONTO

A PRESENT FOR MOM

It was the day before Christmas Eve, and as Tim stood on the corner peddling his papers, he began to wonder what he should give his mother. He had been able to save two dollars and fifty cents, enough he thought to get something she would really like. But what should he get?

As soon as he was through with his papers, he ran to a department store, and partly out of curiosity, passed through the toy section. He was just going to—well—glance around, he told himself. But over in one corner stood a beautiful sailboat, with a real sail, and a cabin with windows—and it cost exactly two dollars and fifty cents. Tim looked longingly—but shook his head. Mother deserved a real nice present. He could wait. So digging his fingers further into his pockets, Tim shuffled along—but, oh—look at that!—a pair of nice shiny roller skates which cost only one dollar and seventy-five cents. He glanced down at the handful of change. One seventy-five from two-fifty would leave seventy-five cents. He liked those roller skates. . . . He would have seventy-five cents left for a gift for mother.

"No. I'm going to get Mom the best," he

said. Grasping the money with a firmer hand, he trudged along with his eyes downcast so that he couldn't get distracted. He walked along determinedly until—boom!—he bumped right into a showcase. But look what he saw—a tiny green Christmas tree that twirled around on its pedestal and played "Silent Night,"—a tree all trimmed with bright colored lights! He looked and looked and looked with his small nose pressed against the glass case. A clerk came up to him.

"Hello, there. May I help you?"

"Oh, yes. Please—please tell me—how much is that little tree?"

"This one? Seven dollars."

Little Tim opened his eyes wide in amazement. Here was the perfect gift for Mother, but,—seven dollars! He looked at his two dollars and fifty cents, and then at the clerk. He had made his decision.

"Here's two dollars and fifty cents. Please save that tree for me, and I'll be back for it tomorrow with the rest of the money. Could you do that?"

The clerk said that he could and would, so Tim left the store. All was settled now except for a matter of four dollars and fifty cents. Where would he get it?

"I know! I'll work all day and earn it. I'll have to!"

The next morning, bright and early, Tim was on his way to the flour mill. He got a job carrying sacks of flour, and he worked till he was practically white himself. The man gave him two whole dollars. Two plus two-fifty gave him the grand total of four dollars and fifty cents. Two dollars and fifty cents more to go. Where to get it?

He went to Mrs. Brown's house and asked if he could shovel her sidewalk. This he did and gratefully accepted seventy-five cents for his work. Four fifty plus seventy-five cents was five twenty-five. One dollar and seventy-five cents to go.

He went to Mrs. Johnson's and asked if he could do something for her. Yes—he could dump seven cans of ashes for sixty-five cents if he wanted to. It was two o'clock; three and a half more hours. But sixty-five cents was sixty-five cents, so Tim lugged all seven cans and dumped them, till he was exhausted. Then again he counted his money. Five dollars and twenty-five cents plus sixty-five cents was five dollars and ninety cents. It was three-thirty, and the store closed at five-thirty, and he only had five dollars and ninety cents. Two more hours to get one dollar and ten cents.

Running to the grocery, he asked if he could do some delivering. Yes—at fifty-five cents an hour. Fifty-five plus fifty-five was one dollar and ten cents. That would be just right.

So for two hours Tim rushed from house to house carrying groceries. At twenty minutes after five (due to the kindness of the grocer) Tim, with his well earned money, ran breathlessly to the department store. Tired as he was, he made his legs carry him fast to the toy section. Hurrying to the well-remembered counter, he looked around for the kind clerk. He was nowhere in sight; no one seemed to be there, and the store was about to close. He pounded his grimy fist on the counter, and a girl popped up—from nowhere—

"May I help you?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! Yes! You know that little green Christmas tree—the tree that twirled around and played "Silent Night?" I want to buy it."

"I remember the tree," said the clerk, "but it was sold this afternoon."

Sold! The words sank in with a deep, dead thump. His tree—sold—gone.

"Oh, but it can't be. I left two dollars and fifty cents here to save it."

"Yes," she said, "I was told that money was left for it, but it was nearly closing time, and

no one had come. I'll refund the money to you, of course."

Taking his two dollars and fifty cents and thanking the clerk, he left. The bell had long rung for the store to close and he went with an empty heart—and empty hands. It was Christmas Eve, the stores were closed, and he had nothing for Mother. Tim felt tears rolling down his cheek. The seven dollars of hard-earned coin were jingling in his pocket, but the sound made him feel worse. Nothing for Mother!

Trudging up the familiar stairs, he hastily wiped away the tears, opened the door of his house, and glanced up, expecting to see his mother.—What did he see? His Christmas tree up on the mantle, twirling and tinkling its little song. Then his mother had him in her arms.

"Merry Christmas, Son. Where have you been?"

"Working, Mother, to get money to buy that little tree. Where did you get it, Mother?"

"I bought it, Dear, for you. Merry Christmas! You know it isn't Christmas without a tree. I used the money for that, instead of turkey. Maybe this year we won't have a perfect dinner, but we'll always have our lovely little tree, won't we?"

"But the turkey, Mother—"

"We won't have any—I spent the money."

Tim triumphantly drew out his money.

"Here, Mother, seven whole dollars. Can we get the turkey now?"

"Tim—oh, you dear!—of course we can. A great big one—but the money—?"

"I earned it for your present, only now we have the very tree, Mom, is the store still open?—for the turkey, I mean?" I'll run down and get it—a big one. You got me something we can have together; now I can get you something we can both enjoy. Merry Christmas, Mom!"

Joanne Budill, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

LED BY A STAR

"Waldrop, come here. How is one to observe a planetoid with a sky of this sort? The position of it is perfect, but the atmosphere—" Professor Ernest Slesahn rubbed his fatigued, squinted eyes once more and peered hopefully into the telescope.

"Trenow said when he left this morning, Professor Slesahn, that the cloudiness would last all day and perhaps all night."

"Confound it! Why did Trenow leave at such a time when he is so much needed. Holidays—bah! If he would work instead of rest, he'd get somewhere. Professor Bolton, call him up and tell him to come to the observatory as quickly as he can."

Professor Bolton, bent over complicated maps and charts, searched through the myriad papers at his side. He chose a few written in neat, legible print and placed them before the old Professor.

"We can get along without him, Ernest; besides, I have made a survey of the weather conditions, and the cloudiness should disappear in another two and a half hours."

Hope glided in with these promising words and entrenched itself firmly in the masked lines of their faces. Just two and a half hours until they could begin to complete their theories and plans of months. One of the most aloof, violet-like planetoids of the solar system would at last bare her hermit head for revealing observation! Their happiness was dimmed only by a brief two and one-half hours.

"Well, confound it! Waldrop—Bolton—don't stand dallying! Back to the planetarium. We have work to do. We'll come here to the observatory in another hour or so. We have no time to waste."

Papers were shuffled. Expensive instruments were carefully covered. Three happy scientists hurried with as much glee as their scholarly intellectual lives would permit.

"What was that?" Newton Waldrop's slender, sensitive face grew thoughtful. "Why," he said, chuckling inwardly as was his habit, "Of all things, someone's knocking at the door. Strange time and place to come calling, heh? what? I'll go down and see who it is."

Professors Bolton and Sleshahn had just collected the charts and drawing instruments, when they heard Waldrop's heavy step followed by a light, skipping one, on the sturdy iron stairs.

"Are you sure this isn't where Santa Claus lives?" queried a small treble voice.

Professor Sleshahn jerked and turned a bushy, unbelieving brow in the direction of the door. The most incongruous imagining was a reality. Standing inconspicuously as a grain of salt among mountainous telescopes was a tiny boy of perhaps four years—looking pixie-like in a red snow suit and large black boots.

"He doesn't know his last name, but his first name is Thomas," Waldrop explained casually to the bewildered, grey-haired professor.

"No—o—o. My name is Tommie. You did-

n't listen right," said the child with dignity.

"Thomas or no Thomas, what is he doing here?" impatiently demanded the Professor.

"Are you Santa Claus?" asked the small boy.

"No, I assure you, young man, I am not the gentleman you are looking for. Why are you here?"

"I'm looking for Santa Claus to thank him for giving me a railroad train. I thought I would find him here, but I guess I'd better go on. Thank you. Good night. Merry Christmas!"

"Look here, Bolton! Waldrop! Something must be done. We cannot allow a small child to be wandering away from his home. Do something! Say something!"

"Wait a minute, Tommie. It seems to me someone should have told you that Santa Claus does not allow children to see him especially after he brings them gifts," Professor Waldrop's imagination had been well preserved in his years of searching the heavens.

"That's right, Tommie, so you had better return to your parents instead of staying away from home," offered Professor Bolton helpfully.

"Then if Santa won't see me, I guess it's no use looking for him, is it?"

The two sages silently shook their heads. Professor Sleshahn, whose nervousness had been visibly mounting, now said impatiently, "Confound it! Let's not dilly-dally here any longer."

"Yes, Tommie you had better go home," agreed Waldrop.

The little elf slowly turned and started down the stairs, carefully slipping both feet on each step, as is the manner of the very young. On the third step he hesitated, turned and looked sadly at the three tall figures above him.

"But I don't know how to get home."

Stewart Bolton's innate courtesy, grown somewhat rusty through years of sparse usage, said gently, "Oh, don't worry Tommie. You just tell us where you live and we will drive you there on our way to the planetarium."

Professor Waldrop added an enthusiastic "Yes, that's the idea." Professor Sleshahn said nothing.

"But I don't know where I live either. Father Higgins would know. Mamma said he baptized me, and he gives me lollipops when I go to Church. Can you take me to him?"

"Bolton, I think he is the priest who lives in the house beside the Catholic Church that we pass so often on our way here. I met him the day we offered invitations to the children

upon the opening of our new lecture room," said Waldrop.

During the ride to town Tommie was quiet. Finally, he burst forth. "Gee, I'd sure like to get my big brother Pat a nice telescope like you have in your building."

Professor Sleshahn's intellectual curiosity was at once aroused. "Is your brother interested in the stars?"

"Yes, sir, and he wanted a telescope for Christmas, but he got a jacket instead."

"How old is your brother, Tommie?"

"He is sixteen. He goes to high school. He wants to go to college, too, to be a 'stonomer. Are you a 'stonomer?"

Before the professor could answer, he was interrupted by Bolton, who having stopped the car asked, "Does this look like Father Higgins' house, Tommie?"

"Yes, Yes! See the big Christmas crib outside. C'mon, let's all go in."

"—So you see, Reverend Higgins, we decided to bring Thomas here and learn from you where he lives. My colleagues, Doctor Sleshahn and Doctor Bolton, and I will then take the child to his home."

"How thoughtful of you, Professor Waldrop, Tommie lives on Rottingham Road in the new section of the town."

"Reverend, Thomas tells me he has a brother who is interested in astronomy. Is this true?" queried Sleshahn.

"Ah, yes. Pat is a brilliant boy. He tells me that he intends to make astronomy his career. He is having a difficult time finding funds to buy instruments, though. His father is a miner, and because of the coal strike, has not been working. His mother told me that Pat is saving to buy a rather expensive telescope."

"He must take it all very seriously then?" said Sleshahn questioningly.

"He does. All the money he can save is used for books and instruments and all his spare time is spent in the midst of them. Each week he prepares a little bulletin in which he reports interesting facts about the heavens. It is posted in the Library. Be sure to look for it the next time you are there."

"Well, we had better be going now, Father," Bolton warned, "we must be at the observatory in another hour and a half."

"Good night, then, gentlemen, and thank you for being so kind to my little friend Tommie." The grateful priest accompanied the professors and the little boy to the door.

"Waldrop," Professor Sleshahn began as they stepped out on the porch, "I have been thinking that with my rheumatism and all, it

might be a great help to us to have someone around the planetarium who could read and check charts and make simple observations—someone younger and more agile—perhaps a boy of high school age—"

"Maybe—Tommie's brother could do that work," Waldrop suggested hesitatingly.

"Yes, Newton. And could he not use our instruments?" asked Professor Sleshahn blandly.

But Tommie was pleading, "Oh, before we go, please come and see the Crib by the side of the house, and let me tell you about it. It's so pretty."

Sleshahn cleared his throat, "Well, all right, but quickly now, my child, for we must be hurrying on."

"You see," he added to his companions in excuse, "I read once that an attempt to give an explanation of this sort develops a child's independence. Independence is a fine scientific quality."

The angels sang again their melodious Christmas hymn, the shepherds were seen going in haste to the lowly stable, as Tommie's story, simply and dramatically, unfolded.

The three professors listened intently. Were they captivated by the narrative? Intoxicated by the force of those innocent yet compelling words? Or was there some other explanation for the blinking of their eyes and the wistful smiles upon their faces?

Tommie's story ended. With the candor of childhood, he stood grinning at his three auditors, as a great artist might survey a finished creation.

Waldrop broke the silence that followed. Tommie, who are those richly dressed men by the side of the Crib? Truly they aren't shepherds?"

"Oh no, Sir," quickly answered Tommie. "They are three wise men who found the Baby Jesus one night when they were looking for a star."

Angela Battaglia, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A NIGHT WITH SANTA

"Good night, Johnny, sleep tight. When you wake up, Santa Claus will have been here," said Mrs. Masters, as she kissed her little five-year-old son.

This he did, and then opened his eyes. Oh, resolving secretly to see Santa when he came.

A half hour later Mrs. Masters looked in on Johnny and found him sleeping peacefully.

After she had gone, Johnny was awakened by the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

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"Who are you?" asked Johnny in awed wonderment.

"My name is Nickolina," said the beautiful woman. "Come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see. Now come on, let's hurry."

So Johnny left the solitude of his bed, and wandered afar with Nickolina. Far, far off. They passed the most desolate of places, until Nickolina said, "We're finally here."

Johnny could see nothing but bleakness and snow, and he ventured to say so. "I know," said Nickolina, "but close your eyes and turn around three times."

This he did, and then opened his eyes. Oh, goodness! What was this? Look! Trains, Teddy bears, big peppermint sticks, every thing a boy could want. But who was that? Why, Johnny, surely you recognize him! It is Santa himself—just the same as you have always pictured him, round and jolly and always laughing with glee.

"Come here, Johnny. I've been expecting you."

"Y—you have? Gee-ee-!"

"I'm just about to go on my journey. Would you like to come along?"

"Jeepers! You mean in your sleigh? With Dancer and Prancer?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, come on, hurry up!"

Johnny could hardly believe his ears. Imagine going with Santa! The kids would never believe him.

Santa shot a glance at Johnny, and beckoned him into the sleigh. He needed no second invitation.

With a crack of the whip they were off. Higher, higher, they climbed. Faster, faster, they climbed and travelled. "Who wants an airplane after this?" said Johnny. Santa laughed.

Finally down below Johnny saw his house. They descended and landed on the snow-capped roof. Santa led Johnny down the chimney, and when they were all the way down, Johnny just sat and watched Santa go to work. He wanted to eat the candies and play with the toys, but Santa bade him wait till morning. So he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

"Merry Christmas, Johnny! Come and see what Santa brought you."

He jumped out of bed, but he knew what was there, for didn't he come with Santa? Of course, he did. We all were with him.

Mary Jean Stephens, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE PRISTINE CHRISTMAS

The nuns at the orphanage were frantic. Here it was Christmas Eve, and due to the extreme cold, Santa had not come. The children would have no gifts to open tomorrow, nor tree to enjoy!

With tears very close, one of the nuns began to tell the children the familiar story of the first Christmas. In her clear, sweet voice she told how Mary and Joseph walked from place to place in the bitter cold looking for a shelter. Then she said, "It was a night not unlike this very night." She went on to tell how the only place offered was a stable, poor and cold. "Not unlike our own home," she said, "and there Christ was born."

A sharp ring of the doorbell interrupted. "Ah, he must have come after all," she thought. But when a baby, motherless and cold, was brought in, one of the smallest children cried out, "Why, if it isn't the Baby Jesus Himself!" Then the nuns knew how little after all Santa really mattered.

Phyllis Schlesna, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE BELLS TOLLED MIDNIGHT

Silhouetted against the dark blue sky, the tall spire of the Immaculate Conception Chapel stood like a sentinel of glory. Through the beautiful stained-glass windows the warm glow of light shone forth into the night.

The stars appeared to be more brilliant than ever, and one of them seemed to rest high above the Chapel door, symbolic of the Star of Bethlehem.

The newly fallen snow surely was sprinkled by the hands of angels, over pines, shrubs and trees, while the massive blue spruce stood like guard over all.

The Chapel chimed pealed out to proclaim the hour of midnight Mass, and to call the seminarians to witness once more the greatest miracle of all miracles—the birth of the Infant Jesus. The young men came.

Two by two they entered: so tall, so immaculate in Roman collars, black cassocks, and surplices gleaming white—each carrying his biretta and breviary. Quietly they took their places in the chapel.

The soft cream colored pews and walls seemed especially bright. The main altar was richly laden with poinsettias and holly. On one

of the side altars was the crib—eloquently simple—with a background of evergreens carefully and lovingly chosen from the many varieties which ornament the spacious grounds.

Christmas Eve! For many of these young men it was their first Christmas away from home and loved ones, from all the familiar, happy things of childhood. One might think, perhaps, that they would feel sad. True, memories of home brought some slight nostalgic pangs, but a radiant joy of peace, contentment, and exultant happiness filled their souls, as the organ burst forth proclaiming Christ's birth. Within each was felt a new-born desire to serve this Infant Saviour and to labor for the souls He came to save.

Each knew that he was at home, home in his Father's House and that some day, God willing, he too, would be given the wonderful power to be God's instrument in presenting the Infant Jesus here on earth in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Mary Ellen Adams, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A CHRISTMAS MOUSE COMES THROUGH

"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouse."

Blitzer and Comets! What ho!—A small shadowy form steals softly through the Yule-lighted room. On he creeps to a slight crevice in the baseboard, and there he halts. He lifts his tiny face up, up, to gaze at the immense, brightly bedecked Christmas tree. Through the semi-darkness his bright eyes seek out the empty stockings hanging above the fireplace; the colorful packages beneath the tree; and the appropriate Yule time "touches" scattered about.

This rascal intruder was Blinky, a tame white mouse. Blinky was to have been a surprise gift for the children but he had escaped and now, solitarily, roamed through the home.

The tranquil silence was interrupted by a muffled sound from the chimney. Blinky stared, transfixed, as a jolly, spry old man leaped to the floor, and called a greeting in tinkling tones. The little mouse, delighted and entranced with the cheery old gentleman, sat quietly there as Santa related the story of the first Christmas, replete in its magnificence. And as

quickly as he had come, Santa was again on his way, for he had a busy night ahead.

When the dawn's first rays became visible, two children scrambled out of bed and rushed down stairs. There the rest of the family soon joined them, including Blinky, who came trotting out of the crevice, much to everyone's astonishment and delight. The presence of Blinky but heightened that merry Christmas spirit and all rejoiced. This serves to show that the contribution of even a very small creature of God, such as a tiny white mouse, can go a long way in adding happiness to His nobler creatures.

Marilyn Metz, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

BETHLEHEM

A decree went out from Caesar
To all the world intent,
And Mary and Joseph from Nazareth,
Down to Bethlehem went.

"Sorry, no room!" said the inn-keeper,
Then shut the door in their face,
And Mary and Joseph trudged onward,
Looking still for a sheltering place.

A stable, at last, was their haven,
And there, where all was blessed,
Jesus was born at midnight—
Our Saviour, our little white guest.

Then Shepherds on the hillside
Beheld a heavenly light,
And angels came to tell them,
That Christ was born that night.

The Shepherds went forth to the manger
And kneeling, their homage paid
To Jesus Christ, Our Saviour,
Born, that all might be saved.

Kathleen Freil, XI-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue

ADORATION

In a softly lighted stable,
The angels hovered round,
While far away the shepherds
Were sleeping on the ground.

Awakened by the angels,
They made their humble way,
And found the Little Jesus
Asleep upon the hay.

They all knelt there before Him,
Their heads bowed low in prayer,
Adoring the Little Infant,
Who lay so peacefully there.

Teresa Ward, XI-B,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

REGRET

"You will prosper in business—and be happy. Next month you are going to meet a young man whom you will marry under peculiar circumstances."

The sweet scent of the room was overpowering; light came from one solitary candle, giving the room a weird aspect. Was it surprising that I had thought it strange to be sitting here before this woman, listening to her low-pitched voice? She had about her the quality of one sure of herself. Did I believe what she predicted? No. Did she not say the same thing to everyone? Of course not! Why then did I not believe her? Was it the woman, herself? The surroundings? Her voice and the quite fabulous sound of her predictions?

As I look back upon this interview with a fortune teller, I realize that I *did* believe her. Had I not tried to mould my life to fit those foretold events for my future?

The next month I looked for some sign of truth in what she had prophesied. Was it not part of the prediction fulfilled—my meeting Bill for the first time at my sister's wedding and accepting his proposal that same evening? Well, I married him just because I was supposed to marry "under peculiar circumstances."

Now that Bill is dead, and I review the past, I realize that we were never really happy together. Trials and discontent had been my lot, instead of the promised happiness—and all because of my blameworthy, foolish belief in a fortune teller.

Teresa Garneau, XI-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

MY MOMENT OF GREATEST EMBARRASSMENT

The train had just come in and porters, carrying luggage rushed around, while people were looking eagerly to see the passengers getting off.

I was supposed to meet my great-aunt, whom I had just seen once, when I was three. As usual, I was being pushed with the crowd, bumping and shoving into that person and this.

Then I felt someone grab my arm. I looked up to find myself staring a policeman in the face. Before I knew it, a lady was accusing me—me, of *all* persons, of stealing her pocket-book.

When I told the policeman my name, the old lady gave a start and turned pale.

"You must be my niece," she cried.

To my great delight, it was my aunt. When the porter brought her luggage, she saw that the purse was with it.

So I guess, the old proverb is true, "All's well that ends well."

Irene Terejko, X-B,
Loretto, Brunswick College.

TO A FAVOURITE FIRE-PLACE

You will soon be a wreck, but I can not give you to the heartless hammers of the wreckers without seeing once more the blue smoke of the last dying embers curl up your ancient chimney, while I cast a backward glance at the days we enjoyed together.

I remember baby brother, in his little blue rompers, whom you so often supported just as he was about to tumble over elephants and horses which you so often guarded. You never failed to shed your warmth over the huge "davon" while mother would read a bedtime story to us eager children, cuddled against her arm, or piled on cushions at your warm, brown feet.

What tales we could tell! There was that perfect January afternoon when, having just returned from a brisk toboggan ride on "Look-out Hill," Daddy, along with us and children of the neighborhood, sat down himself on the rug-covered floor before you, to enjoy the bowls of icing-coated popcorn and steaming mugs of creamy cocoa, until the warmth and fragrant deliciousness of everything tingled to the very tips of everyone's toes. In the midst of the noise and laughter, your fire sparkled and crackled merrily, and even you seemed contented to puff little laughing curls of smoke up your chimney, until, urged on by the addition of several glowing logs your blazing flames teased the whistling wind in those huge, leafless oaks.

I could not forget the Christmas Eve we patiently waited for good old St. Nick to come bustling down your chimney, loaded with presents and gifts for everyone. The lovely ornamented Christmas tree glistened in all its glory, and the thought of Santa urged us on to keep our heavy eyelids open just a few minutes longer to catch a tiny glimpse of that jolly old fellow. We went to sleep, however, filled with contentment and the peace which covers most of the world at that holy time.

But, best memory of all, I think, is the day when the house gleamed spotlessly, and you expanded your brown chest, standing like a guard on duty, while mother and I waited for Daddy's home-coming from the great destructive war. How joyously we scrambled,

laughing breathlessly, as he embraced mother and me, and how we let the happy tears trickle down our cheeks while we sat on the huge "davon," taking in all that we had missed while he was away. As you spread your blanket of warmth over us, we silently watched the little flames skip and play tag, and it was only then that we realized how much you meant to us—you who had cheered and brightened our dampened spirits and proved to be a faithful sentinel.

And, now, grey with age and weary of the world, you stand before me, noble and dauntless prepared for whatever fate may befall you. Perhaps, after seeing generation after generation pass before you, you might like to have a long, peaceful sleep, never to be troubled by the noise and shouting of the children or the babbling of the old folk. As the hammers eagerly strike your majestic breast, I can see you writhe at first, then crumble down contentedly after your years of usefulness.

Mary Stepan, XII,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS

I still can see you as a child
Within your crib, so sweet and mild.

I often watched you play near me,
Till tired, you crawled upon my knee.
I kissed your curly, sleepy head;
Then carried you gently to your bed.

And I recall my little boy,
So full of life, and fun, and joy.
I handed you, one day, a slate,
And off we walked to your school-gate.
We both were lonely, but not for long,
For soon I heard your home-coming song.

But now you're a man, my dear, big son,
And gone to war, till Victory's won;
So take up your wings and fly, my lad;
The war, alas, for all is sad.
This duty, too, must still be done
Till victory—till freedom's won!

Hattie Kaiser, IX,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.



A group of Estavan Sodalists in Loretto Convent breakfast-room, with guests, Msgr. Hughes, Pastor; Father Stark, Curate, and Father Schlosser, former Curate.

ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th, the prospective Sodalists together with those already received into Sodality attended the 8:30 Mass in the Church of St. John the Baptist and received Holy Communion in a body.

After Mass they gathered at Loretto Convent where a large classroom had been specially decorated, a shrine of Our Lady erected, and, tables prepared for the breakfast. When all had assembled, the boys and girls honoured Mary by singing, "On This Day, O Beautiful Mother," with Edward Ryder at the piano.

In the evening at 7:30 in the Church, the Reception Ceremony took place, when seventeen girls, wearing white dresses, blue capes and blue berets knelt at the altar railing, together with nine boys, and dedicated themselves to their heavenly Mother by reading the Act of Consecration and receiving the medals.

The sermon for the occasion was preached by

Reverend L. Schlosser. He exhorted them to be faithful to their promises and be guided by their Heavenly Mother. Then the Ave Maria was sung by Mrs. A. Young.

After the Ceremony, there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with Monsignor P. Hughes as celebrant and Rev. L. Schlosser and Rev. J. Sterk as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The children's choir provided the singing.

Welcomed into the Sodality were: Eva Aspelietter, Pauline Dillman, Yvonne Dutton-hoffer, Amelia Erhardt, Kenneth Fuergutz, James Frank, Emily Frank, Rose Fichter, Gladys Gardipee, Elizabeth Himmelspach, Tillie Meckler, Lois Millar, Della Miller, Irene Mack, Charlotte Marklinger, Richard Mack, Bert Mack, Paul Orlouski, Edward Ryder, Howard Scraper, Anne Schmidt, Teresa Seipp, Raymond Schell, Tony Stepp, Elizabeth Wein-rauch, Frances Wood.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The Loretto Alumnae Association held its first quarterly meeting on Sunday, October 27th, at Loretto College, St. George Street. We began with Benediction in the College Chapel at 3 o'clock, proceeding thence to the Concert Hall for the meeting. The President, Mrs. Leo Devaney, presided and the reports were given by the various members of the Executive. The meeting was featured by a short but most informing address by Mother Irma on her visit to Montreal the latter part of August for the Convention of the Canadian Confederation of Convent Alumnae. Plans were discussed for the coming Loretto Alumnae Dance and, at the conclusion of the

meeting, a delightful tea was served, presided over by Miss Gerarda Rooney and Miss Helene St. Charles, who were assisted by the Graduating Class of 1946. During the tea hour the members were entertained by a musical programme.

LORETTO SOCIAL

The Loretto Social was held on Nov. 8 at the Royal York Hotel. Miss Margaret McCormick, convener, assisted by two co-conveners, Mrs. W. Smyth and Miss Margaret Wilson, had planned a gala evening for students and graduates alike. This being Loretto's Centennial Year, great numbers of those who claim her for their Alma Mater had banded together to make this initial social the greatest success of all.

Among those lending their patronage were: Dr. Sydney Smith and Mrs. Smith; Rev. L. J. Bondy, Rev. J. McHenry; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Devaney; Hon. Mr. Justice A. M. Le Bel and Mrs. Le Bel; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Roesler; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mallon; Controller and Mrs. David Balfour; Miss Helene St. Charles; Mr. and Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Rankin; Dr. and Mrs. James Danis; Dr. and Mrs. F. Canning; Mr. and Mrs. W. Lyons; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rosar.

There were several coffee parties before the social. Misses Margaret, Bunny and Norma Joyce entertained in their home. Miss Marilyn Haffey was hostess to a group of friends at the Royal York. Miss Joan Conway, Agnes Tully and Margaret Huntley also entertained.

Arranging tables of bridge were Miss Helene McCormick, Miss Gertrude Rooney, Mrs. Harry O'Donohue, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. M. E. Huntley, Mrs. W. J. Wilson and Mrs. J. J. O'Donoghue.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

At the December meeting held at the home of Miss Iris Sullivan, 1510 Bewick Avenue, Detroit, our President, Miss Mary Woods, appointed Mrs. Arthur Milne (Columbia Paris, Sault) general chairman of the annual Bridge Tea to be held Saturday afternoon, February 1st. Reservations, Mrs. T. N. Doherty, (Catherine Maher, Woodlawn); Bake Sale, Mrs. Ed. Hurd, (Anna Bickers, Guelph) and Mrs. M. G. Brick, (Mary Carmichael, Brunswick); Door prizes, Mrs. Jack Adams, (Helen Trimble, Brunswick); Refreshments, Mrs. Vincent Lordan, (Violet Culliton, Stratford); Table prizes, Mrs. D. J. McCormick, (Zoe Case, Abbey); Publicity, Mrs. Chas Widman, (Madeleine Racette, Abbey).

After the meeting adjourned a delicious Tea was served, and a box for the Foundation Fund was unanimously suggested and contributed to by all members present.

An interesting letter received from Mother M. Angelica, I.B.V.M. of Woodlawn was read; she told about conditions existing in the various I.B.V.M. convents throughout war-torn Europe.

The Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae is deeply grieved at the loss of one of its most outstanding members, Mrs. John Chord (Dorothy Eades) who died in Chicago in October. A High

Mass of Requiem was celebrated in November for the repose of her soul.

We are happy to extend the season's greetings and best wishes to the nuns at Loretto, Loretto Alumnae Associations, and to the editor and staff of the RAINBOW. —I.D.P.

"AFFILIATES"

In our October issue, a regrettable omission occurred in listing the Convent Alumnae affiliates in Montreal, in the article on the Montreal C.F. C.A. convention. The last paragraph, containing the names of the affiliates, is here given:

The Quebec Chapter of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae comprises eight affiliates in Montreal, which are as follows: Villa Maria Convent Alumnae (English Section); the Sacred Heart Convent Alumnae, both Atwater Avenue and the Sault (English Section); Marionapolis College Alumnae (English Section); St. Willibrord's Academy of Montreal; Outremont Convent Alumnae (English Section); Hochelaga Convent Alumnae (English Section); the latter two being Convents of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary; St. Paul's Academy; and Loretto Alumnae of Montreal.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stortz (Joan Colgan, a former Loretto-Brunswick pupil) on the birth of their son, Donald Francis, on Jan. 9th. Donald's mother is a niece of M.M. Isobel, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. E. McCarthy (Helen Patridge, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their son, Dennis John, on Nov. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Lauria (Teresa Lacey, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, Peter Thomas, on Christmas Eve.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Supple (Rosemary Ward, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Carolyn Frances, on December 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Mohr (niece of M. M. Sylvester, I.B.V.M.) on the birth of a daughter on September 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Shean (Amarose Schofield, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Marie Elaine, on October 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip McDermott (Frances Schofield, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of a son, in October.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simutis (Zita Kaysar, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of their son, Francis, in November.

To Mr. and Mrs. John O'Meara on the birth of their son, Peter Gerard, on November 22nd. Peter is a nephew of M. M. St. Brendan, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Riley (Marion McNeff, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Joseph, on December 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien (Mary Jane Bryar) on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newton (Margaret McArdle, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their son, Paul.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kitchener (Doris Morgan, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth, December 17th, of their son, Gregory.

To Mr. and Mrs. John C. Moore (Ave Marie Kirby, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Leonora Marie, on October 17th.

MARRIAGES

Miss Marjorie Papineau was married in July to Mr. John Paul Quinn, brother of Sr. M. Corona, I.B.V.M.

Miss Wanda Hope was married in November to Mr. Edward Quinn, brother of Sr. M. Corona, I.B.V.M.

Miss Jacqueline Clare Monaghan, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Monaghan, was married to Mr. Leo Francis McLean, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McLean, in Newman Chapel, with Rev. Father Joseph McHenry, Rector, officiating.

Miss Mary Agnes Cronin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cronin (Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) was married to Mr. Joseph J. Koelbl.

At a double wedding in St. Mary's Church, Regina, Saskatchewan, with Rev. A. Riffel, O.M.I. officiating, Miss Heidi Fahlman, was married to Mr. Vernon Kramer and Miss Mary Fahlman was married to Mr. John Folk, on October 12th. The brides are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Fahlman, and sisters of M. M. Benedicta, I.B.V.M., and Sr. M. Victoria, I.B.V.M.

Miss Colette Kompare, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, class '45, daughter of Mrs. Helen Kompare, and sister of M. M. St. Frederick, I.B.V.M., was married, October 26th, to Mr. Volney Chase.

Miss Lorraine Agnes Knope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl G. Knope, was married, on January 18th, to Mr. Norbert Michael Clancy, son of Mrs. Marcella Long Clancy (Loretto Abbey Alumna) and the late Mr. Clancy, in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto.

Miss Kathleen Florence Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Brown, and niece of M. M. Borromeo, I.B.V.M. and M. M. St. Charles, I.B.V.M., was married on November 30th, in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, to Mr. Roy James La Ferte. The bride and her sisters are Alumnae of Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

SYMPATHY

To Rev. Dr. G. B. Phelan, on the death of his devoted sister, Miss Margaret Phelan.

To Mrs. A. J. Bohamon, Mrs. G. R. Brown, Mrs. M. L. Doyle, Mrs. A. W. Palmer, and to Mr. Joseph and Mr. Charles Pearson on the death, on October 22nd, of their dear mother, Mrs. Alice Power Pearson, Loretto Abbey Alumna; also to Mrs. J. A. Burns, sister of the late Mrs. Pearson.

To Mrs. O'Brien on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, on November 20th, and to the bereaved sons, Mr. Joseph M., Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Bruce O'Brien; also to Mr. O'Brien's

sisters, M. M. St. George, I.B.V.M., Miss Teresa O'Brien, and Mrs. James Bishop (Loretto Abbey Alumnae) and to his brother, Mr. William O'Brien.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Arthur McQuillen of Guelph, who died on December 8th, and to her sister, M. M. Bertrand, I.B.V.M.

To Miss Jeanette Judge, Mrs. Kenneth Allbright, Misses Margaret and Maryon Judge, and Mr. James Judge, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Nina Donnelly Judge, on November 19th.

To Mrs. Lloyd (Sadie Noreen Malone, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. Gordon Lloyd, on November 4th, and to their daughters, Patricia and Clare.

To Rev. Father John A. Sweeney, Mr. Joseph, and Mr. Charles Sweeney, and to Mrs. McEnry (Gertude, Loretto Alumna) on the death of their father Mr. John J. Sweeney.

To Mrs. Masterson on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Masterson, on December 10th, and to the bereaved family, especially Rev. John Masterson, S.J., of Loyola University, Montreal.

To Miss Grace Lansing on the death of her mother, Mrs. Annie Lansing, on October 20th, and to Mrs. Lansing's bereaved sisters, Miss Agnes and Mrs. Mary Malone; all former Loretto-Guelph students.

To Mrs. Carroll on the death of her husband, Mr. John J. Carroll, on December 1st, and to the bereaved family, Mr. Frank, Mr. James, and Dr. John J. Carroll (New York), and Miss Margaret Higgins, and to her niece, M. M. Alicia, I. B. V. M.

Carroll's brothers, Mr. Val Carroll, and Mr. Michael Carroll.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Murray who died recently, especially to Miss Margaret, of Montreal.

To Mr. Patrick Joseph, Mr. Leo, and Mr. Harold Connolly; Miss Jule Connolly; Mrs. Kevin, and Miss Catherine Connolly, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Patrick Connolly, in October, and to Mrs. Connolly's devoted sisters, M. M. Consilio, I.B.V.M.; M. M. Norberta, I.B.V.M.; and Miss Anna Davis; also to her grandchildren and her great grandchild.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roger Frederick (Madeline Moran, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the death, November 3rd, of their daughter, Peggy, aged two.

To Miss Frances Hayward, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the death of her mother, Mrs. A. Carroll Hayward on November 24th; also to Mrs. Hayward's bereaved sisters, the Misses Carroll.

To Mrs. Roy O'Connor, Mrs. Robert Thompson and Mr. Walter Markle on the death of their mother, Mrs. Essie O'Leary Markle, wife of the late Bernard Markle, on November 11th; and to Mrs. Markle's bereaved brother, Mr. J. Joseph O'Leary.

To Mrs. L. A. Landriau, Mrs. H. R. Day, Miss Eleanor Warde, and Mr. Paul Warde, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Anna Higgins Warde, on November 25th; also to her sisters, Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. John Sheahan and Miss Helen Higgins; to her bereaved brother, Mr. Stafford Higgins, and to her niece, M. M. Alicia, I.B.V.M.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

October 25—A delightful tea dance, with Grade XII entertaining. The gym. with its gala decorations was most attractive and the party was a memorable one.

October 31—Grade XI-A sponsored the annual Hallowe'en party. Costumes, prizes, dancing, and delicious refreshments added to the good time.

November 3—We donned formals for the Alumnae Dance at the Royal York Hotel. From the coffee parties to the "wee sma' hours" every minute was packed with enjoyment.

November 11—A trip to Loretto-Niagara for Senior and Junior volley ball games. Despite the disappointing score, we look back on it as a wonderful day, and thank the Falls' Nuns and girls for their generous hospitality. Some of us enjoyed our first glimpse of the falls and the rapids, while others welcomed this new chance to see them.

November 23—Loretto-Niagara girls returned our visit today. Niagara senior team won again, but victory came to our junior team.

December 8—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was the occasion this year, as annually, for the reception of the new candidates into Our Lady's Sodality. The pleasant Sodality party in the evening, and the opening of the Forty Hours in the Abbey chapel after Mass, add to the precious memories of the day.

December 13—The senior music pupils, assisted by the Glee Club singing Christmas carols, gave a delightful recital. Particularly enjoyed were the harp selections by Miss Donna Hassack.

December 16-20—Examinations—somewhat less formidable as we thought of Christmas vacation just at hand!

December 19—The traditional carol procession was stately and impressive as, two by two, the student body passed with lighted candles through the Abbey corridors. Each girl laid her gifts for the Christmas boxes—soon to be distributed—beside the crib of the Infant Jesus.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

October 2—Juniors established their athletic record by handing to the Seniors a minority count in the first basketball game of the season.

October 9—Seniors displayed their sportsmanship by challenging the Juniors a week later to another swift basketball game. This time the Seniors were winners.

October 15—We all proudly don uniforms, and our grade nine are now full fledged Loretto girls.

October 22—We began a three-day retreat conducted by Rev. J. Pendergast, S.J. From these three days, we derived great spiritual benefits.

To Father Pendergast and to his companions,

also Jesuit Fathers, who are soon to leave for India, to carry on missionary work, we say "Bon Voyage!"

October 30—Our Hallowe'en Party! Students proved themselves to be industrious as well as original by the many and various costumes which provided amusement for all. Entertainment, as usual, in novelty-dancing and costume-judging. A main feature of the evening was fortune-telling, conducted by a very mysterious "witch." A buffet lunch was served and was well suited to the occasion. Congratulations to our social committee on their first victory in the realm of social activities!

November 6—We heard our first school broadcast in which was dramatized a "Lesson in English poetry," followed by a "Lesson in French." We look for many more.

November 7—Our first attempt at oratorical work! Grades XI-XII strove valiently for poise in public speaking as they endeavoured to render publicly their ideas on various topics and were greatly applauded by their fellow students.

November 28—A continuation of the oratorical contest! Commercial students showed much promise of being future "leaders" by their interesting speeches.

December 7—We were honoured by the presence of a member of the Underwood Company, Miss Sophie Michas, whose demonstration in typing accentuated her poise and charm and gave evidence of training and culture.

December 11—Grades IX and X displayed talent in their respective oratorical contests. Winners in these contests will compete in an inter-class contest in the New Year.

December 20—We closed our first school term with the presentation of two plays directed by Mother Superior.

Grades IX and X presented "Christmas With the Ruggles."

Grades XI and XII, "The Sons of Melchior". After the plays a tableau was presented in which the whole school took part.

To all Loretto Rainbow readers we extend wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful and Happy New Year.

Jean Bannon.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Oct. 30—All don costumes for Third Form's "Feline Frolics." Prizes awarded for prettiest, funniest, and most original costume. A delightful party—Congratulations to Third Form!

Oct. 31—The boarders Hallowe'en Party. The grand march and judging of the costumes followed by dancing and games and, later, refreshments in the Recreation Room filled an enjoyable evening.

Nov. 11—A volley ball game with the Abbey girls, packed with thrills and suspense. Senior game—Loretto-Niagara, 46; Loretto Abbey, 32. Junior game—Loretto-Niagara, 40; Loretto Abbey, 33. We have met first-class losers. All enjoyed the day.

Nov. 22—A charming recital was given by the music pupils this afternoon in honor of St. Cecilia. Congratulations to music teachers and pupils on a delightful demonstration.

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Nov. 23—Off to Toronto for a return game of volleyball at the Abbey. Two exciting games were played. Seniors—Loretto-Niagara, 45; Loretto Abbey, 31. Juniors—Loretto Abbey, 36; Loretto-Niagara, 27. All enjoyed the visit immensely.

Nov. 27—American Thanksgiving and boarders are off for a long weekend to return Sunday night.

Dec. 2—A tag day sponsored by the Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee was held at noon today, to procure flowers for Our Lady's Altar on Dec. 8. Almost \$10 was realized.

Dec. 4—This afternoon our Senior and Junior volleyball teams met and defeated the teams of Stamford Collegiate, Niagara Falls. The teams were evenly matched and both games fast and exciting. Senior game—Loretto-Niagara, 40; Stamford, 34. Junior game—Loretto-Niagara, 41; Stamford, 30.

Dec. 8—This great and beautiful feast of Our Lady was fittingly celebrated by the reception of nineteen new Sodalists. After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, we assembled in the refectory for our annual banquet in honor of our newly received members. Joan Sheppard, master of ceremonies, spoke briefly and introduced in turn, our Prefect, Rosemary Aversa, and our guests, Father David Egan, O. Carm; Father Pascal Baier, O. Carm; Father Roger Tray, O. Carm; and Father A. E. Quinlan, who all gave short speeches of congratulation to the new Sodalists. Later our guests were entertained at a concert in the parlour; afterwards the girls adjourned to the study-hall for dancing.

The newly received Sodalists are: Margaret Lalor, Madeline Fitzpatrick, Anne Breagh, Zela Vieira, Helen Brady, Nora Barton, Louise Walters, Betsie Fernandes, Theresa Henning, Selma Vieira, Theresa Willick, Joyce Deeney, Angela Kiocca, Ida Mae De Grant, Caryl Ann Fisher, Patricia Flynn, Mary Sullivan, Virginia White and Eileen Brencley.

Dec. 12—Another "Dainty Lunch" sale took place today at noon and after school, sponsored by our Catholic Truth and Literature Society. Proceeds to go to the new Loretto Catechetical Centre at The Gore, Toronto.

Dec. 17—A delightful operetta, "Christmas-tide," was presented this evening by the students of the Junior School, for the entertainment of their parents and friends. Congratulations to our budding "players," and to their able directors.

Dec. 19—Tonight the resident students made their way through the halls, carolling those songs so loved at Christmas Time. Later we gathered about our beautiful, brightly lighted tree, while we sang more carols and distributed gifts.

Dec. 20—This morning after a full-school carol procession through the halls, the community and students assembled in the gymnasium for the last Sodality meeting of 1946. After this gifts were distributed. At noon to the overwhelming joy of all, our holidays commenced.

ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

Oct. 20—Press Club Elections—Congratulations to Pat Bayerle, Jean Cain, Mary Dwyer, and Rita Hughes, elected for the respective offices of

President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. We know you will succeed in your work on the Lorelei.

Nov. 3 — "A La Mulligan" — Brother George Schuster gave a talk on, "Catholic Authors Past and Present." He regaled the students with the story, "A La Mulligan." Catholic authors were highlighted as once again Mulligan embarked on his crusade for Catholic literature.

Nov. 3-11 — Catholic Book Week — The Junior and Senior Sodalities presented programs consisting of poster contests and a literary "bingo" game.

Nov. 6-7-8 — Quarterly Examinations — Anxious faces, flashing fountain pens, and a flurry of notebook paper accompany our first quarterly exams.

Nov. 29-30-Dec.-1 — In the annual National Catholic Theatre Conference Plays held at Loyola University, our entry, "A Crown for Mary," under the direction of Mrs. F. Purling, received an excellent rating.

Dec. 11 — Graduation Rings — Arrival of graduation rings brings seniors one step closer to the fact that their last year at Loretto is swiftly passing.

Dec. 20 — Candlelight Procession — The traditional candlelight and carol procession was held and, with the play "Children of the Inn," set forth the true spirit of the Yuletide season.

Jan. 6 — School Commences — Again students return to classrooms with tales of a colorful and exciting vacation.

Jan. 20-24 — Seniors and Juniors begin their retreat while underclassmen write their mid-semester examinations.

Jan. 31 — Junior Prom — Upperclassmen and their escorts will attend the Junior Prom and Dance, to the lilting music of Micky Pringle's band.

Marilyn Zehme, XII.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Our moving picture machine is a boon to us all. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" by Mark Twain enlightened the students of American History. "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Jane Eyre," and "The Prisoner of Zenda" were used as discussion material in English classes. This proves that "A" pictures can be high in entertainment and educational value.

Every Wednesday afternoon, four Seniors, Mary Lou Bernier, Bonnie Pell, Rose Marie Surlano, and Mary Toland, don the demeanor of teachers and go up to St. Joseph's parish to instruct Church school students in their religion. Each girl has her own class and seems to enjoy the worth-while task.

During the Plaid Party given by the Sophomores there were at least seventy different plaids and styles which made our eyes dizzy.

The Senior Christmas Party, Dec. 15, was a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. We shall long remember the tiny candles twinkling at each place as we entered the recreation room

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that night. Amid blue and silver and candle-light, even uniforms were glorified.

A Day To Remember

On November 26, 1946, at seven-fifteen, in Baraga Auditorium, history was being made. Loretto High School's basketball team was playing an outside team for the first time. Our whole student body was present, with hearts beating fast, eyes gleaming proudly, and faces aglow with a firm look of hope and admiration. The game was an exhibition of true sportsmanship. We lost it in points, but won in determination to be good losers.

Katherine Gillespie, XI.

Cheer Leaders

Loretto High is really proud of its new cheer leaders. They are the best we have met so far. They wear darling, white, "pleated-all-around skirts," light aqua-blue cardigan sweaters and tennis shoes with aqua-blue anklets. This costume makes quite a striking picture on Julia Tolliver, Rosie Suriano, Mary Andary, Teresa Pezet, Donna LaDuke, Marjean Donnelly, Joy DesJardins, and Lauretta Edwards. To top off this attractive attire they wear white beanies on their bouncing curls.

Loretto Basketball Team

This is the first year of Loretto High School's basketball team in the league. The odds are against us just now because the other teams are experienced and we are not, but later we shall have had experience, and then look for scores! We have much to learn yet, and we shall learn by practising.

We have won three and lost four games—defeating Sterling, Newberry, and Detour, and losing to Rudyard, Pickford, Brimley and Cedarville.

Rev. Father Elmer Bares, senior assistant at St. Mary's Church, is the coach of our team. He teaches Apologetics to our Juniors and Seniors, too!

Tony Fazi, IX.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Oct. 9—XI-A and XI-B competed in a lively baseball game. Congratulations to XI-B the victors. Junior College were the privileged group who saw the year's outstanding picture, Henry V, at the International Theatre.

Oct. 11—At the Sodality Meeting the Junior College presented a symposium on "The Rosary." The speakers were Donna Crooks, Claire Ciccone, Marie Kaufman, Suzanne McGrath, and Carmel Marks. The use of the new microphone not only added interest but enabled everyone in the crowded auditorium to hear every syllable. Our thanks for this gift are due to Mr. St. Elmo Hoben of Ottawa and to Mr. Peter Dobson who connected it with the amplifier.

Oct. 15—Another inter-class baseball game. Grade XII graciously accepted their defeat from XI-B.

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Oct. 16—Father William Daley, S.J., who is to leave for India shortly, gave us an inspiring and humorous talk, with the result of increased zeal for the missions among the students.

Oct. 18—Grade XII added enthusiasm for our Sodality meetings by presenting a Symposium on Catholic Literature. Congratulations to Marjorie Christopher, Mary Evanchek, Rita Butler, Barbara Baker and Mary Holland.

Oct. 23—Another baseball game—this time between XII and XI-B. Score 11-4 in favor of XI-B.

Oct. 25—Father Walsh, S.J., of the Sacred Heart radio program, enrolled the pupils from Grade III to XIII in the League of the Sacred Heart. Lillian Dillon, Elaine de Rose, Barbara Boland, Doris Bailey, Norma Carpenter and Jacqueline Judge explained the origin and degrees of the League. Father Walsh in a few words congratulated the speakers and promised us a great treat which is to remain a secret for the time being.

Oct. 30—At the Hallowe'en party, after the hilarious radio skit presented by some of the Grade X girls, the First Formers in their original and multi-coloured costumes were initiated. Patricia Sweet's doll won the first prize.

Oct. 31—A not-to-be-forgotten event at the Sodality meeting was the spectacular rendering of the liturgy from the Mass of Christ the King. Thanks to Grade XI-B for this spiritual uplift.

Nov. 8—X-A were not to be outdone in stage effect and valuable information, when they described some of the Shrines of Our Lady, throughout the world. Ida Chiapusso introduced the subject. Joan Magee told of Wayside Shrines, Mary Bastable spoke of honour given to Our Lady, Betty D'Agnosilino, Our Lady, and Marion Hinch spoke on Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Marie Cowan—Our Lady of Guadalupe. Maureen Carroll—The Miraculous Medal. Joan Edwards—Mater Admirabilis. Helen Dennis—Our Lady of Lourdes. Theresa Dakin—Our Lady of Fatima, and Florence Belaire also spoke on Our Lady of Fatima.

Nov. 15—In keeping with the spirit of Book-Week, X-B put on a play written by themselves under the direction of their teacher of Religion. Mrs. World was played by Jean Wightman, while Rose Ann Roche was the Librarian. Sincere congratulations to the composers and actresses.

Nov. 18—Miss Fraser, R.N. very kindly consented to give Grade XII a course in Home Nursing, at the conclusion of which each girl will receive a Red Cross Certificate. This same date marked the beginning of the Retreat given by Father McNab, C.S.P., to Grades X and XI.

Nov. 20—The Retreat was pronounced an enjoyable success. A large debt of gratitude is due to the Retreat master for his untiring zeal.

Nov. 22—A Capuchin Missionary Father from Northern Manitoba drew all eyes to the stage as he stepped out in his brown habit and his long beard. Besides arousing our zeal he taught us to sing the chorus of Adestis Fideles in an Indian language.

Nov. 28—Another great privilege—Monsignor McGrath from the China Mission Seminary, spoke to us about our Lady of Fatima. His earnest appeal for an increased devotion to the Rosary and the Five Saturdays must surely bear fruit.

Nov. 29—Friday afternoon was a good day for the students of the High School to pack up their books at two o'clock and betake themselves to the theatre to enjoy the wonderful picture Henry V.

Dec. 4—The pupils of Grades IX and VIII began their Retreat, the first one for most of them. Father Leo Burns, S.J., soon dispelled any doubts about their wish to make it. Time will show the good results of these three days.

Dec. 8—A never-to-be-forgotten day—a double ceremony—one hundred and fourteen new members were added to Our Lady's Sodality, and Father Burns, ever ready to give all he can, also invested them with the Miraculous Medal, for which he had received special faculties.

Dec. 12—During the past few weeks, six boxes were sent to our nuns in Rome, Hungary and York. X-A presented a play for the purpose of defraying the postage on the boxes.

Dec. 13—IX-B were responsible for the Sodality Meeting. They presented tableaux of the life of St. Francis Xavier which proved a great success. Congratulations IX-B.

Dec. 19—The Candle-light procession has become a tradition. This year it was true to form. IX-C brought the first term to a fitting close with a beautiful little Christmas play. We presented Father McNab with a cheque for the poor of his parish. His few words and those of Father O'Looney sent us home filled with the true meaning of Christmas. Mother Superior's illness, which prevented her being present, was the one thing lacking to make our joy complete.

Jan. 7—School began again. Since examinations are only a week away, noses are buried in books, or should be. However, the depressing prospect is somewhat lightened by the fact that they terminate on the eve of the birthday of our foundress, Mother Mary Ward. Anticipations of a joyful day are running high.

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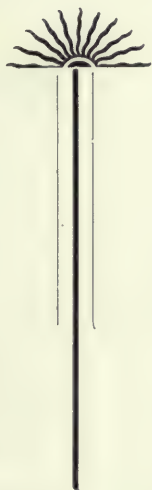
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All are daily remembered in prayer.

April 1947

In
The Centennial Year of Loretto (I.B.V.M.) in America
we dedicate
this issue of Loretto Rainbow
to the memory of
the five brave-hearted young nuns,
Mother M. Ignatia Hutchison, Sr. M. Teresa Dease,
Sr. M. Bonaventure Phelan, Sr. M. Gertrude Fleming,
and Sr. M. Valentina Hutchison,
who came from their Mother-House,
Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, in 1847,
to establish the Institute of the I.B.V.M. (Loretto)
in America.



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LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA

OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO

Institute of the Blessed Virgin



Loretto Abbey (of the Holy Family), founded 1847. Armour Heights, Toronto. Mother House and Novitiate of the I.B.V.M. in America. School for resident and non-resident pupils. Complete course from Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation, University of Toronto. Music, Art, Commercial Subjects, Athletics, etc. Convents, 15. Separate and Parochial Schools, 29.



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Commercial Subjects. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.

Mary, in America—1847-1947



❧

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.

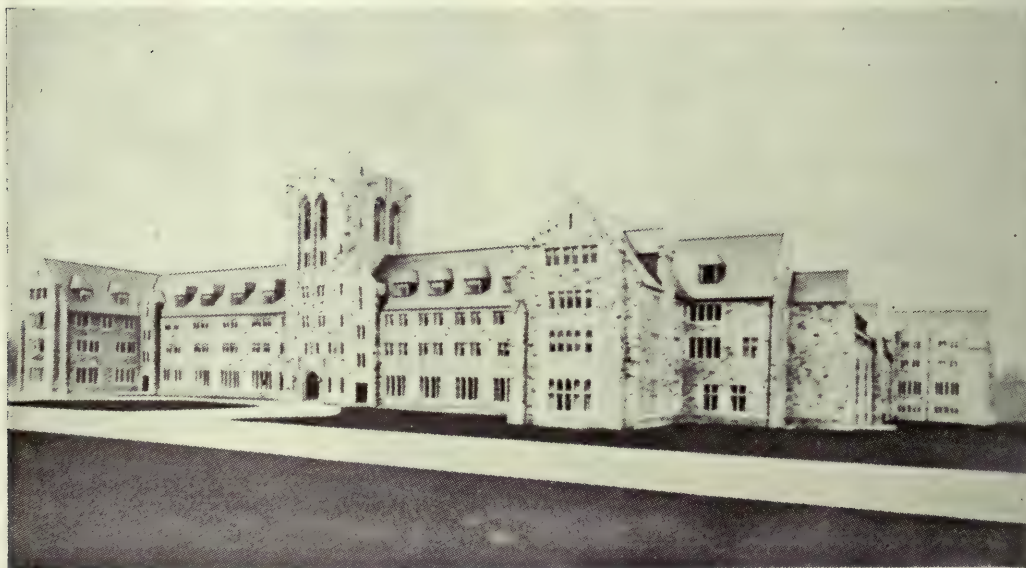


St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Cateche-



LORETTO ABBEY, RATHFARNHAM, NEAR DUBLIN

Mother-House of the five young pioneer Loretto Nuns, I.B.V.M., who came to America in the sailing vessel, The Garrick, in 1847.



LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO

Mother-House of the Loretto Nuns, I.B.V.M., in Canada and the United States in 1947.



Centennial Year

Of consummated task, one hundred years—
Accept, O Lord, this record tendered Thee,
A century's span of joy and hope and fears
Laid at Thy feet in sweet humility.

Each blessed dedication by Thy grace
Becomes a consecration to Thy will,
By valiant souls who look upon Thy face,
Who've reached the summit of Eternal hill.

One hundred years before Thee lies unrolled
A scroll of lifetime Faith, steadfast and true,
Our thanks, Lord, for Thy Guidance thro' the old
As we step on the threshold of the new!

LOLA A. BEERS

An Ideal



Rev. Mother
Teresa Dease,
I.B.V.M.

A name that is ever mentioned with love and gratitude by Loretto Nuns in Canada and the United States is that of the Irish Foundress of Loretto, I.B.V.M., in America, Reverend Mother Teresa Dease, who, as Superior General, guided the Community for forty years—until her lamented death in 1890.

Her portrait, seen in every Loretto Convent, reveals deep spirituality and the imperturbable serenity of one living ever close to God; and records tell that, as she herself sought only the

glory of God and the good of her neighbour, so her great desire was to have the members of the Community seek to praise God in everything and to benefit others, especially the children entrusted to their care.

The white marble cross marking her grave in a choice section of the grounds at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, bears the comprehensive words—Mother. Foundress. Guide. The following unsigned poem in a "Life of Mother Teresa Dease," published many years ago, recalls the hallowed spot.

Rev. Mother Teresa's Grave at Niagara Falls

High o'er the fast flowing river
That leaps from its bed with a bound,
Nigh where the wild rapids shiver,
There rises a green, stately, mound
Whose sides lofty shade trees adorn;
While willow and mountain-ash wave
Their branches from bright sunny morn
Till night, o'er our dear Mother's grave.
Many years have gone by since she left us;
The waters swirl on, as before,
And echo has not bereft us
Of the sound of the cataract's roar.

The ruddy sun rising at morn,
O'er rocks that the rude waters lave,
Now bathes with a brightness new-born
The sod on that dear, sainted grave.
Lo—gone are the rose tints of dawn!
In haste, to the west sweeps the sun.
Deep shadows flit o'er the green lawn
Since the day-star's swift course has begun.
But why follow such fleeting glory
O'er mountain, and valley, and wave?
Brighter far is the light of life's story
Shot back from the cross on her grave.

On the Mall

Many people throughout the world look on India as a land steeped in mysticism, foggy with deepest ignorance and shackled with weird traditions, while to those of us who have been reared in that country, it is merely *home*, home with lovely bungalows, magnificent flowers beyond anything ever dreamed of in America, and interesting peoples of many tongues. Yes, India has her superstitions but her culture as well; she has a remarkable civilization, and sciences and arts have flourished for centuries in this beautiful land of the East.

I was born in India and my dearest wish to-day is to re-visit the home I remember in Lucknow. I was a pupil at the Loretto Convent High School in that city, which is situated in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. Those of us who remember our history will recall that Lucknow was the scene of stirring events in the Indian Mutiny in 1857, when the English garrison of less than two thousand held off ten thousand natives until relief came. My grandfather was in the 21st Seaforth Highlanders and took part in this memorable action. The fort, "Baileyguard," where the besieged held out so gallantly, is still one of the historic sites in Lucknow. Many of you, no doubt, have heard the legendary tale of the winsome Scotch lassie, called Jessie, who it is said placed her ear to the ground and gravely announced that she heard distant bagpipes; and from this incident, the song: *Hurrah, the Campbells are coming*, was composed and is still sung throughout the entire English-speaking world.

In Lucknow, there are two Loretto Convents, —one on Station Road for the native children, and the other on The Mall, where I attended as day pupil. This is the most exclusive part of Lucknow, the convent being directly opposite Government House. The convent grounds were spacious and very beautiful with magnificent and stately trees everywhere. And at the Christmas season, the poinsettias were in full bloom, a lovely splash of brilliant color against the dark green background. Now and then, when I see displays of poinsettias in the florists' windows along Ste. Catherine Street here in Montreal, my thoughts go back with aching homesickness to the convent garden on The Mall. Across The Mall, on the Government House side, was the bridle path, and as children we were greatly intrigued by the different riding habits of the ladies and the uniforms of their escorts.

I usually went to school in the school *tonga*, in which twenty-five children could be seated. This vehicle was horse-drawn. Some days, for a change, I would ride my pony, and then again I would sometimes go in our bullock-drawn *tonga*, all of which now seems to me a more interesting mode of conveyance than boarding a tramcar as our children do in Montreal. We had to start early for school and left directly after *chota hazary* (little breakfast) which consisted of milk and stewed fruits. At 10 a.m. we had *hazary* (breakfast) at the convent and this was much like a Canadian breakfast with porridge, eggs, milk, etc. We continued our studies until lunch at noon,—soup, curry, rice, with fresh fruit. We returned home at three in the afternoon and had *tiffin* from four to five. The day ended with dinner from seven to eight o'clock. While this sounds like many meals for a day, the food was light and there was always abundance of fruit.

Our classrooms at the convent were large and very airy, and the classes were designated as "forms," (for instance: forms 4 and 5, etc). The nuns in Lucknow wear the regulation black habit in winter, but in the summer, owing to the intense heat, they are garbed all in white, relieved by the black veil and black rosary. I shall always remember with a feeling of love and deep gratitude two of my teachers, Mother Mactilda and Mother Mary. Mother Mary was beautiful. She was my music teacher, and I assure you she possessed unbounded patience trying to instil into me the importance of long and arduous practice.

When our nuns first came out to India, many of them were not able to speak *hindustani*, and I was often called upon to translate for them. I am sorry to say I am now forgetting this quaint and important dialect as the years go on and I no longer hear it spoken.

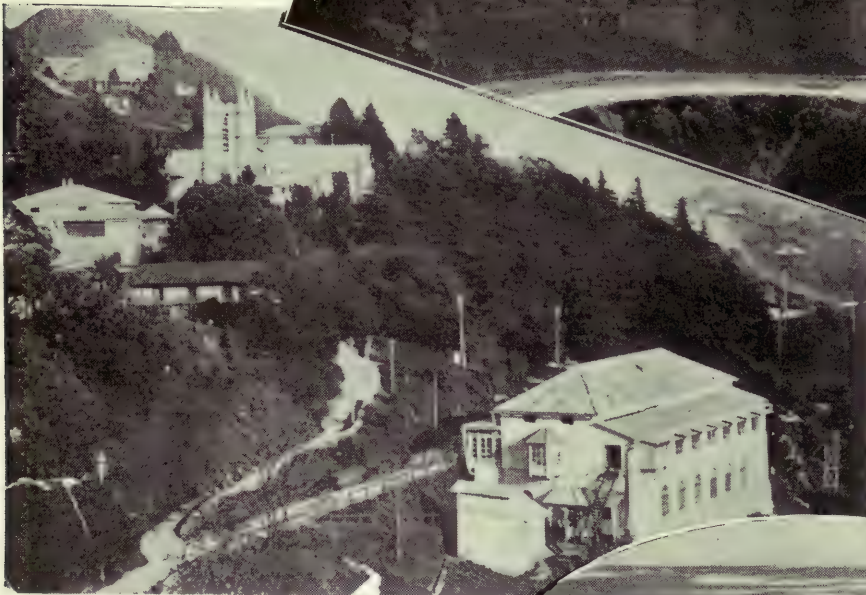
My own mother was a horticulturist of no mean ability and had one of the most lovely rose gardens in Lucknow. She knew and loved flowers and was scientific about the culture of them. With almost Burbankish skill, she evolved a black rose, which later became known as "The Black Prince". One of the beauty spots of our garden was a pagoda covered with climbing roses, called The Seven Sisters, with blooms from deep carmine, through the varying hues of pink and ending in a burst of snow-white blossoms. My greatest delight as a child was to place



THE SNOW RANGES
The Top of Darjeeling, with
Sanitorium

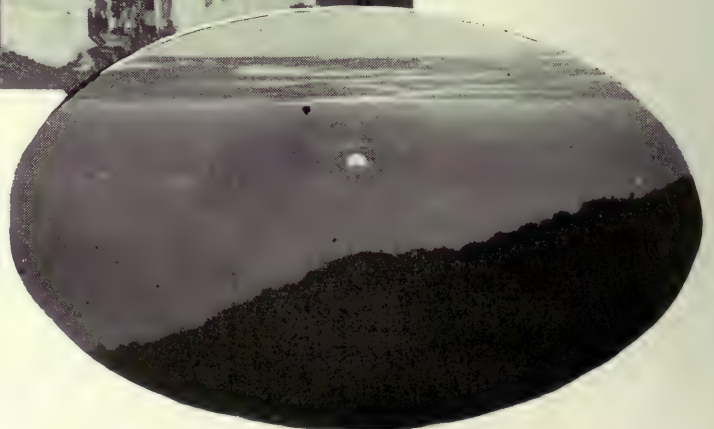


The Railway
showing new
loop



Mussoorie, India,
Christ Church in
middle-distance

Tiger Hill, and Sunrise
out of Tibet.



some of mother's roses, gloriously colored, fragrant and wet with dew, at the feet of The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph in our lovely convent chapel. I cut a sheaf of flowers every day for the altar, and mother gave me my choice of any of the blooms I wanted. I would like to add that mother was a convent girl also and was educated at Nini Tall. On occasions she has taken me along with her to visit her old school. These were really red-letter days in my life and I always did my very best to make mother feel proud of me.

In summer, it was customary for us to go up to the mountains. The Himalayas (literally: Abode of Snows) are magnificent and form the principal chain of mountains in India. They are regarded with great reverence by the natives. Darjeeling is the only hill station that has a train, and this is a miniature on which the passengers must remain seated. One of the most inspiring sights I have ever witnessed was Mount

Everest seen at sunrise from Tiger Hill, 15,000 feet above the sea level. As the sun rises, to the right of Tibet, land of mystery and romance, and above are seen the ice-blue ranges. You feel as though you could almost reach out and touch them, and Mount Everest in the distance is so dwarfed that it appears to be only about two feet high, although it is the loftiest mountain peak in the world.

My concluding words are, that I shall be ever thankful for the years I spent with the Loretto Nuns on The Mall. I shall always look back with love and affection to those devoted teachers, and shall be ever grateful to them for the many kindnesses shown me when my own beloved Mother was fatally stricken, and passed to her eternal reward.

Shiela M. Bates Wakely,

(formerly at Loretto Convent, High School,
The Mall, Lucknow, C.P., India).

Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae

The 1946 issue of News Letterette, the C.F.C.A. Bulletin, contains so much that will interest our readers, we are confident of the approval of its publishers in our reprinting many excerpts from it.

At the eminently successful Convention, held in Montreal, Mrs. Arthur W. Hogg, of Manitoba, newly-elected president, paid to her predecessor in office, Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, the following beautiful tribute:

A Tribute

"August, 1946, added another important event to the many which have succeeded one another in the annals of our Federation. This incident, however, differed from many in the fact that it was tinged with sadness, and the otherwise delightful Convention carried an undertone of 'loneliness' for we realized a dearly-loved President was giving the reins of office into other hands. 'Achievement is a word for Caesar. He achieves retirement whose absence is felt, far and wide, through his profession.' Mrs. Roesler, the co-founder, with Archbishop Neil McNeil, of our Federation, has seen the growth, from infancy, of an organization rich in faith, culture, and gratitude. The last mentioned, in truth, gave rise to the founding of

our Association, for it is a tangible evidence of the gratitude of its members for the blessings showered upon them by a bountiful Creator, the gift of a Catholic education. It is a demonstration of that gratitude to Mother Church for her insistence upon that right for every Catholic child, and it is a grateful tribute to teachers and to parents who have provided that education.

What greater tribute could one offer to a Catholic woman, upon her retirement from the senior position in such an organization, than to state the purposes to which she devoted so large a part of her life?

To Mrs Roesler, retiring from the Presidency of our Federation, though not from active participation in our good works, since she retains the Chairmanship of Mary's Day Committee, I tender, on your behalf, a very sincere expression of appreciation for all she has done for our association, for her kindness to us all, individually and personally, and for her assurance that she is to remain closely linked with us in the bonds of friendship and of the 'Sisterhood of Catholic Convent Womanhood'."

Alexandra W. Hogg.

* * *

From Mrs. Roesler's presidential report for the year, we are presenting some interesting excerpts:



SEGRETARIA DI STATO

SUA SANTITÀ

Vatican City, December 23, 1946

Dear Mrs. Roesler,

At the august bidding of the Holy Father Pope Pius XII it becomes my honored duty to acknowledge the receipt of the Resolution forwarded by you on behalf of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae on the occasion of their Fifth Biennial Convention held in Montreal last August.

The Pontiff deeply grateful and consoled by this filial gesture of homage and of obedience, now bids me convey to you, and through you, to all the members of your esteemed Federation, the expression of His paternal thanks and His appreciation of the truly Catholic spirit which animated the formulating of this Resolution.

His Holiness most confidently counting on the valuable cooperation of all educated Catholic Women in the solution of religious and social problems, so numerous alas, in these post-war times, invokes on you and on the members of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, abundant celestial graces in pledge of which He lovingly bestows on all His special Apostolic Blessing.

With the assurance of my high esteem and consideration and with kind regards, I remain,

Very sincerely in Christ,

Mrs Nadie Morrow Roesler,
Past President,
Canadian Federation of
Convent Alumnae

"Madame Chairman, Reverend Sister, Alumnae and Visitors:

In presenting this report, the first of the post-war years, your President's first words are those of appreciation to the Sisters of our teaching Communities, the Alumnae Presidents, Governors, Vice-Governors, members of the Executive and Chairman of Committees. To all our Sisters your President is deeply grateful for their prayers and hearty cooperation. To the Federation Sister, particularly, we owe special thanks for her interest in the stimulating influence of her Alumnae's activity within the Federation.

"Just here we would refer to the appalling number of former pupils of our Convent Schools who have no contact with their Alma Mater. It is true the average Alumnae Association entertains the members of the graduating class and extends a welcome to them to join the Alumnae. A few of them do, but what of the many who drift away? All loyal Alumnae should contact their lukewarm schoolmates and awaken their interest in their Alumnae Association. Ever since the Federation was founded we have asked the Federation Sister of each Alumnae Association to visit the classrooms during the year and tell the pupils of the work of their own Alumnae Association and also of that of the united Alumnae of Canada, of what they are endeavouring to do for their Alma Mater and Christian education. Throughout this great Dominion, many Alumnae are situated far from direct contact with their former schools. To provide for them, The Federation has Circles such as Loretto Alumnae have in Montreal, Detroit and Winnipeg; Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, recently organized a Circle in Toronto. These Circles are made up of former pupils from all parts of the world. When you return home see if such a group could be formed in your locality.

"Here also we would like to remark upon the lack of publicity the Federation receives in your Alumnae news, in Catholic newspapers and in your school journals. There are exceptions, of course, but the majority of Alumnae Associations fail to include in their newspaper articles any reference whatever to scholarships, bursaries, books, etc., donated to their Alma Mater by the national organization. When we ask that Scholarship cheques and books be presented to the Sisters at an opening meeting of the Alumnae, it is for the purpose of acquainting your Alumnae members with the benefits derived by the Sisters through your Alumnae Association's affiliation with the national organization. The

growth of interest in your own Alumnae group and the national organization depends on the publicity given by each Alumnae Association. Will Alumnae Presidents and Federation Sisters please impress on their Press Conveners the importance of this?

Mary's Day

"When the C.F.C.A. was founded we adopted two outstanding projects of the International Federation of Convent Alumnae. These are: The Mary's Day devotion and Scholarships for religious teachers. We made our first project a spiritual one—the spreading of the Mary's Day devotion. It was founded by Mrs. Philip A. Brennan of New York for the purpose of paying tribute to our Heavenly Mother on the day preceding the world's accepted Mother's day. We felt that under our Blessed Mother's patronage all Federation activities would be blessed. In the Mary's Day report you will learn of the miraculous growth of this devotion in Canada. 25,000 Mary's Day pledge cards, bearing the intention of members of the Hierarchy are distributed annually.

Scholarships

"We have at present twenty scholarships for religious teachers.

1. The Saint Joseph's College Scholarships, Toronto, Ontario, 1932, two in number, four years' tuition in an undergraduate course in the University of Toronto, through St. Michael's College, donated by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto. Requirements: Ontario Upper School Diploma or equivalent.

2. The Loretto College Scholarships, Toronto, Ontario, 1932, two in number, four years' tuition in an undergraduate course in the University of Toronto through St. Michael's College, donated by the religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Requirements: Ontario Upper School Diploma or its equivalent.

3. The Congregation of Notre Dame Scholarships, Ottawa, Ontario, 1934, two in number, four years' tuition in an undergraduate course in the University of Ottawa through Congregation of Notre Dame College, Gloucester St., Ottawa, donated by Congregation of Notre Dame, Ottawa. Requirements: Middle School Diploma or its equivalent.

4. The Brescia Hall Scholarships, London, Ontario, 1935, two in number, four years' tuition in the University of Western Ontario, Ontario, 1935, two in number, four years' tuition in London, donated by the Ursuline Religious of the

Diocese of London. Requirements: Middle School Diploma or its equivalent.

5. The Holy Angels Convent Scholarships, Sydney, Nova Scotia, 1935, two in number, four years' tuition in an undergraduate course in Saint Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, through Mount Saint Bernard College, Antigonish, donated by the Congregation of Notre Dame, Sydney.

6. The Mount Saint Bernard Scholarships, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 1935, two in number, four years' maintenance at Mount Saint Bernard College, donated by Congregation of Notre Dame, Antigonish. The Scholarships listed under 5 and 6 will be awarded to the same candidates.

7. The Holy Names College Scholarships, Windsor, Ontario, 1937, two in number, four years' tuition in an undergraduate course in the University of Western Ontario, London, through Assumption College, Sandwich, donated by Sisters of the Holy Names, Windsor. Requirements: Ontario Middle School Diploma or its equivalent.

8. The Mary Lou Roesler Memorial Scholarship, 1932, for a summer course in Oral French donated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Toronto.

9. The Irene McLaughlin Scholarship, 1934, donated by Mr. Frank McLaughlin in memory of his wife, one of the original scholarship donors.

10. The Mary's Day Scholarship, 1937, donated by Mr. Charles Gillooly, Toronto.

11. The Neil McNeil Memorial Scholarship established in 1941 by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of its founding, to perpetuate the memory of its Founder, the late Most Reverend Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto.

12. The Marguerite Bourgeoys Scholarship, 1942, donated by Notre Dame Alumnae Association, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in honor of the Foundress of Congregation of Notre Dame. This Scholarship is open to Sisters of Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown.

13. Mother Gabriel Scholarship, 1943, donated by the Alumnae of the Child Jesus, North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

14. The Most Reverend James C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, Scholarship, established in 1944, by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, on the occasion of the honor conferred on him by His Holiness, the Pope, in naming him a Papal Count, and on the celebration of his silver anniversary in the priesthood. Henceforth this Scholarship will be known as "His

Eminence, James C. Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, Scholarship".

15. The Edith Shannon Memorial Scholarship, 1944, donated by Mr. Frank Shannon, Toronto, in memory of his wife.

16. The Sister Mary Theodore Scholarship, Sisters of St. Ann, Victoria, B.C., established by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, July, 1944, on the occasion of her seventieth anniversary in the religious life; also in recognition of her pioneer alumnae work as first Federation Sister in British Columbia.

17. The Mother Teresa Dease Scholarship, established in 1945 by Loretto Alumnae, Toronto, in honor of the Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. This Scholarship is open to Sisters of Loretto Community.

18. The Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Scholarship, 1945, established by Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Associate in honor of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Alumnae Association. This Scholarship is open to Sisters of St. Joseph's Community.

19. The Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, 1945, for graduate work at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, Toronto, Ontario. Requirements: An Honors Degree in Philosophy, Literature (Classical or Modern) or History in the University of Toronto, or its equivalent.

20. The Fifteenth Anniversary Scholarship established in 1946 by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae to commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of its founding (1931-1946).

"These scholarships and Bursaries are open only to teaching Sisters whose Alumnae Associations' fees are paid for the current year (March, 1946, to March, 1947.). Scholarship or Bursary Award cheques will be made payable to the President of the Alumnae Association, who will forward it to the Federation Sister.

"In addition, the sum of five dollars is contributed to the Scholarship Fund by each affiliated Alumnae Association. The total sum given in the six-year period (1939-1946) is \$4,743.00 made up of Scholarship and Bursary awards.

Other Projects

"Other projects sponsored by the C.F.C.A. are:

Donation of books to Convent libraries upon payment of annual fees

Annual Requiem Mass in November for deceased members

Use of Christian Christmas Cards

Members of the Radio League of St. Michael News Letterette

Lecture Series
Mary Book of Canada Contest
Needy Missions

National Executive

President: Mrs. Arthur W. Hogg, M.A., 237 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Past President: Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Loretto, Toronto, Ontario.
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Treasurer: Miss Margaret McManus, 1A Vermont Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Chairmen of Committees

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Mary's Day: Mrs. H. T. Roesler, 80 Rosedale Heights Drive, Toronto, Ontario.
Scholarships: Mrs. C. E. Fraser, 78 Falcon Ave., Toronto, Ontario.
Needy Missions: Miss Mary Crane, Grant Hall Hotel, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.
Publicity: Miss Norah Lane, 245 Spence Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Books: Miss Charlotte Tansey, 2307 Melrose Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.
Vigilance: Mrs. W. C. Macdonald (Ottawa and Halifax), O'Connor Street, Ottawa, Ont.
News Letterette: Miss Mary Berini, 4906 Queen Mary Road, Apt. 15, Montreal, P.Q.

* * *

Loretto is justly proud of her dear Alumna, Mrs. Roesler (Sadie Morrow), who with the sanction and cooperation of His Grace, the late Archbishop McNeil, laid the foundation of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, at Loretto Academy, Hamilton, sixteen years ago, in the opening convention of the organization. During the intervening years she has given her untiring efforts to the promotion of the great work, which now firmly established and organized, promises even greater achievements in the future.

From the Holy Father on more than one occasion has come a prized recognition of her maganimous labours in the cause of Catholic Education. The Federation has many times expressed the gratitude of the members for her unceasing devotion to the C.F.C.A. and, on her

retirement as president, presented her with a beautiful sterling silver tray, bearing the inscription:

PRESENTED TO MRS. HARRY T. ROESLER

BY THE

CANADIAN FEDERATION OF CONVENT
ALUMNAE

AT THE

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION
MONTREAL, P.Q.

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HER WORK
AS FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT

1931—1946.

GREETINGS, CONGRATULATIONS

AND

GOOD WISHES

FROM

TWO SENIOR ALUMNAE

TO THE

LADIES OF LORETTO

ON

THEIR ORDER HAPPILY REACHING

ITS CENTENARY

IN AMERICA

1847 — 1947

REMEMBERING

You walked in grace, My Dear, My Dear,
In Stately pace, My Dear, My Dear.

Your sweet face from the Long Ago

Looks out in ivory cameo.

Eternal Youth kept you aglow,

My Dear . . . My Dear . . .

Lola A Beers.

For Better Things

INTER-LORETTO SINGING FESTIVAL HELD AT LORETTO ABBEY

The 17th annual Inter-Loretto Singing Festival was held in the auditorium of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Saturday, February 8. Rev. J. E. Ronan acted as adjudicator.

There were classes of vocal solos ranging from 10 years and under to the open class. The winners in their respective groups were as follows: Joanne Tucker, Loretto College School; Martha

Holmes, Loretto Abbey; Justine McCarthy, Loretto College School; Joan Walsh, Loretto Abbey; Bernadette Ryan, Loretto Academy, Guelph; Elizabeth Kaiser, Loretto College School; Donna Gordon, Loretto Academy, Hamilton; Connie Camilleri, St. Cecilia's Convent; Earlene Eames, Loretto College School; Margaret Carmichael, Loretto College School; Rita



Loretto College School Junior Choral Class, winners of shield at Loretto Music Festival, Loretto Abbey, Toronto; heard in Broadcast, Station CHUM, April 19th at 11.45 a.m.

Back Row—Virginia Cie, Mary O'Reilly, Valerie Sleeman, Ann Rose, Dolores Chaput.

Third Row—Nadine Howitt, Elaine Shepherd, Helen O'Neil, Mary Harvey, Pearl Craddock, Dorothea Nicola.

Second Row—Ann Garramone, Dorothy Gardner, Robin Mahon, Frances Leone, Nicole Compar.

First Row—Marie Schmidt, Earlene Eames, Ann McArthur.

Absent—Rosemary Kennedy, Forie da Chalmers, Patricia Collins.

Mae D'Arcangelo, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls; Jean Glancy, Loretto College School; Gail Hodgins, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls; Jean Xavier, Loretto Abbey; June Maingot, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls; Betty McMillan, Loretto College School; and Bridget Kelly, Loretto Abbey

In a trio class first place was obtained by Peggy O'Neill, Eleanor Regan and Irene Terejko of Loretto College School.

The afternoon session opened with seven pre-high school choirs competing for a trophy shield which was won by the Intermediate Choral Class of Loretto College School with a score of 90 marks. Other choirs present were: St. Cecilia's Choral Class, Toronto; St. Joseph's School, Stratford; Sacred Heart School, Guelph; Intermediate Choral Group, Loretto Abbey; St. Thomas Aquinas' School, Toronto; and St. Stanislaus School, Guelph.

A second choral competition featured high school choirs competing for a silver cup. The award was won by Loretto Abbey Choir, Toronto. The other choirs in this class were from Loretto Academy, Stratford, and Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The standard of the choral work and particularly of the Gregorian Chant was very satisfactory, Father Ronan stated, and although there could be only one winning choir, each one was a choral group of merit.

EDUCATION WEEK

During 1947 Education Week, Stratford public and separate schools had many interesting exhibits and demonstrations of the work being accomplished by present-day pupils of the Classic City.

In the local paper an account of Education Week had the following appreciative paragraphs on the separate schools of the City—St. Joseph's (Loretto), Immaculate Conception (Ursuline):

"Samples of work done by the boy pupils at both St. Joseph's and Immaculate Conception separate schools featured the display at Immaculate Conception. Woodwork and metalwork of all kinds were on exhibition and the high calling of the work of the boys earned the plaudits of all visitors. Also on display at this school were many samples of art which illustrated the creative as well as the technical ability of the pupils. Maps and posters also decorated the rooms, while samples of writing, spelling, arithmetic and other academic subjects covered the walls.

"A table, set for breakfast, over which hung a map, with strings from the edibles on the table leading to various places on the map, featured the displays at St. Joseph's Separate School. The map showed the many farm districts of the country, and the strings from the map to the food, showed where each different food article was produced. A project on a science notebook, with pages enlarged and fastened to the wall, showing samples of work which was to be found in the pupils' notebooks was another feature at St. Joseph's. Still another was the display of needlework in the household economics room, where samples of work done by the girls at St. Joseph's and Immaculate Conception were shown. Tea and refreshments were served in this room by girls of the school. Other classrooms featured illustrated lessons and pictorial displays on a variety of subjects."

A RECEPTION DAY

Lady Day in 1947 made history at Wheaton, Illinois. This beautiful feast of Our Lady, in the centenary year of Loretto, I.B.V.M., in America, saw the first reception ceremony in the new quarters of the Chicago Branch Novitiate at Wheaton. Mother General, together with Mother Felician, received into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary three promising young ladies, all alumnae of Loretto-Woodlawn, Chicago. The newly received are: Miss Muriel Mauer, Sister M. Concetta; Miss Betty Rhodes, Sister M. St. Brian; Miss Helen Eade, Sister Maria Cordis. Right Rev. Monsignor Frederick E. Hillenbrand, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Evanston, conducted the ceremony. Father Philip Hayes, pastor of Nativity of Our Lord Parish, delivered the inspiring sermon on the text, "I will not now call you servants, but friends."

The living room was converted into a chapel, the alcove on the south wall sheltering with ample arms the white altar, which was adorned for Benediction with roses and laces and gleaming tapers in brightly polished candlesticks.

Impressive and picturesque was the going forth of the "brides of Christ" in their white gowns and veils. Mingled emotions filled the hearts of parents and friends, when the young ladies retraced their steps, clad now in the religious habit.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. Thus terminated the relatively simple ceremony, indicative of so great an undertaking.

Refreshments were served amid the constant

hum of congratulations. The "newly received" graciously entertained their guests. It was a day of real renewal of spirit for the nuns who could look on. Every step was re-lived; every heart re-consecrated to the Friend of friends. In and out, now with the guests, now with her nuns, the smiling concern of Mother General appeared everywhere until the great hall door closed on the last of the day's visitors.

St. Anne had obtained a favor in checking the blizzard of the night before. The sun shone on as if loath to close a perfect day. Across the fields, far into the distance, the snow lay white and untracked. The world had been beautifully dressed for the feast of our lovely Immaculate Mother, and for the reception of new laborers into her Institute.

M.C.

Felicitations

MISS ALICE MARION SHARP

With sincere pleasure the many friends of Miss Alice Marion Sharp, of Montreal, learned of the great honour that came to her recently from the Holy Father, who in recognition of her steadfast labours for souls has bestowed on her the Benemerenti Medal—an award instituted by Pope Gregory XVI to reward "daring and courage." The precious medal, with its

simple yet comprehensive inscription, "Benemerenti", surrounded by a crown of oak leaves, is attached to a ribbon of the Papal colours.

The presentation was made by His Excellency Bishop Whelan, who represented His Grace, Archbishop Charbonneau, at a ceremony held in the Domestic Science School of the Grey Nuns, St. Matthew Street, Montreal.

Miss Sharp was born and educated in England and, after coming to Canada, taught music for years at the Sacred Heart Academy, Sault au Recollet, Montreal. Soon after her arrival from England she was received into the Church by the late Rev. George Kenny, S.J., and she has since found her joy in helping others to take the same difficult step.

Although an octogenarian, Miss Sharp is still an active worker in various organizations—the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Sailors' Club, the Xavier Apostolate, the Convalescent Home, and the Catholic Women's League. A charter member of the Catholic Girls' Club, she was its president in 1939, and again last year accepted the presidency.

An annual trip to Toronto includes some visits to Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, where her friends are happy to exchange ideas with her. Last summer she was in attendance at the School of Religion conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Loretto College School, and then left to follow the Novena Exercises at Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, an annual event for her.

In offering our congratulations to Miss Sharp, we wish her many more happy years of beautiful service for the Master, and recall to her notice and that of Loretto Rainbow readers a tribute to her which appeared in our last issue—"Footsteps to Heaven" (Lines dedicated to Miss Alice Sharp, Montreal) by Marie-Louise Collins.

K.M.B.



His Excellency Bishop Whelan is seen presenting the Holy Father's award, *Benemerenti*, to Miss Alice Sharp, Montreal, for her years of Catholic Action work.

MR. AND MRS. ROY LaFERTE

In a most attractive late 1946 Fall wedding, Miss Kathleen Florence Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Brown, was married to Mr. Roy LaFerte in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton,



Mr. and Mrs. Roy LaFerte

with Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. L. Cassidy, D.P., V.F., Pastor, officiating.

The bride, gowned in ivory satin with train, tulle veil and feather headdress, carried a shower of white roses. She was attended by her sisters, Miss Muriel and Miss Helen, both attired in ice-blue satin, with matching headdress, and carrying shower bouquets of American beauty roses. The wedding breakfast was held at the Royal Connaught Hotel for about a hundred guests.

The bride and her sisters are graduates of Loretto Academy, Hamilton. They are nieces of M. M. Borromeo, I.B.V.M., and M. M. St. Charles, I.B.V.M., of Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Loretto extends to the young couple good wishes and prayers for their happiness throughout the on-stretching years of wedded life.

MR. AND MRS. LEO F. McLEAN

An interesting ceremony in Newman Chapel was the marriage of Jacqueline Clare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Monaghan, to Mr. Leo Francis McLean, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McLean, with Rev. Father Joseph McHenry, Rector, officiating.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She was charming in a handsome portrait gown of white satin, fashioned with tight bodice and long sleeves. Her square collar of Swiss lace was an heirloom, and her veil was held with a coronet of matching lace. She carried a white prayer-book, with streamers of white buds. Her attendants, gowned in palest pink and sea-foam blue brocade, carried cascades of pale pink chrysanthemums and roses. Miss Barbara Monaghan was maid of honour, and the bridesmaids were, Miss Kay McLean (Loretto College Alumna); Mrs. R. G. Sterling, and Miss Joanne McLean. Mr. Tom McLean was groomsman for his brother, and the ushers were, Mr. Allan Johnson, Mr. David Smith, and Mr. Gerald Horgan.

After the reception in Newman Hall, the happy couple left for skiing in the Laurentians. The bride travelled in a costume of rust shade with Irish accessories.

From Loretto good wishes are extended for their happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Leo McLean.

Loretto

You trod thruout a century a path
That led thru wilderness and long ravine;
You knew bare want and all its aftermath,
Your eyes grew dimmed with sorrow you had seen.

One can envision you in stately march
As passing thru the portals into Night,
Stout-hearted soldiers on a crusade bent,
Your shields of armor brilliantly alight.

The Holy Family guard you with their hearts,
Most Valiant Women—would—oh, would I
could
Know words to sing a happy paean of praise
To the esteemed Loretto Sisterhood!

Lola A. Beers, Loretto Alumna.



His Eminence J. M. Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve
Late Archbishop of Quebec, P.Q.

In Memoriam

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VILLENEUVE, O.M.I.

With the tidings of the sudden death of His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, a wave of sorrow passed over thousands of friends and of those who knew him, if not personally, at least from appreciative press notices, from his own addresses on occasions of nation-wide importance, from his writings, and from the excellent pictures of him which have been presented, through the years, in newspapers and magazines.

Of his heroic endurance of hardships, and untiring apostolic work for souls, as Bishop of Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, when our beloved Cardinal Archbishop McGuigan was Archbishop of Regina, Saskatchewan, we had heard from the latter. Later, we were happy in knowing of honours that had been bestowed on him—his appointment as Archbishop of Quebec; his being chosen as Papal Legate by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, to officiate at the magnificent Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, in 1938; his being appointed Papal Legate by our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, for the dedication of the Basilica of St. Joan of Arc in Domremy, France, in 1939; also, in 1945, for the tercentenary in Guadalupe, Mexico, of Our Lady's apparitions.

Those who knew him well spoke often of his great intellectual gifts and his striking humility, linked with his desire that all liturgical ceremonies be carried out fully and becomingly.

Although the serious condition of Cardinal Villeneuve's health had been generally known since last summer, all hoped for his permanent recovery, especially on learning of his having gone, on medical advice, to California for a complete rest.

With the sad news of his passing came consoling details.

Singularly blessed, he realized that death was near, and so informed his secretary, Msgr. Paul Nicoli, about to say Mass, at which the Cardinal intended to assist. He told Msgr. Nicoli that, although he had no pain, he felt the end was near, and asked Monsignor to anoint him. The doctor was called and found that there had been another heart seizure. The last rites of the Church were administered.

His consciousness to the end, a few hours later; his beautiful resignation to God's Will; his previously expressed wish that his funeral would be simple, "permitting only what is due to his ecclesiastical rank"; his final words that he offered his life for his people—all seemed the longed-for climax to his life spent in doing good.

May his soul rest in peace!

RT. REV. T. J. MANLEY, D.P.

Another outstanding labourer in Christ's Vineyard, in the Archdiocese of Toronto, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Manley, D.P., has been called Home by the Divine Master. Grief came to hundreds on hearing of his sudden death on March 21st, in Miami, where his physicians had hoped that by a complete rest he might improve the heart condition that had caused him an alarming collapse while attending the National Conference of Diocesan Directors of Holy Name Societies, held in New York last summer.

As Toronto Archdiocesan Director of Holy Name Society, he was indefatigable, and the paper which he gave at the New York Conference was record-making, winning well-deserved applause. It was by his surpassing powers of organization that for three years Toronto has seen the splendid demonstration of our religion on Rosary Sunday, in Maple Leaf Gardens. While in the hospital, Monsignor directed affairs in connection with this undertaking, which entailed so much well-ordered planning.

As zealous pastor of St. Brigid's Church, he continued his deep interest in parish affairs, to the end. In turn, the devotion of his people to him was revealed not only by Holy Name men as they kept vigil by his casket in St. Brigid's Church and recited the Rosary for him, but also by the hundreds who came on Tuesday to view the remains and pray for the departed; and on Wednesday to assist at the Funeral Mass.

His loss will long be felt by his parishioners, by the members of Holy Name Society, and by many others who had sought his advice. One, not of his parish, being in perplexity, exclaimed, "Oh, I wish Msgr. Manley were back! He was always able to solve one's problems."

Many prayers will continue to be offered for Monsignor and the great work to which he devoted his best efforts for the past decade of his life, the persuading of his fellowmen to promote the honour of the Holy Name and to live as true followers of Christ.

May he rest in peace.

Sketches

THE TREASURED RUG

It came from Persia where skilled hands
Wove, hour by hour, the silken strands
Into the pattern as it stands.
With flowers of an eternal spring
The Tree of Life is blossoming,
While on its branches ripe fruits cling.

The ape and tiger lithely creep
Along its limbs; in leafage deep
The white doves flit, the nestlings sleep.
In Persian, round the border flow
Words Omar penned so long ago,
"Like water I came, like wind I go."

A dark-skinned weaver in Kirman
Dreamed much—the while his fingers ran—
Of rose and wine and caravan;
And something of those thoughts sublime—
The Fire of Spring, the Bird of Time—
Lives here in color and in rhyme.

—Aline Michaelis.

LITTLE LIZAN!

Little Lizan is here again.
I spy blue eyes and silken hair
And dainty toddling feet as when
She passed far from our fondling care.

A wondrous smile adorns Lizan;
O little child, where have you been?
The years have seemed too long a span,
And all the summers in between.

But happy days are coming near,
The West is shining brighter now;
Methinks white sails are veering here
With golden ship and silken prow.

O tell me, Sweet, will you remain,
Or is it but a knowing dream,
And I shall wake and find again,
A void, quite empty, where you seem?

—Lucile B.

THE LEGEND OF TARRYDALE CASTLE

Romance and mystery entwine enchanted Tarrydale:
About an ancient castle, there, is woven many a tale
Of feudal times and daring deeds of knights in doughty days;
And in imagination's realm the fancy lightly strays.

Impressive, still, the structure looms, deep in the valley's mist,
Peering austere through its glooms, when the north lights kissed:
The reveller may not sojourn there, nor gambler profits win;
The idle prowler flees its thrall and cannot dwell therein.

'Tis said that elves and goblins gambol on the flag-stone floor,
When the wind is in the hangar, and the moon gleams on the moor;
And that, by warning voices, depredators are restrained;
By unseen hands, from rafters, showers of dust are on them rained.

But while a weird tradition holds the stronghold in its grip,
And with the bat on ivied tower the owl keeps fellowship,
The tired and famished traveller, the strayed and foot-sore child
Find comfort and selection in its haven rugged, wild.

And pilgrims, keeping vigil, have often been found there
In quiet meditation, or in attitude of prayer,
Who've said that they envisioned in the spectral shadows dim
A throng of monks intoning their solemn vesper hymn.

And, passing there, a hermit from a cavern told to me
A legend of that castle, and the spell which came to be—
It seems, from lawless bands, a saint sought refuge in that pile,
And, since, on that quaint edifice has ever cause to smile.

And that, by prayer availing, he aids our human kind,
And helps life's weary voyagers a path to heaven to find;
But every thrust of evil he quickly turns aside,
Which fits in with the picture of the peaceful country-side.

I know not of the truth of this, and yet I have no doubt
The goodness of that man of God can **not** be blotted out;
And, well I know the influence of the saints long passed away
Remains to hearten faithful souls and encourage them to-day.

Frederick B. Fenton.

SEAGULL

Seagull with white wings unfurled,
As you skim above the blue
Of the placid lake, you seem
Something from another world—
Spirit that has fluttered through
Silvered air—like misty dream.

Seagull, flying low and sure,
Instinct-charted is your way.
To us your high courage lend!
Strong must wings be to endure
Constant striving day by day,
Conscience-driven, to life's end.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

WHITE VIOLETS

Sometimes I wonder if I only dreamed
White violets,
The flowers which in that distant forest gleamed
Like coronets
Which glowing April set upon her hair
To lend her grace,
A final charm, a half-enchanted air,
In that dim place.

Because it seemed a woodland not of earth,
Where one might hear
Without surprise a lilt of fairy mirth
Rise shrill and clear;
And never since, by pools in any field
Or rivulets,
Has any patient search of mine revealed
White violets.

—Aline Michaelis.

THE STARS

In shining millions,
Specking the blue spaces,
Tell me, who can,
Why such waste?

Alas, lost Judas,
Be still!

Room for the falling,
Forever and ever;
Space for His Glory
As in Biblical story;
Charted and outlined
And true to the orbits
He fashioned for them.

Lucile B.

SPRING BOUQUET FOR HER

Ferns uncurl and violets start
To spend their scent abandonedly;
Whirring wings beat at my heart,
Bewildering and enchanting me,
Across this skipping brook I ran,
The first to take the hands of Spring—
So . . . I found her again . . . one *can*
Be breathless at remembering.

Lola A. Beers, Loretto Alumna.

ASPIRATION

Some urge within the heart of man
Compels his mind at times to soar,
On wings of thought, to regions far,
Strange realms of Beauty to explore.

This gift importunate within
Man's heart has holy, subtle power
To drive his soul to Heaven's heights,
And claim from God his promised dower.
—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

SPRING BOUQUET

I love Moon deep in a lake,
Star-shine on a path,
April drenchings that become
Misty aftermath.
Singing frogs and whip-poor-wills,
Trembling beads of dew
Hung thru twigs of spruce . . . and hills . . .
And Northern woods . . . and you.

Lola A. Beers.

SNOW

Snow is soft and beautiful;
It blankets all the ground;
It comes in flakes of lacy white;
It falls without a sound.

It falls in gentle, cloudy swirls;
It gathers into drifts;
It drops to earth with quiet grace
As one of God's own gifts.

It falls upon the fence-rails;
It falls upon the trees;
It falls upon the roof-tops;
It covers autumn's leaves.

It seems to speak in countless ways,
Of beauty from His hand,
As falling, falling softly down,
It makes a fairyland.

Angela Boyden, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.



STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1946-1947

President of Council—Helen McLoughlin
 Vice-President of Council—Virginia Robertson.
 Sodality President—Mariana Thompson
 Dramatics Representative—Joyce Predhomme
 Debating Representative—Frances MacDonald
 Athletic Representative—Helen Malcolm
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Ellen Smeaton
 Social Representative—Marilyn Barry.
 Torontonensis Representative—Jane Hinds

COLLEGE NOTES

Jan. 14—Sodality Meeting. Letters of gratitude for our mission work at Christmas time were read by the president—from our old friend, Father Moss of Kenora, thanking us for our contribution to his new mission church; from the librarian of Loretto Convent at the Gore; from the pastor of Mount Carmel Church, Toronto, for our gifts to the poor children of the parish; from the director of the Propagation of the Faith, through whom we ransomed little "Loretto".

Jan. 25—Long awaited event—the Saint Michael's At-Home. Around a flower-decked fountain, a Shrine to Our Lady, five hundred couples danced to the strains of Frank Bogart. President and Mrs. Smith graced our reception line.

Jan. 31—Our chaplain, Father Wey, C.S.B., conducted Forty Hours' Devotion.

Feb. 5—Loretto was hostess to Saint Joseph's for a debate: "Resolved that there should be political clubs on every campus." Marilyn Barry and Jane Hinds upheld the resolution, while Anne Lawlor and Alice Brennan opposed it.

Feb. 8—Something new at St. Michael's—the Co-op—a tuck shop for the students, organized and run by the students. Here's wishing it success!

Feb. 13—A gala evening for all who attended the Trireme dance at Brennan Hall. Besides the fun, money was raised to help the college magazine.

Feb. 20-22—Father Joseph Keating, S.J.,

conducted our three-day retreat, which all of us found immensely satisfying.

Feb. 24—Sophomore debate: "Resolved that the radio has a good influence on the home".—Claire Snetzinger and Betty Rheinhardt for the government, while Katherine Hanlon and Doreen Cullen upheld the opposition.

Mar. 2—Father Stone, C.S.P., of the Catholic Guild of Saint Paul, gave us an interesting talk on his work with converts, and encouraged the girls to help in this task.

Mar. 3—Loretto debating parliament played host to Saint Michael's. Ruth O'Shaughnessy and Frances MacDonald upheld that: "Nationalism is detrimental to progress", while Ed. Hinchey and Harry Bordano spoke against the motion. Refreshments were served afterwards in the Common Room.

Mar. 4—Father Hennessy, S.J., gave an inspiring talk on the Sacred Heart.

Mar. 6—Impromptu Sophomore debate. The subject: "Resolved, that it is advantageous for a man to be handsome", caused much hilarity, yet was handled with utmost sincerity by Jean O'Shaughnessy, Joan MacDonald, Katherine Hanlon, and Doreen Cullen.

Mar. 11—Welcome back for Father McLoughlin, C.S.B., after a short stay in Rome.

Mar. 10—Our second record shower and party was enjoyed by all.

Mar. 12—The first meeting of the new Saint Michael's French Club was held at Brennan Hall. Officers were elected and French songs sung.

Mar. 14—At Brennan Hall, Mr. H. Somerville concluded a series of informative talks, sponsored by the students, on the dangers of Communism.

Mar. 17—A successful Saint Patrick's party was enjoyed by us all.

Mar. 21—Mr. Cecil Eustace addressed Saint Michael's College students on the Religious Origins of Communism.

Mar. 25—The Tuck Shop opens!

Mar. 26—Last general assembly. Address by Miss Irene Allen, a graduate of Loretto, and Director of the Catholic Children's Aid Society.

THE SONNETS OF SPENSER, DONNE AND MILTON

The sonnets of these three poets are distinct types, varying considerably from one another in both their style and treatment of subject matter. I shall endeavour in this essay to point out these differences with suitable quotes from the works themselves.

Spenser may be called a moral poet, his sonnets being written pretty well in one key, that of rapture. He, like Sidney, went to Petrarch for his greatest inspiration—he became the most genuine Petrarchan of all the Elizabethans. Whereas Sidney went beyond poetic portrayal of the lady's charms, beyond descriptions of her physical and spiritual beauty and lost himself in an analysis of the passion inspired by the mistress (Platonic doctrine), Spenser, being primarily a poet, rather than a philosopher, merely touched on psychological analysis of love. Form and matter were held in an almost equal balance, and the Petrarchan themes and conceits were drowned in poetic beauty. The impulse of Leeman affection became in Spenser the ardour of a moralist and scholar—for example, Sonnet III:—

"That being now with her huge brightness dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view;"

He could see no object in writing unless it had some moral significance; thus, in his sonnets, Spenser would seek to purify the Petrarchism of his age. For the Petrarchist of that day would centre his attention upon the distress and frequently upon her physical charms alone, spending his poetic energy on the portrayal of delights of lust under the guise of praising physical beauty; while the Platonist went to the other extreme by presenting love as a union of souls alone. Spenser's aim was to reconcile the two doctrines by reconciling the spirit and the flesh. His sonnets, then, became a part of the cultural movement that was extending its influence over all Europe.

From his youth, Spenser was primarily a scholar with the belief that old words should be retained until usage forged new ones to take their place. This explains his love for the quaint, old words of Chaucer. In this way Spenser obtains that smoothness of metre, carefully studying the English language and adopting it to the difficult form of the sonnet. He is particularly fond of sound values and he uses alliteration with much ingenuity producing beautiful music with words, for example:—from Sonnet 68:—

"And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win."

Another of his literary devices is the use of repetition in a phrase, for example:—

"He only fair, and what he fair hath made,
All other fair, like flowers untimely fade."

This quote also shows artful alliteration.
Melody is Spenser's greatest artistic quality

and the music of his lines is best-tested, perhaps, in the sonnets dealing with purely conventional, hackneyed themes, for example, Sonnet 79, he used the most commonplace beginning:—

"Men call you fair and you do credit it",

Yet through the sweet cadence of his lines he has made something new out of a much-used subject.

Yet in spite of Spenser's interest in the form of the sonnet, he never once loses sight of the philosophy he would preach, that of harmonizing and blending Platonism with Petrarchism. The Platonic doctrine, though suiting perfectly the scholarly elegance of his trained mind, could not satisfy reasoning and so he sought to make heavenly and earthly love a thing of harmony, for example, Sonnet 22:—

"Her temple fair is built within my mind,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend
Like sacred priests that never think amiss."

He calls his love a sweet saint and gives poetic expression to the combination of Christian and Platonic thought, which portrays a God enjoying His Own beauty and begetting beauty like to His.

Again in Sonnet 79, he declares that, though all her other beauty "turns to naught," her "virtuous mind" alone is permanent, for it is "true beauty" and proves his lady is divine.

Spenser believes that the purpose of poetry is to instruct and to delight—the former, being expressed in his attempts to exalt earthly love—the latter, in his interest in proving the beauty of the English language and his desire to achieve ease and smoothness of metre. He is a great favourite among poets, particularly for that latter quality—his melody of verse, beautifully portrayed in Sonnet 671:—

"Strange thing me seem'd, to see a beast so
wild,

So goodly won, with her own beguil'd."

— — —

John Donne, on the other hand, is very different from Spenser. He is not interested in love as an idealizing passion, but rather as a natural passion of body and mind. Instead of revolting against the fashion of Elizabethan sonneteering because of its Petrarchan attitude toward love, in his serious moods, he simply ignores that side of the question. Donne is quite independent of the revolt against Petrarchism, and he reflects another phase of the Renaissance attitude toward love.

Donne is a poet of revolt, mainly against Elizabethan conventions and poetic style; par-

ticularly in his handling of conceits. He draws his conceits from science, rather than from Petrarchan sources—for the connections between the terms of his analogies are logical, not sentimental and emotional. They are structural, rather than ornamented, for he uses them to carry the main theme. He is the direct opposite of Spenser, in that the matter or sense of his poems is infinitely more important than sound or melody, for example, Sonnet 7:—

“All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain. . . .”

In his early poetry, Donne is quite mocking and cynical in his treatment of love and conventions, particularly on the subject of fidelity. But he always examines love in a mood of curiosity, sometimes cool and cynical, sometimes ironical, and again passionately serious and reverent, but always trying to discern what is hidden behind the appearances of life. He despised convention and morals and chivalry, as he despised highly regular metres and monotonous, harmonious cadences.

In his later life, after his wife's death, Donne turned to religious themes and it was then that he wrote his Holy Sonnets, yet their tone is still consistent with the poems of his youth. He is still primarily the discoverer, in search of new wonders and new possessions. His sonnets, often such, not in structure but merely in name, are particularly noted for their subtlety and quality. Passion, feeling, sensuousness, all are subjected to wit.

Donne's style is characterized by his sudden, imperious opening, for example, Sonnet 10:—

“Death, be not proud, though some have called thee,
Mighty, and dreadful, for thou are not so;”

Here, he is again the direct opposite of Spenser. He jars the listener to alertness and by means of sudden, gripping statements throughout his sonnets he keeps their attention, while Spenser, on the other hand, with his flowing melodies, soothes the reader.

Donne is particularly clever in his use of great images. In Sonnet 12, he opens on a grand scale, with sweeping rhythms:—

“At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise!”

the whole octet being one mighty trumpet call. Then in the sextet, a sudden weariness and despair; ending on a quiet, simple note.

The fear of death and an overwhelming sense of sin is the general theme of most of Donne's

religious poems. He is still curious, but he alternates between a yearning and a fear, for example, Sonnet 10:—

“One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.”

— — —

Milton is yet another type of sonneteer. His early sonnets, the Italian sonnets, are undoubtedly a product of his years at the University. Their theme is one of love and how Cupid has punished him for his former stubbornness against love. Milton assumes the extravagant attitude of the typical sonneteer and makes liberal use of the conventional phraseology of Petrarch. The expression, though unoriginal, is full of grace. The sonnets seem to be a proud display of his mastery of the tongue rather than an expression of any profound personal emotion.

Milton followed Spenser's example in that he had the ambition to write works on a vast scale. His greatest desire was to devote himself to pure poetry and write a great epic. He dreamt by preference of the legendary Arthur and the battles between the Britons and the Saxons. To accomplish his great work, he sought to complete his poetic education and, with this end in view, he did much travelling throughout the classical land. Meanwhile, in England, the struggle between the king and the Parliament had begun and hastened his return. For twenty years, the realization of all his great poet's dreams was suspended and during this period he wrote no verse beyond some dozen, occasional sonnets, which often expressed his impatience angrily in their lines.

These later English sonnets, beginning with the one on his “Twenty-Third Birthday,” reflect a complete change of attitude. He strikes a new note of lofty dignity, justifying Wordsworth's description:

“In his hands
The thing became a trumpet.”

this is particularly applicable to that group in which he discusses public events and personalities. They have nothing in common with the sonnet-series on love, dear to the Elizabethans. Some of them were personal effusions—“On His Blindness”; others allude to his controversial writings, or they are fragments of the great living epic in which he played a part—addressed to Fairfax, Cromwell, and Sir Harry Vane. Many are deliberately rude and harsh, witnesses to his refusal to cultivate the slighter

graces in this tragic time. Yet, in spite of this, he could not shut out beauty and feeling.

When in 1652, he went blind as a consequence of his controversy with Salmasius and mourned the extinction of his "one talent" before he had had time to serve his Maker as he would, he wrote:—

"God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best . . .
They also serve who only stand and wait."

There is powerful pathos in the sonnet he wrote to his second wife, who died in childbed, 15 months after their marriage. Blind, he had never seen her in life; his first sight of her was in his dream after her death, when she

"Came vested all in white, pure as her mind—
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night."

These two poems combine a poignant pathos with an earnest, ethical and religious idealism.

The other group of his later sonnets, which are devoted to addresses such as, "To Cyriack Skinner" and "To Mr. Lawrence", are beautifully expressive of a genial friendliness and a warm glow of human sympathy.

The most marvellous of these sonnets is, however, that on "The Late Massacre (of the Waldensians) in Piedmont". In England, their massacre was greeted with horror and Milton ably interprets this feeling:—

"Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks."

He returns to the Italian form in its strictness—the two quatrains, followed by the two tercets, each with their two rhymes. But he makes no division in the idea. The fourteen lines follow a single, uninterrupted train of thought, a phrase is continued from one line to another, even from one quatrain to another:—

"Their moans
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
To heav'n."

The effect is surprising, sentences seem to be cut short, not by art but by indignation. But the most striking feature of the sonnet is the rhymes. They ring out like a knell or an alarm-bell:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,"

These fourteen lines are at once the explosion of a wrath as genuine as it is deep, and as inexhaustible lesson on art.

The complete collection of his later sonnets is a perfect record of Milton's unique personality in all its varying moods. The workmanship throughout is finished to the last degree, and each poem, even to the least of them, is a memorable and impressive work. It was Milton, rather than Spenser, Donne and the other Elizabethans, who set the style of the English sonnet at its revival toward the end of the eighteenth century, his sonnets serving as the chief inspiring force and model of later sonneteers.

Audrey Hart-Smith, 4T8,
Loretto College, St. George Street.

A CRITICAL OPINION OF THE POETRY OF T. S. ELLIOT

Mr. Eliot has probably a larger number of enemies than any other poet of our time. Because his poetry is difficult to understand, the lazy shun it. Its style does not correspond to that of any formerly dominant type of English poetry, therefore the conventional feel an aversion for it. Romantics have no use for it because only rarely does he give full rein to ecstasy or sensuous moods. Marxists, conservatives and the decorous dislike it. We may well conclude after glancing over such a formidable list that Mr. Eliot's poetry must be a remarkable phenomenon. The truth is that it marks an epoch in English poetry.

It is by a consideration of Mr. Eliot's own attitude to life that we shall come nearest to an understanding of his poetry. According to him poetry has for its purpose neither the expression nor the satisfaction of the individual personality. In his poetry he is concerned primarily with a religious problem, the problem of the soul of man. The approach has been through modern psychology. He has probed into his own unconscious, into his underlying fears and failures and he has assumed that what is typical of him is typical of the human race. His attitude toward his findings is the attitude of modern psychology:

"Success is relative:

It is what we can make of the mess
we have made of things,

It is what he can make; not what you
would make for him."

Yet he is far from being the advocate of a philosophy of futility. He remarks that the "essential advantage for a poet is not to have a

beautiful world with which to deal; it is to be able to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, the horror and the glory."

In subject matter Eliot employs themes which imply criticism of the emptiness and flabbiness of modern life and thought, while in technique he employs every means he can to avoid the flabbiness which he is criticizing. He is convinced of the pettiness and loathsomeness of purely human life. The subject matter of most of his poems is man's religious aspect; more accurately it is Eliot's own relation to the universe, the state of his own inner being, which is the chief motif of his poetry. As *Gerontion* he is seeking the answer to the question of what is human life and has succeeded in reaching only this conclusion: that "the giving famishes the craving." In "The Hollow Men" man is presented as so insignificant that he no longer is the focus for emotions, whether of sympathy or of pity; he is so valueless that he is not even damned:

"Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only,
As the hollow men
The stuffed men."

Surely it is the very depth of black despair that provokes the piteous cry of ineffectiveness, the plaint that the world ends:

"Not with a bang but a whimper."

In "A Song For Simeon" there is a definite turning toward religion, toward an Almighty Providence as a source of salvation. The liberation of his soul from perplexity and fear and destruction may not be certain; the "ultimate vision" may not be vouchsafed him; but, that there is a vision he knows.

In a sense Eliot is revolutionary for he has abandoned worn-out conventions of writing, conventional diction, stock themes and attitudes, exhausted symbols. He has brought a new vitality into English poetry and he has exerted an influence on those who sought a new vitality for reasons diametrically opposed to his own. Still, however startling is his use of some technical devices, he has not rejected completely the well-tried methods—conventional meters, rhyme, figures of speech—of poets of the past; but—and this is emphatic—these he modifies to his needs. A distinctive characteristic of his poetry is the fantastic juxtaposition of seemingly unrelated ideas. For instance, in the fifth section of "The Hollow Men" he jumps piteously from a nursery, jingle rhythm and patter to an expression of religious despair. His manner is

often disjointed as in "The Hollow Men" where impression follows impression for no readily apparent reason, the transitions are abrupt and the meter changes rapidly. "Gerontion" illustrates the loose construction of Eliot's longer poems, the method that was to become identified with him; neither chronological narrative, nor the orderly sequence of ideas, the poem is the free musing of "an old man in a dry mouth," "disconnected, almost inchoate." However, his later poems are more conventional in form.

Eliot's poems are full of imagery. For him the image is not important merely as the concrete expression of something seen, its quality is also determined by the requirements of the poem as a whole and it combines with the other images in the poem to produce a complex and dynamic unity. The title is always an integral part of the poem with Eliot. The function of the prefatory motto in his poetry—often a quotation from some earlier poet—is to set the mood or tone with reference to which the symbols and images that occur within the poem proper are to be interpreted. With the theme thus clarified we proceed to the opening stanza, where (if we read it with the preparation the poet has already given us) the images take on the necessary meanings and combine in the method intended by Eliot. So by the end of the first stanza a new unity has been achieved (title, quotation, and the stanza itself combining into a single complex of meanings) which, in turn, both interprets and is interpreted by the succeeding stanza and so on throughout the poem. This is the method of "La Figlia Che Piange" and "Gerontion." From the title of the former, which translated means "The Weeping Girl," we get the suggestion of tragedy. We know after reading the quotation, "O quam te memorem virgo . . ." that this is the poet's recollection of some poignant happening in the past. In the first stanza we see that the girl has been forsaken by her lover. The mood is continued throughout the poem by means of images, of which the following is an example:

"As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised."

In his desire to make himself part of the past, to make his poetry part of a continuous tradition, Eliot is led to introduce types of allusiveness, references to earlier representatives of the European and other cultural traditions, images based on multiple suggestions depending on simultaneous evocation of a great variety of earlier events in cultural history, which gave his work at once a richness and an obscurity that puzzled his first readers. For example, the "word within a word unable to speak a word"

of "Gerontion" was salvaged from Bishop Andrewes's sermons. Similarly many of the phrases in "A Song of Simeon" are taken from the Gospel of St. Luke:

"And a sword shall pierce thy heart."
Chap. 2, verse 35.

and again:

"Let thy servant depart
Having seen thy salvation."
Chap. 2, verses 29-32.

Just as Eliot's mind takes sudden turns and darts, peculiarly his own, so there are motifs throughout his poems that have meaning primarily for him. Converted into symbols they are used to evoke memories and to represent compactly a whole body of emotions. Sea-gulls and fog are recurring images in his poems:

"Gull against the wind, in the windy straits
Of Belle Isle . . ."

Lilacs appear as a symbol of spring, of life born out of death. Hyacinths too, seem to have a private significance to him:

"Lord, the Roman hyacinths are
blooming in bowls . . ."

The perfume of the flowers revives for him memories of desired things. In "Gerontion" the symbol of contemporary life is aridity:

"Here I am, an old man, in a dry month."

and again:

"Thoughts of a dry brain in a dull season."

He makes water the symbol of all freedom, all fecundity and flowering of the soul. Gerontion thinks of the young men who "fought in the warm rain."

"The Hollow Men" is one of the simplest and most effective of Eliot's poems. Carefully organized, brilliantly phrased, the poem is an impressive, symbolic picture of an age without belief, without value, without meaning.

"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar."

Eliot uses images here with precision and cogency. He calls the men "hollow"—there is nothing of their own within. He says they are "stuffed"—all within is borrowed, artificial. They are "leaning together"—they have no independent volition, they go in herds. However, there is more than precision of imagery here, there is extreme subtlety and effectiveness of organization as the poem moves from the bleating chorus to the individual nightmare and on to the picture of the cactus land; the hopeless waiting for death, and the final whimpering conclusion. This is the death wish of an age without hope, because without belief.

In summing up this critical appreciation of Eliot's poetry we may quote his own words: "Poetry," he says, "is not the assertion that something is true, but the making of that truth more fully real to us." This is an attitude consistent with his firm adherence to tradition and authority, for it is tradition and authority that discover and affirm his truth for him.

Katharine Hanlon, 4T8.

OCCUPATION

Leaning on the star-stairs,
Treasuring the wing-song,
Measuring great sky swathes,
All day long:

Catching little rain wisps,
Folding close the flowers,
Scolding naughty leaflets,
For many hours:

Glimpsing waif-like fairies—
Delighting, gossamer wings—
Sighting mossy beauty,
The world sings.

Jean O'Shaughnessy, 4T9,
Loretto College, St. George Street.

NEW FABRICS

On Wednesday, February 19, the Secretarial Department, L.C.S., enjoyed an interesting educational lecture by Miss Warren of Lever Bros. Her topic was, "Fabrics of the Future". She pointed out the amazing new world of fabrics now opening out to us.

Miss Warren revealed to us such startling facts as the possibility of wearing a fish hat, and a dress of skimmed milk, since, as she said, scientists are now inventing beautiful new fabrics from just such things. She showed us a

number of these attractive new products, many of which were plastic—for example, shower curtains, and a lovely black taffeta-like material. Many of the others were nylon—lovely, sheer materials ideal for evening gowns and for blouses.

The speaker also described to us how our nylon stockings were made; how nylon flakes are changed into nylon thread, and then woven into stockings. She emphasized the fact that each of these new fabrics will require special care and treatment in order to preserve their beauty and utility.

The correct way in which to wash a sweater was the concluding demonstration. Some of us realized that we had been making mistakes in this simple operation, and resolved henceforth to follow Miss Warren's advice in the matter. We are grateful to the speaker for her informative address.

Joyce Robinson,

Loretto-Brunswick, Secretarial Department.

ECONOMICS

Can you tell the difference between a "need" and a "want"? You can't? Neither could the students of the Secretarial Department at Loretto-Brunswick until approximately six weeks ago when they were given a set of lectures by Mr. Malone, of the Jesuit Seminary, Toronto. Since then our ideas have changed, and a "need" and a "want" are more than words used in everyday talk.

It is surprising what a clever man can do with a group of girls who know so little of Economics. Mr. Malone added a great deal of humour to his lectures, making them very interesting as well as instructive.

The word *Economics* comes from the Greek words which mean the "governing, or management of a household". Since the early times, this definition has expanded to the governing and management of a country and, in fact, management of the world. From the first lesson we met words such as "a good, a want, or a need". A "good" is any article which has utility for its owner. At this point Mr. Malone said if we bought a yo-yo and yet were not able to operate it through lack of skill, it would not constitute a good. A "need" is a necessity such as shelter, air and clothing, while a "want" is an article that satisfies a desire. An example of this might be an ice-cream cone because it is not a necessity.

Money was a chief topic of the course, but then money is always an important topic in the

world today. Back in the early ages they used rocks and animals for money. As you can see, it would be rather awkward to carry half a cow or a sack of rocks with you to pay for purchases. Gradually they turned to smaller coins and paper money. Of all metals used for hundreds of years, gold proved to be the best mineral for coinage. At the mention of money, one automatically thinks of the banks, and also of their position in the world of commerce. We studied the system of banking, its purposes, chartered banks and credit. Yes, one day we even went so far as to invent new money for Iceland. The equivalent of our Canadian dollar we called an iceberg. After a little thought, we decided to leave the Icelandic banking system for other Economists.

Canada, with its vast natural resources and its initiative on the part of the people, is a nation that is near the top of the list in commerce, finance and industry. Canada has abundant wealth in its minerals, of which we export copper, iron and asbestos; and our vast prairies supply the world with approximately four hundred million bushels of wheat annually. Lumber and newsprint are supplied to the world from our great forests. Dairy products and meat were supplied to the United Kingdom and European countries during the war. All these factors help to build the economic structure of a country.

Yes, during our course, Mr. Malone acted as consumer, producer, employer and employee, in order to give us a clearer idea of the theory of Economics, and he seemed to have a never-ending supply of examples to express difficult theories. Before embarking on this subject we probably never thought of the wonderful system behind our modern world; we do now. Economics is the foundation of a nation; Canada has that foundation, and for that reason alone we are a leading power in the world today. Thanks to Mr. Malone, we know the reasons why.

Imelda Irwin,

Loretto-Brunswick, Secretarial Department.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

As Pierre Bardeau and his young wife sat down to their simple evening meal, the gaze of the young man wandered sadly over the poor interior of the room, illuminated only by the soft after-glow of the sunset. The stamp of poverty on the young couple ill became their air of refinement. Indeed, they had once known

Student Activities, Loretto Abbey (Armour Heights)

Silent Night



Snow Time



Mardi Gras



The Ladies of
Hungerford
House





**STUDENTS OF
LORETTO ABBEY**
Armour Heights, pre-
sent a variety of dances

* * *

Moonlight Magic



**Swedish Dance
—The Daldene**



**The Schottische
of Scotland**



**The Tarantelle
of Italy**





**The Cucaracha
of Mexico**



Dutch Dance

**Contra Dance
of Canada**



**Winding
of the
Maple**



comfort and plenty, but these had ended for them with an unfortunate incident. Pierre had been secretary to a famous author, and, because of his honesty, had often been entrusted with valuable manuscripts. One day, however, when Pierre was at a complete loss to explain the disappearance of a priceless manuscript, he was summarily dismissed. Suspicion dogged his footsteps, and all clerical positions were closed to him; he was forced to unaccustomed manual work, which earned for him but a meagre wage.

Deeply religious, he and his wife had prayed unceasingly to their patron, St. Anthony, for the recovery of the manuscript; but now they were resigned to what seemed the inevitable. Their great regret over this trial was for their infant son, to whom their thoughts turned as he lay sleeping upstairs in his crib.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a loud rumbling. The walls began to tremble violently and the few dishes on the table crashed to the floor. After a moment of dumb amazement and fear, they realized that the noise was increasing, and Pierre frantically pushed his wife out of doors, while he ran up the stairs to the baby's crib. The tremors rapidly increased, and, as Pierre snatched the baby from his bed, a loose beam from the unfinished ceiling, crashed to the floor. Clasp ing his son tightly, he ran for the stairs. The house was swaying beneath his feet, and, mingled with the rumbling of the earthquake were the agonized cries of his wife, as she repeatedly called to him. As another timber loosened and sagged, Pierre paused for safety in an alcove where stood a statue of St. Anthony. His mind held now only one thought, to get his infant son to safety, to reach his beloved wife.

Searching for an avenue of escape, his eyes lighted on the face of the statue and lo, the Saint seemed to smile at him.

Taking courage, Pierre seized his last opportunity, and clambering down the creaking stairs, stumbled to the door and safety.

With his wife clasping the baby in her arms, he turned and watched the walls of their home, humble as it was, slowly cave in.

As the tremor gradually subsided, the young couple started to pick their way over the debris, to begin the disheartening task of salvaging what remained. Lying intact in the middle of the wreckage, was the statue of St. Anthony. An air of smiling secrecy seemed to surround the Saint, as Pierre worked his way over to retrieve their treasure. As he stooped to raise it, something white fluttered beneath it. Pierre picked it up. He stared at it; then, stumbled across the ruins to his wife, who, on seeing the

paper, fell on her knees beside her husband, happily praising God and St. Anthony for the return of the lost manuscript.

Barbara Lyon, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

EARLY SPRING

I wonder whether the freshness of the early spring mornings really intoxicate the birds as much as it does us? Judging by their songs, it is easy to credit them with feelings of joy similar to our own. Even those who do not express themselves in song must surely catch the infection from this invigourating air. The spring world, seen from above at dawn, empty of men, must glitter with an extraordinary purity.

It has been said that the beginning of March is normally colder than the beginning of December. Early in the mornings the fields of grass are white and there is often a sharp nip in the air. On cloudless mornings, under a pale blue sky, the first delicate flowers stand out with a peculiar attraction. It is remarkable how many of the early blossoms of the violet season are more delicate than their successors. The petals of the early irises look as though they could scarcely survive a puff of wind. The fruit trees in blossom are a sight to stand and gaze upon; to enjoy their sheer unspoiled beauty is to forget all one's woes.

Stella Alviano, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

A LITTLE PILGRIM

Up, up, up,
With the speed of a pup,
Struggled Pierre.
The way was long.
But his love was strong,
So he stumbled on.
To the shrine of blue,
With a heart so true,
He made his way,
Till at last he came,
With his little leg, lame,
To Mary Immaculate.
He placed his flower
At the twilight hour
Upon the gentle hand.
As evening bells began to ring
His little heart began to sing,
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!

Pat Craven, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

NOTE—This poem won first prize in School Contest in December.

I HUMBLY ASK OF THEE

Immaculate Mary, Mother of Christ,
 Into your care I gladly come
 With the fears and tears of my few years,
 To be consoled by your Loving Son.

Please ask your Son a favour for me,
 Ask Him to tell me what I'm to be—
 To give me the strength, the courage, the faith—
 This favour I humbly ask of Thee.

Thank you, Dear Mother, for asking Your Son,
 The answer I'm sure will come
 With the passing of time, in my lifeline
 The reply will shine to this question of mine.

Joan Vipond, XI,
 Loretto Academy, Guelph.

NOTE—This poem won Second Prize in the
 School Contest in December.

MARY IMMACULATE

O Mary Immaculate,
 Queen of heav'n above,
 Guard me and care for me
 With everlasting love.
 Take me in outstretched arms, O Queen,
 Whene'er temptation comes my way
 Repel it with thy smile,
 Be thou, O Blessed Virgin
 My mother, all the while.

As wearily I tread the path
 That leads into the blue,
 Take me in outstretched arms, O Queen,
 Unto thy Blessed Son, the True.

Helen Craven, XI,
 Loretto Academy, Guelph.

THE FORMAL

My first formal dance! All month long I had been excitedly looking forward to it. The thought of it was never long absent from my mind. At school, when a chance for conversation offered, it was our only topic. All in the class were going, and we discussed every detail of the coming event. My marks were steadily decreasing as I mentally danced away my homework time in a whirl of pink net, to the strains of our favourite orchestra. At home I talked and talked of it until my parents' patience must have been almost at an end.

The Fraternity dance at the Country Club! I had scarcely hoped to be asked—and here I was really going!

Of course, this called for an especially wonderful formal. After long and patient consideration I finally chose a dream of a dress—pink net. It fitted as if made for me—except that it was just the tiniest bit snug at the waist. Oh, well, I could easily fix that by a little self-sacrifice and will power. Accordingly, I shook

my head with a firm, if wistful, negative when dessert appeared each night; and when, after several lean days of this sort, I found I could actually breathe easily in my pink outfit, my joy far surpassed all my acts of self-denial.

Suddenly in the very week of the event I came down with a cold. I hovered between hope and despair. Could I possibly be able to go Friday evening? Finally, before I knew it the day had arrived—and I was better! My spirits soared. In the evening I went up to dress, feeling fantastically happy—and incredibly hungry. Trying to forget the chocolate ice-cream I had declined at dinner, I flung myself into the dither of preparations usually accompanying such historical events.

In the midst of my excitement the 'phone rang! Breathlessly I picked up the receiver.

"Yes—yes—" I said. "Oh, you can't make it? You hurt your leg playing football? Oh, I'm so sorry. Why, yes, of course it's all right. I understand. . . ."

Slowly the receiver found its way back into place.

"Mom! Mom!" I called downstairs, "Is there any of that ice-cream left?" and I flitted down in my lovely pink formal!

Mollie O'Brien, XII,
 Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

AS CANADIAN CITIZENS

"Never was so much owed by so many to so few." These words, spoken by Winston Churchill, can be aptly applied to our Canadian democratic government which has done, and, indeed, is doing so much for the welfare of Canadian citizens, both in peace and in war.

As Canadian citizens we should co-operate with our government for it is one of which we can be justly proud—a government wherein is expressed the will of the mass of the people—a government whose constitution gives total equality of status and opportunity in political life.

In view of the benefits we derive from our government we should try to be an asset rather than a liability to our democracy.

As Canadians we are obliged under strict penalty to adhere to "Law" for, as in every society, laws are made which are binding on all its members, so in a government this is also true. The laws are the framework of the government. What does framework do for a building? It strengthens, supports, and protects the building. In this same way, Law strengthens, supports and protects our Canadian government.

Are you a good citizen? Are you interested in the work of your governing officials, whom you yourselves elected? Or did you wake up on the day of elections, like many other so-called Canadian citizens, with a feeling of indifference, a lack of interest in the elections? Or, was it that you thought your vote did not count? Our forefathers fought for centuries to obtain for us our present equal voting privileges. If they could know now how many of those for whom they finally obtained the franchise exercised it today they would not believe it.

We should know our government, not only as it is at present, but also how it became what it is—the conquests which finally secured for us the honour we now cherish. Children should be educated in a democratic way with full knowledge of their duties and obligations as Canadian citizens, for “As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.” We owe it to our government as well as to our children to rear the younger generation in a democratic atmosphere, where racial origins are considered an important factor, of which we should be proud, since the fusion of national characteristics will develop into a more complete “Canadian entity.”

Differences in colour, creed, denomination are not to be regarded as a means of argument, although narrow-minded people seem to think so.

“There are three types of citizens; those who are determined to get more than they give; those who keep the rules, but are careful never to do more than their share; and those who do more than the rules require.” If we expect good government, our representatives have the right to expect that the third class will outnumber the other two.

Jean Bannon, XII,

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

NOTE—In the Essay Contest for Grades XI and XII, this won First Prize.

THE VISION AND COURAGE OF THE PIONEERS OF CANADA

Hundreds of years ago this great land of ours was a vast country of forests and woods. To this immense wilderness came hundreds of people to start anew and make a secure and happy home for themselves.

Some had left their homes, families and friends, their comfort and happiness, to come and settle in a strange land.

They were met by—the tall trees, the rushing rivers, the wide plains and the hostile Indians.

These fearless people cleared the land and built their first rude huts, which were made of logs with moss and clay packed between.

The roof was made of split logs hollowed out to resemble troughs and thus they kept out the rain. A fireplace was built in the house, in which logs were burned. For light they used candles made of tallow. They ate fish, and the meat of deer and other animals which they caught in the woods.

After they had built their houses, they had to clear the land and cultivate the soil. The small families and their friends worked day after day chopping down trees, taking out stumps, and getting the soil ready for planting.

Most of the pioneer farmers lived miles from a village or town, and usually the closest neighbour lived about three miles away.

There were no schools. Churches were few and often far away, so that it was seldom they had an opportunity to enjoy any social life.

The children had no playmates or games. They had to stay close to the house because of the Indians who would as soon kill one of them as they would a fox or bear.

Many pioneers died because they could not get a doctor in time to cure their ills.

The long cold winters would come with their threatening blizzards and their dreary months. The farmers dreaded the winter, and prayed and hoped for spring, when they could start again to clear more land and have better crops.

Travelling from one place to another was very difficult at this time because there were no roads and only wagons with a team of horses were used as a means of transportation.

These pioneer farmers blazed trails through the woods, chopped down the trees, built bridges across the rivers and, in time, had rough roads built.

As the years went by conditions grew better, and thousands of people came to settle in this great country of ours. The land of trees and forests, hills and streams has been transformed into the Canada of today. It is to these pioneers we owe our comfort, our happiness and our homes. We should always remember them and be thankful for their great courage and foresight.

Bernadette Ducharme, IX,

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

NOTE—This won 1st prize in Grades IX and X contest.

THE GREAT WONDER WORKER

The apostolic life of Saint Peter Claver, S.J., devoted by a heroic vow to the service of the Negro slaves in Central America, was filled with acts of generosity and self sacrifice. God showed

His approval of this work of zeal in joining to the stream of invisible graces, the visible seal of miracles.

The unfortunate Negro slaves, violently torn from their families and their country, led without pity into unknown regions, passed through a veritable agony before they reached the land which they were to cultivate under the whip of their inhuman masters. After a distressing voyage in overcrowded ship holes, without nourishment, even without air, amidst sick and dying fellow-victims, they arrived at the port of Carthage, mad with terror. But Father Claver was there to calm their fright, to refresh the exhausted, to nurse the sick, and finally win them over to follow his instructions and become Christians.

How often did he bring to them even the cure of their bodies. There was one who was healed of a dangerous sickness on kissing the rosary of the Holy Jesuit. Antonina, in her agony was commanded to rise, and she rose perfectly cured. Another woman-slave had died before receiving Baptism, Father Claver, kneeling at the bier, prayed fervently and the dead returned to life. A dying Negress received her former strength immediately through simple contact with the Father's cloak. Quite a number of slaves had been surprised by a thunderstorm, and killed by lightning. Father Claver put his cloak upon each of them, and one after the other rose and resumed his work.

May his example and intercession raise holy Missionaries, who will bring to God legions of infidels. May he pray especially for the society which bears Christ's name, which strives by prayer and work to assist the Missionaries in Africa and obtain for young fervent souls the great grace of a religious vocation and the call to work for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in Africa.

Anna Walter,
Commercial Department,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A bit of fact and fancy

Shakespeare needed every ounce of greatness and talent for dramatic writing that he possessed, in order to satisfy the play-goers of his day. The Elizabethan audience, compared to the audience of today, was anything but quiet or reserved, and a certain few thought the best way to show their opinion or criticism of the acting during the play was to get up and show the actor how it should be done. Although Shakes-

peare's audience was composed mainly of the nobles and the groundlings, both classes seemed interested in practically the same type of play. The dramatist knew their likes and dislikes and gave them exactly the kind of drama they enjoyed.

Through the windows of each picturesque house in the small village of Surrey, England, streamed golden rays of sunlight. There were a few trees along the streets but no one was enjoying their shade. The village seemed almost deserted. Where were all the men and boys? Was it some sort of mystery? The solution was easily found in the message signified by the small, brightly colored flag hanging from the tower of the Globe Theatre across the Thames. Where could a more enjoyable afternoon be spent than at the performance of William Shakespeare's latest play?

Looking over the crowd of spectators, one could see the coarse and boisterous groundlings in the pit, and the slightly better behaved nobles with, perhaps, a few masked ladies, sitting in the galleries. With one hand cupped around his mouth and the other, probably, in his neighbor's pocket, a man from the pit shouted:

"Get on with the play!" No sooner said than done. The trumpet sounded and the play began, as the actors took their places on the stage. With Shakespeare as the ghost in the drama and also directing the play, *Macbeth* could not help but be a success.

But could Shakespeare hold his audience's attention during the entire performance? He *could* and *did*, for all the things the people liked best were woven into the pattern of *Macbeth*.

Most of that crowd delighted in superstition and, therefore, they loved the story of the three witches in the play; also the weird music played while the three brewed their magic within the caldron.

Humor adds to any play, whether in the sixteenth or the twentieth century, for everyone enjoys a good laugh. These groundlings and nobles were no exception, and Shakespeare knew it when he put in the "Knocking at the gate" scene.

The audience liked especially a duel or a battle scene, since they seemed to do so much of it themselves. The duel between Macbeth and Malcolm would serve to satisfy that taste.

Yes, we realize that the great Shakespeare knew his audience and wrote his plays accordingly.

Eleanor Schuetter, XII,
Loretto, Englewood, Chicago.

A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE OF ELSINORE

Scene Painting of Act I, Sc. i. Hamlet

Midnight is the hour of bewitchment, when
Fantasy and Reality mingle in shadows.

The cold, damp, turreted top of the castle
overlooks the roaring sea which lashes against
its outer walls. Silver fingers of the moon
caress the mistlike clouds that pass over its orbéd
glow, making silver and grey creations in the
heavens.

As the guards of the watch walk down the wet
stone stairs to the sea, the sound of their foot-
steps is lost in the lashing of the water. At the
edge of those steps, slippery and perilous, a
great cloud of grey mist appears, from out of
which looms the shape of a man—-. It is the
ghost of Hamlet's father!

Bette Perren, XII,
Loretto, Englewood, Chicago.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Through the annals of American Literature
shines a bright, clear light, which upon examina-
tion, is found to bear the name of Henry Wads-
worth Longfellow. What makes this light shine
so continuously and so brightly? To find the
answer we must go back one hundred and
forty years.

It all started on February twenty-seventh,
eighteen hundred and seven, when Zilpah and
Stephen Longfellow were blessed with a little
treasure from Heaven. After careful considera-
tion, they decided that his name should be
Henry.

Little Henry had a normal babyhood and
boyhood. He had a great love for his older
brother, John, and many good times had they
together. One day, however, John went away
to school, leaving Henry alone. It was then that
Henry began to write poetry. His theme was
usually his mother.

For a long while, and until he was able to go
to college, Henry continued to write these poems.
His father did not think much of them, but
neither did they bother him, because Henry was
to become a lawyer like his father.

In 1825, when he was graduated from Bow-
doin College, he entered his father's law office.
He disliked it so very much, that it was arranged
that after a leave of absence for travel, he teach
languages at Bowdoin.

Thus it was that in 1826 he sailed for Europe.

For three short and enjoyable years he studied
languages in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany.
When in 1829, he entered upon his teaching
career at Bowdoin, he was eminently successful.
He was, likewise, a great favorite with profes-
sors and students.

Shortly after the publication of his translation
of "Los Coplas" by Don Jorge Manrique, and
of "Outre Mer", he became, in 1836, professor
of modern languages at Harvard University.
Before taking this position, however, he and his
bride, Miss Mary Storer Potter, set sail for
Europe. While there, the death of his wife in
Rotterdam, was a severe shock to him. He wrote
and dedicated "Footsteps of Angels" to his
much-loved Mary.

In 1839, he wrote a poetical romance, "Hy-
perion," about a girl named Miss Frances
Elizabeth Appleton, whom he married in 1843.
At his home in Cambridge, he gathered many
friends, though his closest companions were
Agassiz, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson,
Felton, and Sumner.

Henry again visited Europe in 1842. Upon
his return he wrote many poems, among them
his immortal "Evangeline." In 1854, he re-
signed his position at Harvard, in order to de-
velop his literary talents. In the following year,
in October, his favorite month, and during the
Indian summer, "Hiawatha" was published,
followed closely by "The Courtship of Miles
Standish."

In 1861, he experienced the most rueful
tragedy of witnessing his wife's burning to
death.

Through the years, because of his great love
for children, and because so many of his poems
can be understood by them, and delight them,
he has been known as "The Children's Poet."
On March 24, 1882, this lover of little folks and
of mankind in general, died, but his great kindly
soul lives on in his poems.

Longfellow's life may be summarized by his
own words in "The Village Blacksmith":

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortune must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Mary Jean Stephens, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

THE SPELL OF THE NIGHT

The water rippled softly against the shore, not disturbing the silence surrounding the lake. The sun was setting and the delicate blue of the sky was background to changing, feathery clouds across which golden rays streamed, and slowly melted away.

And now the sun had set. White clouds changed to rosy pink. One lonely lark uttered its startling call as it flew swiftly by.

The moon's silvery radiance was upon the lake, as the water lapped gently against the shore.

Two deer stepped gracefully through the brush to the water's edge. Noiselessly they dipped their delicate mouths into the water, and tiny ripples appeared where they had broken the smooth surface. There they stood, bathed in the moonlight, spellbound, one imagined, by the magic of the night. Came the lark's clear call again, as it flew in and out of the tree-tops. One deer turned and disappeared around a bend on the shoreline. The other lifted its proud head, and soon followed its companion. The water rippled, rippled, rippled, while the lark soared gracefully above the trees, and then flew away, leaving the beautiful scene to one enraptured spectator.

Joanne Budill, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

THE LAST SHOW

When that notice appears on the call board, your heart sickens. You don't talk to anyone. You can't. There's a lump in your throat. Words wouldn't mean anything, anyway. Your hands become moist; beads of perspiration form on your forehead. There it is on yellow paper; big, bold, black letters on sickly yellow paper . . . The last show.

Your mind becomes stricken. Why does it have to close? The show is running smoothly—the critics received it—the audiences like it (the box office receipts tell that)—why—why does it have to happen?

You rub your hands and wipe your brow. The letters of the bulletin confront you again. Just three words, but they hurt. It wouldn't be so bad if the manager would come and say, "Look, girls, I know it's hard, but that's how it must be." But, no, there's just a notice. And now you're

out of work again. Maybe you will write an "ad" in a newspaper, "Young actress, beautiful, experienced, not very talented, finds herself at liberty." Actress—bah! An actress is just an actress if she has lines to say and a part to play. Otherwise she's human—human like anyone else.

You look at the others. They look at you. You say: "Come on. Let's go." And you dress—the last time you'll wear that costume—and put on your makeup. "Five more minutes!" Nice call-boy—the last time you'll see him, too. Then the curtain goes up and the show is on. You can feel your heart beating as you put everything into your part. You give your all to that last performance—and the audience loves it. They applaud till the theatre rings with their cheers—empty cheers for you—your last performance!

The curtain descends and you look at it. You used to like that curtain. It was a friendly thing, shielding you from the blaze of the footlights, the stares of the audience. But now you hate it. It's just a cold, blank wall, separating you from everything you love. You want to go and beat it with your own two fists! You want to tear it down, tear it into little pieces and stamp on them. . . . But you don't. You control your feelings as an actress should. You lock them within your heart and throw away the key.

You go to your dressing-room. It's a musty old place but you love it. The smell of grease paint—cold cream—. You hang up your costume—the last time you'll see it. With a brave smile you walk out of the stage door . . . and close it.

Joanne Budill, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER

Oh Mary, our Mother,
Oh Star of the Sea,
To thee do we come
With our earthly plea.

To thee do we come
On bended knee,
Hoping, always
To stay with thee,
Oh Mary, our Mother,
Oh Star of the Sea.

Joan Keating, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

LITERATURE HATH CHARMS

Literature is the key to a fruitful memory. A mind that holds a collection of lovely quotations is indeed a prosperous one. Similar to the pulling of gold pieces out of the air, is the ability to recall at will choice bits of poetry or prose. Note, for instance, the beauties of the world about 'us, as suggested by Sara Teasdale in "Barter":

Life has loveliness to sell—
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight
Holy thoughts that star the night.

The great Lincoln's belief in equality is demonstrated in Bynner's "A Farmer Remembers Lincoln":

And he was a jolly old fellow, always cheerful.
He wasn't so high but the boys could talk to him
their own ways.

Emily Dickinson, in "I Never Saw A Moor," illustrates her assurance of the existence of God and Heaven, even though not privileged with actual contact:

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

We glimpse the soul of Vera Marie Tracy in her poem that she calls "The Prisoner":

Dear Lord, within Thy nail-pierced Palm I lay
My aching, wilful, discontented heart,
And press Thy Fingers o'er it, that it may
Find peace therein, and strength to bear its part.

Enough for poetry, though there be innumerable fine pieces worthy of committing to memory. "David Swan," by Hawthorne, typifies the style of the Short Story in the National Period:

A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

From "The Fifty-First Dragon", an essay of the Twentieth Century, by Broun, we have:

"Are the dragons particularly bad this year?" interrupted the Assistant Professor.

"I've never known them worse," replied the Headmaster. "Up in the hills to the south last week they killed a number of peasants, two cows, and a prize pig. And if this dry spell holds out there's no telling when they may start a forest fire simply by breathing around indiscriminately."

"Would any refund on the tuition fee be necessary in case of an accident to your Coeur-Hardy?"

"No," the principal answered judicially; "that's all covered in the contract. But as a matter of fact he won't be killed. Before I send him up in the hills I'm going to give him a magic word."

"That's a good idea," said the Professor. "Sometimes they work wonders."

From the Drama, "Nathan Hale", by Clyde Fitch, we glean the following dialogue:

Angelica. Oh, mother, he is really beautiful! He says I know a great deal.

Mrs. Knowlton. Humph! He must be a fool. One of your mitts is off, child! Why is that?

Angelica. He wanted to kiss my hand.

Mrs. Knowlton. Put on your mitt this minute—and remember this, my dear: you are not here to learn coquetry, but arithmetic,—the French LANGUAGE if you like, but not French MANNERS!

My last excerpt is from a Novel of the nineteenth century, "The House of The Seven Gables", by Nathaniel Hawthorne:

"In the name of Heaven," cried Hepzibah, provoked only to intenser indignation by this outgush of the inestimable tenderness of a stern nature, "in God's name, who you insult, and whose power I could almost question, since He hears you utter so many false words, without palsying your tongue, give over, I beseech you, this loathsome pretence of affection for your victim! You hate him! Say so, like a man! You cherish, at this moment, some black purpose against him in your heart!"

These are but a few samples from my cherished treasure-store of quotations.

Marilyn Metz, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

THE GOLDEN THREAD

In every age, God has placed forerunners in the world. They are those who are ahead of their time and whose personal action is based upon an inward knowledge of that time which is to come. The lives of these special souls give us much food for thought. And so it is with Mary Ward.

Perhaps this might best be illustrated by an allegory. Let us imagine that the Church is a tapestry, large and beautiful, and that each stitch is a separate soul. Some of the stitches are made of strong, taut thread. Some are shiny and beautiful. But in one part of this tapestry there is a spot that is worn. Shining through it, however, are many silvery threads. These are the heroes and martyrs of the Elizabethan persecution. Here they shine in all their glory. Within their midst is woven a tiny, golden thread—a thread that is to gather all the others together and make them stronger and beautiful. But this thread is not made in a hurry; it is,

first, specially prepared, carefully tended, and proudly polished, for this thread is Mary Ward.

Her life with her grandmother gave her the best preparation to be had. Yes, so close did this little child, this tiny thread, live to God, that her first word in time of tribulation was the Holy Name of Jesus.

This thread grew, not in a physical sense, but in spiritual strength. Mary began early in her life, to discipline her temperament by self denial. She felt the need of humility, and as this was a time when priests were not always at hand, she, as a lone star, had to steer herself to heights. As an outsider of the Poor Clare Convent, she said she felt such distaste toward her task, that she would rather have been plunged into a caldron of boiling oil. Her obedience to the task was heroic, for as far as she knew, it was to be a life-long renunciation involving constant humiliation and fatigue.

Now this thread, purified and strengthened, was ready for its special task. Mary Ward and her English Ladies began the teaching of young girls, a thing unheard of at this time when nuns did not leave their convents. When an epidemic of measles broke out, she and her companions willingly gave up their time to care for the sick. But measles are catching, and Mary fell victim to a serious case. While lying in bed, she thought of all the schools she wanted to open—schools in which Catholic ideals could be taught in conjunction with the academic curriculum. This was her dream—her purpose in life. And this was one of the great things she accomplished in her life. She—one single, golden thread—gave to the world a most precious gift; she opened the way for Catholic education in Catholic schools for Catholic youth.

Now we, as Catholic students, are a part of the pattern woven by this thread. Do we realize the greatness of it? Have we a true appreciation of its value? If so, are we grateful? Do we give thanks to that golden thread in the tapestry—that single thread, physically frail, but remaining strong in purpose throughout all? Well, let us now unite in giving thanks to Mother Mary Ward, Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Joanne Budill, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

BASKETBALL

From the moment that the players come out, and until they leave, there is a feeling of tension—tension in every play right to the end, when the players leave the floor, victorious or defeated.

There may be some—can it be?—who have never been interested in this good, clean, American sport. Basketball is not for weaklings; one must be strong to take part. Here the art of good sportsmanship is well taught, along with that all-important virtue, teamwork.

But, look! The game is about to start. The captains of the teams—we'll name them the "Camels" and the "Dragons"—go to the middle of the court and shake hands, in the midst of incredible silence.

The whistle sounds, and there is a jumping of feet and a grabbing for the ball. It goes to the Camels. Both teams rush down the court. The left guard throws the ball to the center; he in turn throws it toward the basket. Will it go in? It totters and plays on the ring, giving rise to a long moment of anxiety. It goes in, thereby starting off the competition with two to nothing, in favor of the Camels.

It is the Dragons' ball. The teams race down to the opposite side of the court. The ball is dropped and a mad scramble ensues. The referee's shrill whistle is heard above the roar of the enthusiastic crowd. "Number forty-four, on the wrist." This means that a Camel's player has made a foul, and a free shot is given to the Dragons.

Dick Dinning gazes at the basket, and throws the ball. There is loud applause. He has made it!

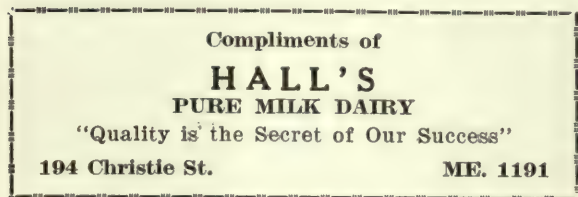
For four quarters the game continues. After it is finished, the crowds leave. Everyone is smiling, even those whose team lost, for basketball is, essentially, a game of good sportsmanship. Players and spectators feel that the evening has been well spent.

Mary Jean Stephens, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

THE WHIMSICAL GENIUS

It is nice to be able to write a masterpiece—very nice! But I'm not going to do it. I'm not even going to write a "misterpiece". Yet I should like to wield my pen in appreciation of someone else, someone who has impressed me greatly.

I have been introduced to him recently through some of his immortal children: Tommy, born in 1896; Crichton, in 1902; Peter Pan,





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1904; John Shand, 1908; Margaret Dearth, 1917; and Mary Rose, 1920. In all his works, I have seen the element of courage. His heroes and heroines have it; his villains have not. Maggie saves John Shand by courage; Crichton conquers an island and saves a family; the schoolroom on Quality Street contains more courage than a battlefield; Kate Sims saves her own soul with a typewriter; the Old Lady transfigures loneliness by courage; the artist, Dearth, by this attribute of courage has his only chance when the curtain falls; Mrs. Morland succeeds in governing her household, and awaits the end without fear. Not a Romanticist, but a Realist—a true realist in his revelation of human nature—and a true genius was Sir James M. Barrie.

So far as there is any key to the mystery of Barrie, it is to be found in a woman—his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. In reading his plays, I have the feeling that, during their composition, she must have been present, not merely suggesting what to retain and what delete, but useful as Maggie was to John Shand. I cannot read "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Legend of Lenora," or "Mary

Rose", without feeling that she herself was in some way Maggie, Lenora, and Mrs. Morland in humor, wit, self-effacement, and knowledge of good and evil. Margaret Ogilvy in her daily life, conversation, and influence—subtle as it was persuading—is the mother not only of her son, but also of his wonderful works.

It is true that Barrie has mastered the technique of the theater; he is not just a literary man who writes dramatic books, but one who possesses an uncanny knowledge of plot, dialogue, and theatrical effect. He knows human nature, and can create human beings for the stage; he knows human nature, and therefore understands how to arrest and to hold his audiences. Never offensive, he steals delicately and ingeniously into the hearts of his characters and of his audiences. He has no dogma to defend, no theory of the theatre to uphold, no political creed to enforce, no thesis to advance; no limit of sympathy nor twist of prejudice. The dramas of Sir James Barrie are dramas of wholesome ideas, of love and nonsense, of engaging human beings.

Joanne Budill, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

VISITORS' DAY

Laughter came merrily from every corner of the children's ward—every corner but one. It was Visitors' Day at the "San." Parents and uncles and cousins, all crowded the children's ward on this privileged day. As the precious hours had drawn near, eyes began to sparkle and little cheeks were flushed with excitement. Then, all too soon, the visits were over and silence again enveloped the room. Flushed faces paled, and tired little bodies relaxed listlessly, while a few lively imaginations raced ahead to next Visitors' Day.

In the farthest corner of the great blue room was Tina. The bed seemed to swallow her up. It wrung my heart to see this dear little mite, lying there patiently, motionless—and never complaining.

Tina had arrived the very day that I, the new Sister in charge, had come to Our Lady of Mount Carmel Sanatorium. That was two years ago. Never once did I see her excited on Visitors' Day; never once had anyone come to visit her. At first she did not seem to mind for she enjoyed seeing the other children with their visitors, and, afterwards, sharing their books, joining in their games, and radiating her sunny disposition to encompass the whole ward. Lately, however, she had kept close to herself. She locked her sunny disposition safely inside, as an oyster hides a pearl; and her whole little world seemed to sympathize, for the children were not as merry as before. For many days the sun had not shone, and even the pretty pale blue walls seemed to turn to a dismal grey. I was watching Tina more closely now. She seemed sadder on Visitors' Day especially after the last visitor had gone. Suddenly a remarkable change occurred.

I had been away for my annual retreat. On my return I inquired promptly about Tina's condition. Everyone assured me that she seemed much brighter. She was her cheerful little self again. I was pleasantly surprised, but curious to know what could have caused such a happy effect in so short a time.

Visitors' Day came again and I really expected to see Tina crawl back into her shell. In-

stead, her spirits rose even higher until she actually seemed to radiate joy. I decided to learn the mysterious cause.

Next day, when all the lunch trays had been collected, and the beds straightened, I made my way down the aisle. Tina was lying on her side, and a faint smile and far-away look showed that she was enjoying happy thoughts. When we had chatted for a few moments, I said, "Tina, don't you get lonely any more when the other children have visitors and no one comes to see you?"

"Oh, but, Sister, someone does come to visit me, and I am so happy."

"But, child, you must be playing 'make pretend'; no one has come to see you for two years."

"Oh, yes, Sister, she comes—the Lady comes. She was here yesterday, and, oh, she's so beautiful! Every Visitors' Day now she comes for a lovely chat with me. I must not tell you who she is. That's a secret between us two."

So puzzled was I over this outburst that I left hurriedly to report to the doctor. Surely Tina must be delirious—and yet . . .

Doctor Benton came back with me, and pronounced her as well as usual. Perhaps, however, a warm drink and a sleeping tablet might not be amiss.

My mind raced in circles, and my sleepless nights were spent in vain. I could still come to no conclusion. At last I decided to give up, and let time tell the tale.

About a week later, as I entered the ward, Tina beckoned to me, and with a half-smile she greeted me. Her words came hurriedly as she told me the wonderful news, in a hoarse whisper.

"Sister, the Lady came again last night. When nurse came in, I pretended to be asleep, but when she went out I just lay here thinking of my kind visitor—and, just then, she came and we had the most beautiful talk. She wore a long, white dress, with a pretty, pale blue ribbon around her waist, and, instead of shoes, she had a lovely rose on each foot. She said she would come tomorrow to take me out. O, Sister, may I go? I know I shall have a lovely time with her. And, Sister, you'll ask Dr. Benton to let me go—won't you, please?"

Tears filled my eyes as I listened to her pleading. Everything was clear now. This bed in the corner would be empty tomorrow. The Lady would keep her promise

Molly Mulligan, XII,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

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THE ROCKING-CHAIR

**The write-up of an Assignment Given—
The death; the chair rocking, and the
train whistle.**

It was just two weeks before the Christmas holidays that I received a letter from my grandfather in Quebec asking me to come up for the vacation and to bring my skis. Grandpa had won many trophies when he was young, as the champion skier. Although he is getting old, he is still quite good at it, therefore he would be able to teach me.

That afternoon when school was over for the holidays, I went home, packed my clothes, and was on the train the next morning heading for Quebec. Two days later I arrived at the station where a car was waiting, as my grandfather promised. It was not until we were about five miles from the house that Mr. Shear, my grandfather's handy man, told me of my grandfather's accident a week ago, and that the church was filled with people at the funeral. "He was buried three days ago", he told me, but I could barely hear him for I was grief stricken. I did not speak the rest of the way, nor did I notice the beautiful scenery—the white snow on the high hills, on either side of the road that I had planned to see, I had heard so much of the beauty of Quebec. It was not until we reached the house that I spoke—as I tried to express to grandma my deepest sympathy over her loss.

I did not sleep well the first night nor the second. I went up to bed at eight and left grandma downstairs, since she said she wanted to be alone, where she sat in her rocking-chair near the fireplace across from her husband's rocking-chair. "We used to sit here every night after supper," she told me before I retired, leaving her to herself. On the third night she asked me to stay down with her until nine o'clock. I was glad she had asked me because I did not like to see her all alone. I sat beside her chair on a little stool and, as I looked up, I could see her hands trembling as she tried to prevent it by taking hold of the arm of the chair when she rocked back and forth. About three minutes to nine, she told me to watch my grandfather's rocking-chair; as the clock began to strike the hour his chair began to rock back and forth, back and forth. Off in the distance I could hear the clear sound of the whistle of a train which was passing. The chair rocked for a few minutes, as though someone were sitting in it, who then got up and left it, to rock slowly until it stopped. My grandmother broke the

silence as she told me that this happened nightly ever since her husband died.

I slept with my grandmother that night and resolved not to leave her until this horrible mystery was solved. Two nights later, after going through the same procedure, I had the faintest idea what this was all about. I said nothing to grandma but on the third night I did not pay any attention to the chair but instead had my eyes fixed on the large fern plant which stood in front of the French windows. At nine o'clock I got my answer and was quite sure that I was right. On the third stroke I heard that same train whistle, and as it grew louder the long leaves of the plant began to waver and even the pot started to totter back and forth just as the chair did. I did not tell grandma of my new discovery until the next night. She was very much relieved to know that it was only the vibration of the train, passing by the house at nine o'clock every night, which made the chair rock.

The rest of my holidays were spent mostly in learning to ski, as I had planned, and also in helping grandma recover from the shock of her husband's death. Before my holidays were up grandma's sister had come back from Europe and wanting to settle down to a quieter life, had decided to stay with grandma—which relieved me very greatly as I prepared to return home.

Annette Palanckuk, X-B,
Loretto College School, Brunswick, Ave.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Far to the east, and long ago,
 Mary was born, as we all know.
 Her features were moulded to a beauty rare,
 And her spotless soul was yet more fair.
 She was the *Beauty*—the world, the *Beast*,
 To be Mother of God, she dreamed not the least.
 But through her alone could the world be saved,
 The gates above, opened, the way there, paved.
 By her words of submission, "Be it done unto me,"
 She gave us Our Saviour, the Redeemer to be.
 To spare Him His suffering was her dear wish;
 His Passion and Death were her heart's anguish.

But after He rose, she was grandly repaid.
 In heaven she now gives us her aid.
 We daily accept it, and daily give thanks.
 One day we'll join her in the heavenly ranks.
 By her life of love she has helped the world.
 To honour her now are banners unfurled.
 For this Queen of the Angels and our Mother dear,
 We shall do as she did—the way is so clear.
 This true fairy tale, has the story-book ending:
 Heaven's joy, with Beauty, is ever extending.

Mary Dutton, XII,
 Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

SPRING

The clouds go by in majesty;
 A balmy zephyr blows,
 And, peeping out of foliage green,
 The first sweet tiny rose.

The brook is babbling once again;
 Winter is far away;
 The leaves and flowers already sprout;
 Spring has come to stay.

The birds are singing in the trees;
 The sap begins to flow;
 The winter winds are gone once more,
 As are the ice and snow.

And in the sunlight, bright and warm,
 The little children play.
 This is the surest sign of all
 That spring is here to stay.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, IX-C,
 Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

WHO'S WHO?

A smart young man, dressed in a navy-blue suit, entered the Medina Apartments. Behind him came a short, stocky man carrying a brief case. The first individual was Arthur Medcalfe, a brilliant young pianist, and the second was Melchior Stone, his teacher.

"Arthur!" the latter called to his pupil.

The younger man did not pause.

"Arthur!" Melchior repeated.

"Oh—I—I'm sorry. I didn't see you," Arthur apologized.

"Arthur, what is the matter? You're white as a ghost. It isn't Benita, is it?" Melchior was referring to Arthur's friend who was frequently causing him worry.

"No, Melchior, it isn't Benita. My brief-case has been stolen."

"Nonsense, Arthur. You probably just mislaid it somewhere."

"No, Melchior, I'm positive it was stolen."

"Where have you been today and what causes you to think it was taken?" Melchior asked, as they entered Arthur's apartment.

"Only to the music store. I went to buy the record of the Warsaw Concerto played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra."

"Did you lay your case down at all?"

"Yes, and when I looked up it was gone. The only other person in the store was a girl and as I looked up she hurried out. I thought perhaps she had taken it."

"But why would she want your brief case?" the teacher asked.

"That's what I don't know."

"What was in it?"

"All my music for the concert tonight. I don't know what I'll do without it."

"Now don't worry about it," Melchior advised. "You know your pieces backwards"

At seven-thirty that evening, Arthur stepped out of a taxi with his teacher in front of the stage door of the Concert Hall. He glanced nervously around before entering.

"Control yourself," Melchior commanded. "You're worrying too much about that brief case."

Just then Benita Randall came hurrying up.

"Arthur!"

"Oh, hello, Benita," Arthur replied, without looking up.

"Arthur! What is wrong with you? You're so pale. You're not nervous, are you?"

Then Melchior told her the story.

"Oh, that's too bad, but don't worry about it too much. You'll probably get it back," she replied indifferently. "Well, 'Bye now, and good luck." And Benita disappeared into the darkness.

"Strange. Very strange," Melchior mused.

"What's strange?" Arthur asked.

"Nothing." And the teacher led the way inside.

When Arthur reached his "dressing room" he found a surprise awaiting him. His brief case was sitting on the table.

"I wonder how it got here?" Arthur asked his teacher.

"Why not ask the janitor. Maybe he knows," Melchior suggested.

"Good idea!" And Arthur went in search of Old Jake.

"Jake, did you see anyone go into my dressing-room this evening with a black brief case?"

"Wal, yes I did, but *she* didn't see *me*. She snuck in there so quiet-like and snuck right out again."

"She, did you say?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, and real pretty too. I'd know her anywhere if I saw her again."

Soon the concert began. Arthur gave a brilliant performance and was called back again and again for encores. After it, Benita came backstage.

"You were wonderful, Arthur. You. . . ." She did not finish for at that moment Old Jake, who came into the room, exclaimed:

"That's her. The one that brought the case!"

"What are you talking about?" Benita demanded.

"That's the one, Mr. Medcalfe. I seen her myself. She is the one."

"It will only make it easier for you if you confess everything now," Melchior said.

"Confess what?" Arthur asked, puzzled.

"Just this," Benita said and she drew a small automatic from her purse. "You see, my real name is Benita Stone and Melchior here is my uncle—my father's brother. Three years ago I met Len Bonnam, the racketeer, and he induced me to join his gang. Then, a year ago I met you, Arthur. You were wealthy and I wanted that wealth, so I decided to trap you into marrying me. Of course I was going to dispose of you soon after our marriage; also Melchior here, because he could easily guess who murdered you. But now I am forced to murder you all—right now."

"But how did you get my case?"

"Well, Len told me to pick up a black brief case in the music store this afternoon and I saw yours, not knowing whose it was. Of course when I got home I realized it was yours so I brought it here tonight. Now, just how did you know it was I?" Benita continued, turning to her uncle.

"It had to be. You see, Arthur never puts his name on his music, so the only ones who would know whose case it was were you and I. It wasn't I so it had to be you."

"Very clever, Uncle, but not clever enough. Now—"

"One moment, please," Police Officer Redmond said, stepping out from the closet.

"How did you get here?" Benita was so surprised that she dropped her gun and it went clattering to the floor.

"Mr. Stone sent me to arrest you. That was a very interesting story, Miss Stone, but you see, no crime is perfect and yours was no exception."

Patricia Latz, X-B,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE MATCH FOLDER

School was out at last! Out she tripped into the fresh air and sunshine again! Sometimes she wondered if it were worth all her spare time to be the heroine in the school play. But then, the hero was Gene Anderson, and that made up for everything. Such a contrast to Tom Blakely, with the pug-nose and ungainly walk. So thought the girl, no different from the rest, in the customary sweater, plaid skirt and saddle shoes. Turning into the drug store, where all her friends met after school, she did not know that this meeting in the store was to make a great change in her life.

"Hi! Bunny. Come over here. There's

always room for one more!" called pug-nosed Tom Blakely, sitting with Alana and Dan.

"How's the match box collection coming along?" queried Tom.

"Not so good!" answered Bunny sitting down dejectedly, after ordering a chocolate malted. "Haven't had an addition in weeks."

"Well, it will have now," said Tom excitedly. "See that man over there, well he just left a match folder on the soda fountain."

Bunny and Tom rose and threaded their way through the crowd of 'teen-agers to the fountain.

"Look," cried Bunny, "it's from France. Even I, with my small bit of French know that."

"Swell," exclaimed Tom, "This makes up for all the waiting, doesn't it?"

"I'll say!" said Bunny enthusiastically, this time sitting pert and upright in the booth.

Amid gales of laughter the crowd of 'teen-agers left, thinking they had seen just about everything. But what they did not see was a man, obviously a foreigner of some sort from his manner of dress, rush into the store in an agitated way, all the while fumbling in his pockets, while making his way to the fountain. After gesturing wildly to the soda clerk, he walked out of the store, a look of wrath upon his face, muttering:

"Bunny—1754 Bagot St., Bunny, Bunny."

That night after saying "Good-night" to her parents, and munching on a cheese and pickle sandwich, with an orange in the other hand, Bunny slowly made her way to bed.

Tossing and turning from the effects of the cheese and pickle sandwich, Bunny suddenly heard a scraping noise as if someone or something was coming up the stone wall towards her window.

"Probably it's just my imagination," Bunny thought.

But was it? Didn't she hear a panting just then?

"Daddy! Daddy!" she called, "Please come here. Someone is trying to get in at the window."

Her father came running in.

"What do you mean, dear? Are you sure? Maybe it was just your imagination."

"No, no. I'm sure. There, look out the window."

Looking out they saw a dark figure rushing through the hedge and down the street.

"We had better be careful," her father said worriedly. "Now settle back to sleep and think no more of it. The window is locked."

Waking up the next morning she thought,

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"To-night will be the real thing. No more pretending and saying, 'This is the way I will do it the night of the play.' To-night I will know if I am a success or not. I wouldn't miss to-night for anything."

But would she?

The dinner table that night at Bunny's was rather a hectic affair for she was getting what is known as stage fright. At last she gathered up her jacket and scarf and dashed into the inviting coolness of the night. Oh, how good the crisp, tangy air felt against her burning face, burning because of the nearness of the play and because Gene would be there. But was she ever to walk in the cool night again? Ever to know again the enjoyment of the wind ruffling her hair? Was she?

The school was ablaze with light. Walking along the corridor to the dressing-room she heard the school orchestra tuning up. Making her way through the group of excited boys and girls, harassed teachers and make-up committee, she reached the dressing-room and put on her costume and make-up. Then reaching into her jacket pocket she pulled out her match folder from France.

Standing in the hallway, she tied her match folder in her chiffon "hankie," part of her wardrobe, as a good luck charm. Turning around quickly she made for the wings. Hadn't she seen a foot pull in around the corner just then? Probably one of the boys. But then her mind flashed back to last night. Dismissing this from her mind she once again made for the wings.

Reciting her lines, with the actions, she dropped her chiffon "hankie" to the floor. Stooping to pick it up she felt, rather than saw, something whizz above her head. Looking at the opposite wall she saw a small dart still quivering, similar to the poison darts she had seen in her geography book of India.

Looking up she caught sight of a dark figure running along the steel girders overhead.

"Gene! Tom!" she screamed.

They both came running, but when Gene took in the situation, he cowered against the wall, while Tom gave chase. So silly it was, Bunny could not help giggling at the foolish idea of her putting Gene on a level above the other boys. Why he was a downright sissy!

Just then she heard a horrible scream and, looking, saw the dark figure plummet to the ground.

Running over, she recognized the man. Yes, he was the stranger in the drug store and the dark figure getting away last night.

The man was trying to say something to Bunny:

"Match-folder . . . maps . . .," and with a gasp his head rolled to the side.

To this day Tom, Bunny and the other people of Riverside can not understand what the strange man meant and why he had tried to take Bunny's life.

Sheila Gigg, X-B,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

REWARDED

In eighteen hundred and fifty-six, William Henry Perkins, a budding scientist of seventeen, was working in his attic laboratory. In his test-tube he had a black sticky substance which reminded him greatly of the coal tar he had seen at the great coke furnaces. He tried to clean the tube with water, but the substance would not come out. With an impatient gesture he picked up a bottle of alcohol and poured a few drops into the test-tube.

Oh, what a beautiful color instantly appeared! A gorgeous, royal purple!

It seemed like a dream. This color was made quickly by him—by one boy, whereas, before, it

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had taken hours, if not days, with men searching for the shells along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

He tried it again. Mixed carefully, this time, all the ingredients and, as before, it became the sticky black substance. Again he poured in the alcohol. Again the beautiful royal color was produced.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "If I can make other colours too?"

Once more the black substance for a start, but this time, instead of alcohol, he poured in another chemical. Instead of royal purple this time he saw nothing but a black, watery substance. It had failed!

Still undaunted, however, he added another chemical. No beautiful color!

Again he tried. This time a beautiful purplish-blue appeared. It was not like any blue he had ever seen before.

Determined to make a success of his experiments, he added a combination of chemicals to his unknown black mixture. He watched carefully, but nothing happened. It remained black as at starting.

Once more he tried, leaving out one chemical from the combination. It looked as if nothing would happen. He set it aside and went to lunch. When he returned he saw the most beautiful mauve. He could scarcely believe it.

Then came the real test. Could this wonderful substance possibly be coal tar, the black sticky material that was regarded as, not only useless, but very troublesome by the coke burners? Filled with determination, he left home and collected some coal tar.

Once more he added alcohol. Immediately the royal color appeared. It was a success! The black, sticky coal tar, regarded by the coke burners as useless and troublesome, opened for the world a wonderful new range of colours. Since

then many new ones have come from this coal product.

William Henry Perkins' black sticky substance has indeed given "new colour" to the world.

Nancy Clarkson, X-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE IVY-COVERED COTTAGE

In a little ivy-covered cottage at the edge of town there live two dear old maids. A path lined with pansies and violets lead to the quaint white door.

Miss Elizabeth and Miss Susan are so very fond of each other that a happier household could not be found in all Springfield. At one window a little yellow canary sings and trills all day.

Little Nancy, who had wandered up the path, was enraptured by the canary and the dear little house. She stood there and listened with all her ears and heart. Oh! how she would like to go in. It reminded her of the doll-house she had always dreamed of having; but then hardly anyone except the milkman and the breadman ever entered into this little home.

The only time the two sisters were seen in town was on their Saturday shopping excursions. Everyone wondered why such nice, kind old ladies should not be willing to enter into the social affairs of Springfield. People said that they were very pretty as young girls. It is strange that they never married—so everyone thought.

Nancy's mother was surprised when she heard that Miss Elizabeth had invited her in and had given her cookies and milk. With glowing eyes Nancy told her of the piano, the chintz-covered chairs and pretty, little pictures and china that decorated their cottage.

Whenever Nancy had the chance after this she would walk over to the cottage to listen to the canary sing, and hold the soft Persian kitten in her arms. How she wished that she could live there!

One day she noticed a picture of a handsome young man in a captain's uniform, standing on a table. She liked him immediately and was staring intently at his face, when Miss Susan startled her by saying: "Nancy, dear! come here to the window: your eyes remind me of—" Miss Susan broke off and picked up the picture. She looked at it tenderly and



sighed, but seeing her sister at the doorway quickly put it down. Elizabeth said:

"Yes, Sue, I have also noticed Nancy's resemblance to Steve. Strange, isn't it? You remember that awful morning when he sailed away? To think he hasn't come back since! Oh, well, it's all past now.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nancy, "was he a sailor? My grandfather was a sailor. Mommy sometimes tells me about his wonderful adventures. Oh! they are so exciting!"

The two ladies looked at each other with wise nods and wistful smiles. Later on, Miss Susan asked Nancy if she would like to be their little girl and live here with them.

"Oh! I'd love to!—but I couldn't leave Mommy and Daddy. But I'll come and see you often."

"All right, dear, it was too much, I know, to ask of you anyway."

Nancy walked slowly home. She was thinking and wondering: Why had the two sisters never married? They were so sweet and kind and gentle. Nan loved them almost as much as her own mother. Why did they live all alone? Why did they look the way they did at the picture of the young captain? And still more Nancy wondered why they wanted to adopt her. No one ever solved the mystery that surrounded the ivy-covered cottage at the edge of the town. Can you?

If you do, go to Springfield and tell Nancy. She would certainly like to know.

Lillian Renzetti, X,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND

"We are all going out to the theatre tonight," said Mrs. Brown, talking to her neighbour over the back fence. "My husband has just received his monthly pay, and we have decided to spend the evening out."

"My! How fortunate you are to have a husband who is able to work for a living." This from Mrs. Trent.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown. "It is rather good to have at least a small amount of money coming in every month. I am sorry I cannot stay to talk just now, but I must be all ready when George comes home. It is not very often we can afford to go to the theatre, you know.

Mrs. Brown disappeared through the back-door. She began to get dressed, but seeing her

daughter lying on the chesterfield, she asked: "Aren't you coming with us?"

"Mother, I have such a bad headache, I think I had better stay home. You and Dad go and enjoy yourselves. I shall be all right here until you come back."

"Very well, dear. It won't be too long. Good-bye for now."

An hour passed and, as Mary noted the gathering gloom, she was conscious of a window being raised somewhere in the house. Slowly she rose and looked all around her. Then her eyes focussed on the kitchen window. There she saw a hand slowly and carefully pushing the sash up. Controlling her fear, she walked stealthily toward the fireplace, withdrew the red hot poker and laid it across the fingers of the prospective thief's hand. She heard a shrill scream and down came the window with a thud. There followed a death-like silence.

Mary quickly seized her coat and ran next door where the Trent's lived. It seemed minutes before a small youngster, Jimmy by name, answered her knock.

"Jimmy, hurry and get your mother for me!"

"Oh!" answered Jimmy, "My mother is not home. Daddy got his hand badly burned and she took him to the hospital."

Dorothy Nekechuk, X-B,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

LOVING MOTHER

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for me today.
Stay with me; help me every hour—
To guide me on my way.

Say Good Morning when I awake;
Be with me at our school.
Ask your Son to give me light,
And help to keep each rule.

And when at night I kneel to pray
Unto the Holy One,
I'll know that you are there with me,
To cheer the day that's done.

Oh, make me love Him more and more,
One day and then another.
Be with me now—and till I die.
Good Night, dear loving Mother.

IRENE CLAIR, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The Loretto Alumnae Association held a silver tea in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie, on March 9, under the convenership of Miss Helen O'Loane. The proceeds of the tea will be used for the Scholarship Fund. Mrs. R. S. Weir acted as tea hostess and the members of the committee in charge of arrangements included: Mrs. G. O'Connor, Miss Kay MacDonald, Mrs. G. B. Patterson, Miss G. Tackaberry, Miss Margaret McCormack, Miss Gerarda Rooney, Miss Helen Conderon, Mrs. W. B. McHenry, Mrs. W. Smyth,

Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, Mrs. J. E. Rosar, Miss Shirley Ann Rosar, Miss Frances Coyne, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Irene Finn and Mrs. Ward Markle.

Amongst other helpers in planning the social were: Mrs. W. McCracken, Miss Ruth Hobberlin, Mrs. Frank Canning, Mrs. W. Delorma Brown, Miss Gladys Enright, and Miss Elizabeth Deacon.

On March 27th Mrs. Leo Devaney held a delightful meeting and social evening at her home to make plans for the Annual Loretto Alumnae Bridge and Fashion Show. This is to be held in Simpson's Arcadian Court on Saturday, April 26th, at 3 o'clock. Among those present, who are on the Committee, were Mrs. A. LeBel, Convener of the Bridge; Miss Margaret Wilson, Ticket Convener; Mrs. Wm. Carroll, Prizes Convener; Mrs. Ward Markle, Publicity; and Mrs. R. S. Weir, Miss Mona Clark, Miss Catherine Macklin, Miss Gladys Enright, Mrs. Wilfred McCracken, Miss Gerarda Rooney, Miss Ella Herbert, Miss Helen O'Loane, and Miss Gertrude Tackaberry.

The Third Quarterly Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association is to be held at Loretto College School on Sunday, April 20th, and this will take the form of a Communion Breakfast.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Some of our members have spent glamorous vacations this winter in distant and fascinating places: Helen Matteson, in Mexico and California; Catherine Babcock, in New York, en route to New Orleans; Lucy McTague, in Florida; and Coletta Timpy, in Bermuda.

To cheer us "Stay-at-homes," the winter was high-lighted by a visit from Mother General Victorine and Mother Margarita in January; they honored us with their presence at luncheon at Huyler's, where forty Loretto girls gathered to hear Mother General tell us it would not be long before our beloved Loretto Nuns would be established in Detroit. Mother Margarita delighted us with her famous talk on the life of Mother Mary Ward, which was accompanied by slides operated by Marguerite Gage.

The February Card Party, an annual event, was a success as usual; this year we had an innovation in the form of a bake-sale, proceeds from which defrayed the entire expenses of the Card Party, leaving us with a neat tidy net sum for our treasury to further preparations for the Detroit Foundation.

Lucy McTague and Violet Lordon (the Culliton sisters) were hostesses to our February meeting, which was held in Lucy's lovely home at 14862 Sussex Avenue, Detroit. Thirty members attended.

Bernadette Wilson, chairman of the Nuns' Sewing Trunk, has begun a series of pot-luck luncheon sewing-bees at the members' homes to speed up sewing on the quilts. Cutting and sewing were the order of the day at the first "Bee" at the home of Inamae Pribe, March 17th. Irish anecdotes, compiled by Mother Fabian, I.B.V.M., were read and heartily enjoyed.

The Detroit-Windsor circle extends sincerest Easter Greetings to all readers of the "Rainbow."

I.D.P.

LORETTO ALUMNAE OF MONTREAL

The closing meeting of The Loretto Alumnae of Montreal for 1946 was held on November thirtieth, at the Business and Professional Women's Club, Crescent Street. There was a very fair attendance and tea was served at the conclusion of the business meeting.

The President, Mrs. J. Coffey, was in the chair. It was moved, seconded and carried that our efforts be directed towards aiding the new Loretto foundation at Estevan, Saskatchewan. Twenty-five dollars was voted towards this end and it was finally decided that this amount be forwarded to the Loretto nuns at Estevan, to be used towards the purchase of a typewriter for the convent.

A letter from Mother-General was read by the President, extending an invitation to the Montreal members to attend the Centennial to be held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, this coming June.

A report was given by Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey) regarding the Garden Party, sponsored by Loretto Alumnae of Montreal during the Convention of The Federation of Convent Alumnae held here last August. Mrs. Lindsay acted as convener for this event.

Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevelin, Abbey) gave a brief outline of proposed plans for Mary's Day next May.

It was with regret that the meeting accepted the resignation of Mrs. L. Drolet (Mary Pelletier), as magazine convener. Mrs. Drolet was leaving for an extended visit to New Orleans, La. The vacancy created by Mrs. Drolet's departure was filled by Miss K. Camille Adams (Abbey).

Photographs of the various groups taken at the recent Convention were on display and were much admired by all.

The members had the pleasure of hearing a short impromptu talk by Mrs. J. C. Wakely (Shiela M. Bates) of the Loretto Convent, The Mall, Lucknow, India, and Mrs. Wakely was asked to contribute a short article to The Rainbow giving her impressions and memories of school days in India.

At an Executive Meeting held on December 18th, 1946, at the Windsor Hotel the resignation of Mrs. N. D. Tooby, (Doris McKenna, Loretto College, Toronto,) was regretfully accepted as corresponding secretary. Mrs. Royal LeSage, (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton) was appointed to succeed her.

After the business meeting, the President, Mrs. J. Coffey, was hostess to a very charming tea, and expressed her good wishes to the Executive for the Christmas season. Those present were: Miss Fanny Coffey, Mrs. J. Leslie, Mrs. C. C. Lindsay, Mrs. W. F. O'Dea, Miss K. Kennedy, Mrs. Royal LeSage, Mrs. N. D. Tooby, Miss June Allison, and Miss K. Camille Adams.

Sunday, March sixteenth, is an afternoon we shall all remember with pleasure, being the date of a very delightful Tea, held at the charming home of Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey), 318 Kensington Avenue, Westmount. The Tea was well attended by members of our own group, together with many representatives from the various other affiliates in Montreal. The tea table was centred in shamrocks and the green motif was effectively carried out.

After the tea hour, we all gathered in the foyer for a drawing for a mid-summer cruise for two persons down the beautiful Saguenay. We were

especially delighted when the coveted prize was carried off by Miss Mary Berini, newly elected Vice-President of The Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae. Many who attended the very successful convention held in Montreal last August will remember Miss Berini for her outstanding work on behalf of the Convention. At that time, Miss Berini was Governor of The Quebec Chapter of the C.F.C.A. Mrs. Royal LeSage (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton), was holder of the ticket for second prize, a unique tray set.

Loretto Alumnae of Montreal wish to thank Mrs. Lindsay for her indefatigable work in connection with our efforts. The ticket convener was Mrs. R. E. Kennedy, (Edith Smith, Abbey).

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cranston (Clara Bast, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Anne Marie, on March 16th. Anne Marie is a niece of M.M.'s Philippa, St. Mark, St. Jude and Synclata, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sirdevan (Jean McLaughlin, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 26th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LaBine (Florence McNamara, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Walton (Margaret MacDonald) on the birth of their son, Peter Martin, on February 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Hayes (Marie Witt, Alumna Loretto-Stratford, and Loretto College, Toronto) on the birth of their son, James Edward, on February 24th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kirwin (Gertrude Doyle, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae) on the birth of a daughter, on October 8th. Baby's father was a former Loretto pupil in Guelph.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson (Nancy Chad, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, James Robert, on November 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Misener (Delores Henry, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Jan Richard, on December 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hibbs (Jean Reece, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on October 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bizzell (Isabel Starr, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Alexander Rupert.

To Dr. and Mrs. Crawford (Helen Cairns, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Robert, on March 2nd.

To Dr. and Mrs. Narciso Sacayo on the birth of a son, Luis Enrique, on February 21st. Luis is a brother of Maria Sacayo, of Loretto-Niagara, Grade XI.

To Dr. and Mrs. Alex. Wasylenki on the birth of a son, Donald, on December 18th. Donald is a nephew of M. M. St. Henry, I.B.V.M., and his father was a former pupil of the Loretto Nuns, Sedley, Sask.

To Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Cullnan (Mary Therese Meyers, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Maureen Therese, on March 13th, also to Maureen's aunts, Betty and Kathleen Cullnan, Loretto-Woodlawn students.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Holman (Barbara Goetz, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their son, Michael John, on March 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William J. Weadick (Marilyn Lunz, Alumna, Loretto-Hamilton and Loretto College, Toronto) on the birth of their daughter, Susan Elizabeth, on December 30th.

MARRIAGES

Miss Gloria Katherine Zuber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zuber, and Loretto Abbey and Loretto College Alumna, was married, on February 15th, to Mr. Thomas Arthur Dietrich.

Miss Joy Margaret Work, daughter of Mrs. Jean E. Work, and former Loretto pupil, was married, on January 15th, to Mr. Wilbur Stratton Scheipers.

Miss Joan Marie Glatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Glatt, and Loretto College Alumna, was married on February 15th, to Mr. Richard Hurley.

Miss Teresa Beatrice Roy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Roy, and Alumna of Loretto College, was married on January 25th, to Mr. J. R. Blais.

Miss Julia Anna Menssa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Menssa, Primate, Sask., was married on February 11th, to Mr. Peter Ell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Ell, of Sedley. The groom is a brother of M. M. Casimir and M. M. Eugenia, I.B.V.M., and a former pupil of Loretto High School, Sedley. The wedding ceremony took place in the Chapel of Loretto Convent, Sedley, Rev. Father Theunnason officiating, and the wedding breakfast was also at the Convent.

Miss Helen (Billy) Collins, Loretto-Niagara and Loretto College Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Collins (Loretto Alumna), was married, on November 17th, to Mr. Charles William Vashbinder.

Miss Mary Lee Forhan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Forhan (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), was married, on November 30th, to Mr. Eric Roger Axelson.

Miss Joyce Storey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Storey, Winnipeg, was married, on February 1st, to Mr. Joseph (Joe) L. Vachon, a former pupil of Loretto-Brunswick, and son of Mrs. Belinda Long Vachon, Loretto Abbey Alumna.

Miss Dorothy Breslin, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Breslin, was married, on March 17th, to Mr. Thomas Leahy.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kennedy (Edith Smith, Loretto Abbey Alumna), of Westmount, P.Q., was married, on January 18th, to Mr. George Joseph Reid Trainor, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Trainor of St. John, New Brunswick, in the Church of the Ascension of Our Lord, Westmount, Quebec.

Miss Gertrude Teresa McCarthy, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCarthy, (Loretto Alumna), was married to Mr. Donald Edward Dempsey, on April 11th.

SYMPATHY

To Rev. Francis Bowen, S.J., and Mrs. MacDonald (Cecilia) on the death of their mother, Mrs. Anna Bowen.

To Mrs. MacMahon (Gertrude O'Neil, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the sudden death of her husband, Dr. Paul MacMahon, and to their son, Mr. James MacMahon.

The deceased was the son of the late Mrs. Henrietta McGuire MacMahon, Loretto - Niagara Alumna.

To Mrs. Piciulo on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph Piciulo, and to their bereaved family, especially Miss Rose and Miss Grace, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To Mrs. E. I. Hayes (Marie Witt, Loretto Alumnae) on the death of her aunt, Miss Agnes Witt, on January 21st; and on the death of her aunt, Miss Anastasia Witt, on January 22nd. Sympathy also to Mr. Thomas Witt, brother of the deceased, and to their nephew, Mr. Tom and Mr. Jo Witt.

To Mr. Lorne Finnegan and the bereaved family on the death of Mrs. Finnegan, also to M. M. Inez, I.B.V.M., her devoted niece.

To Mrs. O'Sullivan on the death of her husband, Mr. James O'Sullivan, on March 15th, and to the bereaved family, especially Dolores, student at Loretto Academy, Stratford.

To Mr. T. Cleveland and Mrs. William Hackett, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Della Cleveland, on March 15th, also to Sister M. Aloyse, I.B.V.M., and Mrs. Earl Vigenser (Loretto-Englewood Alumnae), granddaughters of Mrs. Cleveland.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Frederick Rietz, who died February 1st, especially to Misses Kay, Grace, and Joan, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumnae.

To Mrs. Bodendistel on the death of her husband, Mr. John Bodendistel, and to the bereaved family, especially Rev. P. J. Bodendistel and Sister Bernice, St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton; also to Mr. Bodendistel's brothers and sisters.

To Mrs. Grace Cashon, of Montreal, P.Q., on the death of her sister, Miss Lillian Bender, Loretto Abbey Alumnae.

To Mrs. William C. Van Horne (Margaret Hannan, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. William C. Van Horne, of Montreal, P.Q.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ruff on the death of their daughter, Catherine, (Class '44, Loretto-Englewood), and to Catherine's bereaved sister, Betty, and brothers, Robert, John and William.

To Mr. John, Mr. Robert, and Mr. Tom Sherlock, and to Miss Constance Sherlock, on the death, on January 12th, of their dear father, Mr. John Sherlock, of California, also to Mr. Sherlock's bereaved brother, Mr. Joseph Sherlock, and sisters, Misses Margaret and Sarah Sherlock, and M. M. Dymrna, I.B.V.M.

To Rev Philip McGahey on the death of his mother, Mrs. L. McGahey, on March 19th, in Ireland, and to Mrs. McGahey's brother, Mr. Joseph Sherlock, and sisters, Misses Margaret and Sarah Sherlock.

To Mr. Dan Ryan and the Misses Catherine, Bertha and Susan Ryan, Loretto Abbey Alumnae) on the death of their sister, Mary Ann (Minnie) Ryan, Loretto Abbey Alumna, on February 3rd. Miss Ryan was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

To the bereaved sons and daughters of Mrs. Amelia O'Connor (wife of the late Mr. Thomas O'Connor), who died on February 22nd; also to her grandchildren, her brothers, Mr. Wm. J. Markle and Mr. C. E. Markle and her devoted sister, Mrs. J. Murphy, Loretto Alumna.

To the bereaved sons of Mrs. Henry Bartlett of Orillia on her death, January 31st; also, to her sister and to her many friends, especially in the Catholic Women's League, of which she was an active member, attending the National Convention in Vancouver last Fall.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

January 7—Once again all paths lead to the Abbey. We have begun our centenary year!

January 10—The Fifth-Formers are initiated into their sorority, and that at the home of Helen McGough, whose hospitality has become a by-word amongst us.

January 21—THE BLUE BANNER makes its first post-Christmas appearance.

January 23—We were all merry as the weather held clear and cold for an out-door celebration of the birthday of Mother Mary Ward. The skaters skated, the rest went sleighing and all returned to the Abbey for a Box Social. We enjoyed Grade XII-A's presentation of scenes from Mother Estelle's dramatized life of the Foundress. The Reverend William Fraser and the Rev. Father Horner were guests of honour at the banquet in the evening.

January 29, 30, 31—The Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P., and the Reverend Felix Hackett, C.P., by their inspirational talks in these days of our annual Retreat brought us closer to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

February 3—We plunged into the swimming pool for the first time in 1947.

February 7—The first LENTEN BULLETIN urges us to "accentuate the positive" during the Church's forty-day retreat.

February 8—The annual Inter-Loretto singing festival was held here, with many Loretto students from both far and near participating. We were especially proud of our own Glee Club which succeeded in winning the coveted Cup.

February 18—The Camera Club's delightful Mardi Gras gave us an afternoon of "talkies", dancing and refreshments in a gymnasium very much à la New Orleans.

February 21—Visited St. Joseph's College School to play our first inter-school basketball game of the year. We were very proud of our team which, though defeated, played admirably.

February 28—St. Joseph's came here for the return game. Our disappointment in defeat was forgotten in the pleasure of entertaining our guests.

March 1—Our two basketball teams and their faithful fans went to Loretto-Hamilton. Our thanks to the Hamiltonians for a lovely day.

March 6—A Holy Hour today in preparation for Vocation Week. May we know and have the grace to follow God's plans for us!

March 12, 13, 14—National dances, Swedish, Irish, Italian, and so on, made up our Physical Education Demonstration this year. In the brilliant costumes they had made themselves, the girls whirled about with all the grace and skill that only Mrs. Kennedy's direction could produce.

March 17—Those of us who are Irish (and those of us who are not!) celebrated St. Patrick's Day with a holiday. Many thanks to an understanding Faculty!

March 16-21—Vocation Week:

Sunday: Discussion talk by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J.

Tuesday: Career Day: Talk by Miss Irene Allen, Director of Catholic Children's Aid Society.

Wednesday: Discussion talk on Marriage by the Rev. Father Klem, C.S.B.

Thursday: General Meeting of the Sodality. Tableaux by Junior College. Essay Contest by Grade XII, award for best Essay going to Daphne Wylie. Quiz Contest by Grade XI, with Ceci LaTour prize winner. Poster Contest by Grade X, with prize to Catherine Starrs for the best poster.

Friday: Discussion talk on Religious Vocation by the Rev. Father Conologue, C.S.S.R.

March 22—The annual Piano Festival brings honours and congratulations to many Loretto musicians and their teachers.

March 31—The UPPER ROOM, admirably produced by Grade XII, gave us a deeper realization of the drama of Holy Week.

April 1—Home for vacation!

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

November 5—Loretto presented "Disraeli" in Church of Our Lady Auditorium. A record crowd.

The cast is as follows:

Perkyns (Butler at Glastonbury)....Helen Meihn
Adolphus, Viscount Cudworth...Geraldine Howitt
Duchess of Glastonbury.....Mary Lou Grieve
Lady Cudworth.....Dorothy Flick
Lord Brooke.....Geraldine Daly
Lady Brooke.....Rita Grimmens
Duke of Glastonbury.....Bruna Zorzi
Charles, Viscount Deeford.....Gloria Noonan
Mrs. Noel Travers.....Joan Vipond
Lady Beaconsfield.....Joan LaFontaine
Lady Clarissa.....Peggy Cartledge
The Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli...Patricia Craven
Sir Michael Probert.....Palma Valeriotte
Mr. Tearle (Disraeli's butler)....Shirley Carter
Mr. Lumley Foljambe.....Lucille Seitz
Mr. Hugh Meyers.....Rita Cremasco
Potter (the Gardener).....Barbara Porter
Flooks (Rural Postman).....Helen Meihn
Ladies at Ball.....Grade XI and XII

November 15—First Scholastic and Character Builder Reports caused mingled feelings amongst the recipients.

November 16—A week's Courtesy Campaign began. Staff and students will play a part in judging results.

November 20—Grade X Oratoricals, with Valerie Runstedlar first and Irene Clair second. Two successful basketball games with St. Mary's High School, Kitchener. Joanne Goetz star of Senior game. Score 18-4. Junior team score 22-8. Congratulations.

December 11—Father Quinn was a welcome guest at our Sodality Meeting. Reona Godin won the Courtesy Campaign. The winners of the Poetry Contest, in honour of the Immaculate Conception, were, Pat Craven and Joan Vipond. The poems receiving honourable mention were placed on the bulletin board.

December 22—A Carol Parade through the

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Addition to Mercy Hospital Toronto.
Nurses' Home St. Michael's Hospital,
Toronto.

St. Mary's Church, Tillsonburg.
New Cathedral of Christ the King,
Hamilton.

HAMILTON, CANADA.
(Pigott Building).

school to the chapel, where the Mission gift offerings were placed at the Crib, marked the closing of school.

January 7—School reopened, and the Second Term Exams make us realize that a little peep at school books during vacation was wise precaution.

January 13, 14, 15—The Annual Student Retreat was conducted by Rev. Dr. Louis Markle. The three days passed all too quickly.

January 15—Loretto players travelled by bus and foot up the college hill to engage the MacDonald Institute girls in a fast and furious basketball game. All played well, but the college girls were too much for us, and the final score was 24-10.

January 16—Reports were given out by Rev. Father O'Reilly, and our standing and total marks posted up for all to see.

January 21—The return game with MacDonald Hall was played at the Y.W.C.A. Gym. Joanne Goetz was the star, chalking up all the Loretto points to make the score 16-15 in favour of Loretto. We found size is not the all-important factor.

January 23—Another Mary Ward's birthday. We gathered in the morning for Missa Recitata, in the chapel, and then to sing the Maxims and to be entertained by Grade IX at the Court scene of the "Merchant of Venice", with Josephine Antonelli as Shylock matching wits with Joan Lorhan as Portia. In the afternoon we journeyed to Kitchener for the return game with St. Mary's High Schools. Both Senior and Junior games were ceded to St. Mary's.

February 8—Our picked Choral Class, under Mr. Clifford McLelland's direction, went to Toronto to sing in the Inter-Loretto Festival. We had a grand welcome at the Abbey, a well-filled day and a lovely time in our private coach on our return trip to Guelph.

February 12—The last preliminary oratoricals were completed today. Rita Cremasco and Joan LaFontaine from Grade XI. and Lucille Seitz and Palma Valeriotte from Grades XII, will enter the finals.

February 19—Each form presented an original skit or discussion at the Sodality meeting. Grade X won early dismissal as honourable award for the skit, acted by Shirley Doyle, Rita Carere, Hilda Soligo and Betty MacMillan.

February 18—Grade XI girls were hostesses at our Mardi Gras Party. Rev. Father Pautler showed several movies and after refreshments there were novelty dances.

February 27—Loretto-Hamilton came to Guelph to play basketball. Our Seniors lost to the visitors, but the Juniors upheld our honour with a 47-20 score. We all, and always, enjoy Inter-Loretto sports.

March 3-10—Vocation Week. Father Kehoe and Father Braceland were chief speakers. Miss Joanne Stout, L.T.C.M., in Dramatic Art, visited her Alma Mater and entertained us with "The Doll's House", by Katherine Mansfield, and other shorter selections.

March 5—More local basketball, with the Guelph Collegiate—Loretto walked off with both games, Senior 26-7; Juniors 35-20.

March 12—Early dismissal for a number of the older students, who went to see "King Henry V" at the local theatre. We had been well prepared to appreciate it, from our English classes.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

January 3—This afternoon an exciting basketball game took place between our Junior and Senior teams and those of Stamford Collegiate. The game was close, but we were the defeated!

January 23—Mother Mary Ward's Birthday. A short symposium was presented in the study hall this afternoon by Joan Dawson, Joan Sheppard and Corinne Cronmiller, on the life of Mother Mary Ward. After the programme all were off to the arena for a gay afternoon of skating.

January 30—A short mission play was presented this afternoon by the Apostolic Committee. Congratulations to Mother Bonaventure, Carolyn Geisenhoff, the Committee Chairman, and to the girls of the committee for a successful, thought-provoking performance.

February 7—Mr. Campbell, a representative of the Theatre Guild and United Artists, spoke to us this afternoon on the play, "Henry V", which we hope to see in a few days. It will be better understood and appreciated as a result of Mr. Campbell's informative and interesting talk.

February 8—Off to Toronto for the Inter-Loretto Festival. Congratulations to June Maingot, Daphne Huggins, Betty Lonsway and Teresa Henning, who all won high standing.

February 10—This afternoon we attended the showing of that marvellous production, "Henry V", which surpassed our highest expectations, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

February 13—This afternoon the girls of Grade XI entertained at a delightful Valentine tea-dance in the gymnasium. The food was delicious

and artistically arranged, the gymnasium beautifully decorated, the girls lovely in their long gowns. For a successful and enjoyable affair, congratulations to our hostesses.

February 14, 15, 16—The Boarders' Week-end. Sunday brought fine weather, and every one safely back to school.

February 19—Lent started today, with everyone armed with good resolutions for the coming season.

February 20—A series of tableaux on the life of Our Blessed Lady were presented this afternoon in the Auditorium, by the Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee. Our praise and appreciation go to Mother Valerie, the Committee Chairman, Concha Azurdia, and to the members of the Committee, who worked so earnestly to insure the success of the tableaux.

February 28, March 1, 2—Retreat—three wonderful days! Our retreat master, Father John Coffey of St. Robert's Hall, Pomfret Centre, Connecticut, gave us many inspiring talks and assisted us greatly in making this our best Retreat yet.

March 4—Snowed in! The Boarders (to their overwhelming joy) had school just the same. It is at times like this that we really appreciate "living in"! or do we?

March 10—Our newly formed Junior Basketball team went to Welland today, where they met with their first defeat. It was a thrilling game, however, and much valuable experience was gained—so—perhaps next time.

March 13—As the Boarders will not be here on Saturday, Mother Superior's feast day, a short

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TWENTY-SEVEN BLOOR WEST
TORONTO

programme was presented in the study-hall this evening in her honour.

March 14—A programme was presented in the study-hall this afternoon in honour of Mother Superior. Several choral selections were rendered, followed by a short presentation speech given by our prefect, Rosemary Aversa.

March 14, 15, 16—The Boarders' Week-end. All off for two days of fun—and return Sunday night.

March 16—The Western New York Student Sodality Conference in Buffalo. The exceedingly interesting speakers were eight missionaries, who told of their experiences, and the work that is being done in their respective mission fields. Later a discussion was held from the floor.

March 17—Dear, good St. Patrick! A half-holiday in his honour.

March 18—Anyone who knows the details of our basketball career will understand the overwhelming joy that prevailed this afternoon, when our Junior team met and defeated the team of the newly-established St. Joseph's High School of St. Catharines. All were impressed by the good sportsmanship and school spirit of these girls. Congratulations to our Junior team! And come again, St. Joseph's!

Adèle Dodge.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

February 14—The gymnasium, gayly bedecked with valentines, streamers and balloons. For many of us it was our first formal and immensely enjoyed.

February 19—Ash Wednesday. We all realize that Lent has come and that our good resolutions are meant to be kept.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day, as usual, a happy one for Loretto students.

March 19—Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church—special prayers and hymns in his honour. This is also the Feast day of our beloved Bishop Ryan, to whom we offer congratulations. The Junior School enjoyed the holiday granted, but for our Senior School it was the first of three very special days of spiritual help—our annual school retreat, conducted by Rev. Claude Engeman, O. Carm, of St. Patrick's, Niagara Falls.

Basketball Record

By the middle of March we had completed a very successful basketball season, being winners of the league formed by the girls of Notre Dame, Waterdown; Cathedral High; and ourselves.

During the season it was a great pleasure to journey to Guelph, where our Senior Team won, but the Juniors lost.

Two weeks later we entertained the Abbey girls. Our Senior Team won, and Juniors tied.

On March 13th it was our privilege and pleasure to entertain the Notre Dame girls from Kingston. The basketball game ended in our favour. There was evident good sportsmanship throughout on both sides. We hope our Kingston friends will come again.

Now we are looking forward to our annual play, which will be given on April 17th and 18th; to examinations, Graduation, Junior Closing—and holidays!

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

January 7—Vacation ended. All reassembled for another run along the paths of learning.

February 6—Standing out in Education Week programme was a broadcast over CJCS, which included the singing of the "Kyrie" from the Mass of the Angels, and "Waxen Lights", by our school choir; also, a double trio number, "Wandering."

February 8—The Inter-Loretto Musical Festival at Loretto Abbey, from which we brought back First Class Honours, with 88 marks for the choir, and 87 for the trio, each coming second.

February 28—We were honoured by the presence of Miss Hazel Hyde, successful candidate for A.T.C.M., whose delightful selections from well-known composers gained our whole-hearted interest. At the request of Miss Cora B. Ahrens, teacher of Miss Hyde, we presented our Festival numbers, previously mentioned.

March 17, 19, 25—All had their annual commemorations at Loretto.

Our congratulations to Angela Ryan and Bernice Flanagan, Secretarial students, on having attained a speed of fifty-three words a minute in typing.

Jean Bannon.

**LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL
BRUNSWICK AVENUE**

January 20—Miss Wright, Supervisor of the Junior Red Cross, who came to inspect the Home Nursing Course in Grade XII, expressed her approval in highly complimentary terms.

January 23—Mother Mary Ward's Birthday was pleasantly celebrated. A quiz on the life and work of the beloved foundress ended with the distribution of lovely little statues of the Blessed Virgin to winners—Suzanne McGrath, Betty Lethby, Ruth Doherty, Jacqueline Judge, Teresa Garneau, Teresa Ward, Helen Dennis, Pamela White, Ann McCabe, Mary Gibson, Mary Mills and Carol Telford.

Later in the day a beautiful and devotional sound-pictures, "The Eternal Gift", was shown in the auditorium.

January 29—Miss Lillian Mucci, a former St. Cecilia's pupil, who made her radio debut recently, entertained us with many beautiful musical selections. We are indebted to Mr. César Borré, her teacher and the conductor of our choral classes, for this treat.

February 8—Inter-Loretto Music Festival at the Abbey. L.C.S. is justly proud of its success. The Junior Choir won the shield. First place among the trio singers was won by Peggy O'Neil, Eleanor Regan and Irene Terejko. All our soloists came first or second.

February 14—St. Valentine's Day! Grades XI-A and XI-B, under the direction of Mother St. Gerald, were responsible for the festive appearance of the Auditorium, and of L.C.S. students, bedecked with red and gold hearts. These decorations brought in \$14.00 for the Missions. A spiritual project, much to our liking, was Our Lady's Valentine-box. Every one had been invited to write a four-line verse to Our Lady and place it in the box before her statue.



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Ruth Doherty, Grade XII, received the prize for the best verse. Forty of the Valentines were printed and distributed.

A successfully conducted committee meeting was held in each classroom. A questionnaire sheet on "How much do I love Our Lady?" evoked many secret resolutions for increased zeal.

A Valentine party for Grades IX and X went off merrily.

February 28—At the Sodality meeting, Miss Wright presented the Home Nursing certificates. Pictures were taken by a photographer sent by the Red Cross. A "thank-you" gift was presented to Miss Fraser, R.N., by the class.

March 10—Vocation week was ushered in by a display of posters. A Holy Hour at St. Peter's Church was the first big event of the week, when Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P., spoke on the three vocations. Our sincere gratitude to him has been expressed by prayers for his intentions.

March 11—Rev. Father Walsh, S.J., spoke to us on religious vocations. One feels that he loves God so much that no sacrifice seems heavy to him. According to Father, Religious life is a path of roses. We all enjoyed his kindly talk and those of us who have not a religious vocation feel sorry for ourselves.

March 12—Eight of our L.C.S. Junior College girls, dressed as nuns, visited each classroom and gave short speeches with all the religious gravity of genuine nuns.

March 13—When we had all (except the Ninth Graders) been fitted into the Chapel, Rev. Father Conlogue from St. Patrick's impressed us very much by his informing and serious talk on hearing God's call and doing His work. Many thanks, Father!

March 14—How many of us are going on the Missions? Rev. Father Moss, from St. Augustine's Seminary, in a jovial but attention-holding talk stressed the great need of labourers in the distant harvests. Father presented the prizes for the best vocation posters to: Lois La France, Dorothy De Bono, Claire Kilpatrick, Denise Cave, Mary Mills and Patricia Switzer.

March 17—Miss Bennett's talent for concert-work was demonstrated on St. Patrick's Day during the play in which Lorraine Murray, the leading lady, won frequent applause. Peggy O'Neil's, Victoria Genoese's and Marilyn Bastable's solo work was much enjoyed, also Barbara Boland who excelled as leader of Macnamara's Band. Of course, Miss Bennett's singing of our favourite Irish melodies was the high-light of the whole performance.

From early morning, in all free moments, Grades VII and VIII, Mother Amelia's pupils, had been most zealous in selling pretty shamrock tags in the school. Results greatly increased the amount of money to be sent to help the needy children of Europe.

March 21—At the Sodality meeting, the financial report showed that the pupils of L.C.S. had been able to make sacrifices during Lent. More than once had we heard, "It is not our activities that save souls, but our sacrifices". Miss Godfrey, of

the School of Social Service, enlightened us about the qualifications, etc., necessary for this brand of Christian Charity.

March 22—Again we are proud of our Music Department. At the Inter-Loretto Piano Festival, Patricia Tatz, Johanne Mahon, Loretto Enright, Irene Templeton, Jean Magladery and Dolores Chaput were among those from L.C.S. who particularly distinguished themselves.

March 24—Examination week? Even examinations do not seem to dampen our spirits for, of course, Easter holidays and Easter joys are almost here.

Molly Mulligan.

LORETTO, REGINA

The Sodality of the Little Flower Parish, Regina, participated in its regular monthly Communion Mass on March 16—eve of St. Patrick's Day. Forty-five members out of fifty-eight were present. At 1.45 all assembled for the recitation of the office of the Immaculate Conception. The Director, Rev. S. Leibel, was the speaker.

From three o'clock until ten a St. Patrick's tea was in progress, but at 7.30, the Sodalists interrupted their activities to attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which they led in the Rosary.

The tea was held in the Church Hall, which had previously been gaily decorated—green and Irish emblems predominating. The head table was most attractive with its lovely spring flowers. The statue of Our Blessed Lady, backed by the beautiful Sodality banner, was conspicuous.

The great success of the tea was due to the cheerful, united efforts of all the Sodalists. Special credit goes to the conveners.

ESTEVAN

On a memorable Sunday evening, in honour of Our Lady of the Rosary, fifty-nine Grade School children took part in a Living Rosary, in St. John the Baptist Church. The altar boys wore the "cross" and "Paters", while the girls and boys from Kindergarten to Grade VIII were the "Aves," each speaking out clearly and reverently.

At Benediction, which followed, the singing was by a mixed choir of young men and women, and Mrs. O'Handley, accompanied by her son at the organ, sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

* * *

At a meeting of the Holy Childhood Association in the Church on March 2nd, after the reading of the minutes and the reports by the representatives on the collection of cancelled stamps, and the offering of Spiritual Treasures, it was announced that ten more Certificates of Ransom had just been received, bringing the total, to date, to twenty "ransomed pagan babies", with an additional \$25 towards the next five to be ransomed.

Monsignor Hughes gave an interesting talk on the Holy Childhood Association. Twenty-seven new members were enrolled in the association, each receiving a medal and certificate. The little tots who attend Sunday Kindergarten classes are very enthusiastic.

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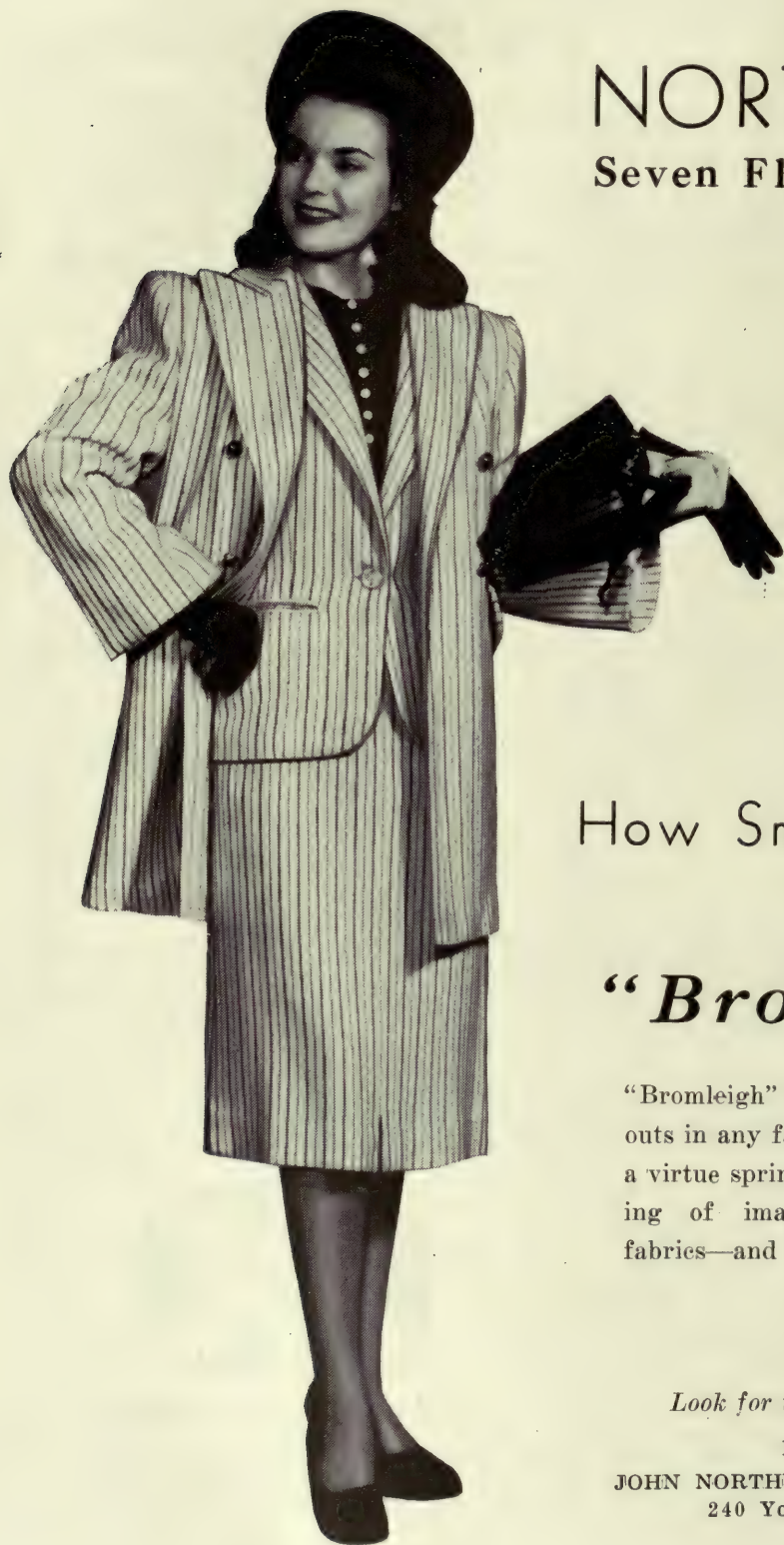
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thoughtful donors

All are daily remembered in prayer.

1947

CENTENNIAL YEAR OF
LORETTO, INSTITUTE OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
IN AMERICA

Gratefully
we dedicate this third issue of
Loretto Rainbow
in the Centennial year of Loretto in America,
to the memory of
Most Rev. Michael Power, D.D.,
First Bishop of Toronto
1842 — 1847
on whose urgent invitation,
a band of five Loretto Nuns, I.B.N.M.,
came from
Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Ireland
to establish Catholic Schools
in Toronto



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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident pupils.

Mary, in America—1847-1947



❧

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters.





MARY

No worthy symbol earth or sea can show —
Blossom, or wave, or cloud of summer snow,
The lily's chaste white cup, the sunrise dew,
The white swan-wings upon the waters blue . . .
Beyond the reach of earthly tree or flower,
The glories of the August sunset hour;
Above the setting moon, the evening star,
In Heaven alone her virgin symbols are;
She her own symbol is — the peerless Rose
That evermore in God's high garden grows.
Yea, thine own symbol of thy virgin state,
O Mary who wast born immaculate!
Pilgrim, in "The Far East."

The Marian Congress

The beautiful 1947 Marian Congress held in the Capital City of the Dominion is now history, but for the thousands who were present, and for the countless thousands who saw the excellent accounts and illustrations of the perfectly executed program, it will continue to exercise a beneficent influence.

As a help in recalling to "Rainbow" readers the events of this great national Congress, which proved in reality to be international, we reprint, with thanks to The Canadian Register, the complete program:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18

Day of Reception

3.00 p.m.—Arrival of His Eminence the Cardinal Legate.

3.15 p.m.—At the Cathedral:

Liturgical reception.

Procession.

Anthem: "**Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.**"

Verse and Prayer: **Omnipotens sempiterne Deus.**

Reading of the Pontifical Brief by Msgr. Paul Bernier (in Latin and French) and by Msgr. Basil Markle (in English).

Address of welcome to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate, by His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, Archbishop of Ottawa.

Address by His Eminence the Cardinal Legate.

Papal Blessing imparted by His Eminence the Cardinal Legate.

Solemn Chant: **Oremus pro Summo Pontifice.**

5.15 p.m.—At the Chateau Laurier: Reception. O Canada.

Address of welcome to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by the Prime Minister of Canada.

Reply of His Eminence the Cardinal Legate. Present at this reception will be: The visiting Cardinals, Cabinet Members, the Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces, the Apostolic Delegate, the Diplomatic Corps, Archbishops and Bishops, the Chief Justice of Canada, members of the Privy Council not of the Cabinet, prelates, speakers of the Senate and House of Commons, Prime Ministers of the

provinces, judges, members of the Senate, members of the House of Commons, representatives of the armed services, federal officials, provincial officials, municipal authorities, clergy, other officials.

God Save the King.

7.00 p.m.—At the Apostolic Delegation:

Dinner tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

8.30 p.m.—At the auditorium.

Religious drama, "Jesus, Son of Mary."

Special presentation in English for the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities. (1)

(1) Public presentation of this play in English will be given at the Auditorium, Wednesday, June 18, at 4.00 p.m., and Thursday, June 19, at 2.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

9.30 p.m.—At the Repository, Lansdowne Park: Lyric drama on the Sovereignty of Mary, "Our Lady of the Crown," French presentation for the Episcopate, the Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities. Admission open to the public. The English presentation of this drama will be given at the Repository on Tuesday, June 17, at 9.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19

Day of Preparation

7 to 8 a.m. Solemn high Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin in all the churches of the Diocese for the success of the Congress.

10.00 a.m. At the Cathedral.

Pontifical high Mass.

Celebrant: His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, Archbishop of Ottawa.

Sermon in English by His Excellency Most Rev. John D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland.

Sermon in French by His Excellency Most Rev. Norbert Robichaud, Archbishop of Moncton.

1.00 p.m. At Government House. Luncheon tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by His Excellency Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada.

3.00 p.m. At Lansdowne Park: Special visit of the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities to the religious exhibition. (1)

(1) The religious exhibition will be held in various pavilions at Lansdowne Park and will be open to the public daily, June 16, at 10 a.m., to June 22, from 10 a.m. to midnight.

5.00 p.m. At the Ottawa University:
Reception to the Cardinal Legate.
Conferring of an honorary degree.
Luncheon tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by Very Rev. Jean-Charles Laframboise, O.M.I., rector of the Ottawa University.

7.00 p.m. Holy Hour in all the churches of the Diocese.
Confessions will be heard until 11 p.m.

8.30 p.m. At the Capitol Theatre.
Religious pageant: "Our Lady of Fair Love."
Special presentation for the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities (2).

(2) Public presentations of this pageant every evening, June 16 to June 21, at the Capitol theatre.

Midnight—At the Repository, Lansdowne Park.
Pontifical Mass. See program for Friday, June 20.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20

Day of Reparation

12.01 a.m. (midnight): At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Pontifical Mass and general Communion.
Celebrant: His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, Archbishop of Synnada, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

Sermon in English by His Eminence Samuel Alphonsus Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago.

Sermon in French by His Excellency Most Rev. Georges Courchesne, Archbishop of Rimouski.

10.00 a.m. At the Cathedral:
Pontifical Mass in Eastern Rite.
Celebrant: His Excellency Most Reverend Basil Vladimir Ladyka, Apostolic Exarch of the Ukrainians of Canada.

Sermon in French by His Eminence Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Churches.

Sermon in English by His Excellency Most Rev. Ambrose Senyshyn, Auxiliary Bishop, Ukrainian Catholic Diocese of the United States.

1.00 p.m. At Laurier House:
Luncheon tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by the Right Honorable William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada.

3.00 p.m. At the Capitol theatre: Lecture by His Eminence Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, France.
The Honorable Maurice Duplessis, K.C., Prime Minister of Quebec, will introduce the speaker.

The Honorable Thibaudeau Rinfret, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, will move the vote of thanks.

5.30 p.m. At the Capitol Theatre: Lecture by His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, who will be introduced by Honorable Angus L. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and thanked by Honorable John Hart, Prime Minister of British Columbia.

8.00 p.m. At the auditorium:
Religious drama, "Jesus, Son of Mary."
Special presentation in French for the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities. (1).

(1) Public presentations of this drama in French will be given at the auditorium, Friday, June 20, at 9.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Saturday, June 21, at 4.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Sunday, June 22, at 1.00 p.m. and 7.00 p.m.

9.30 p.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park.
Lyric drama in English on the role of Mary and the Eucharist, "Our Lady of the Eucharist," for the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities.
Admission open to the public.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21

Day of Adoration

10.00 a.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Dialogue Mass to foster vocations to the sacred priesthood and religious life. The Crusaders and Promoters will attend in a body.
Celebrant: His Excellency Most Rev. John Thomas McNally, Archbishop of Halifax.
Sermon in French by His Excellency Most

Rev. Joseph Alfred Langlois, Bishop of Valleyfield.

Sermon in English by His Excellency Most Rev. John C. Cody, Coadjutor Bishop of London, Ontario.

12.00 noon. At the Archbishop's Palace:

Luncheon tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, Archbishop of Ottawa.

2.00 p.m. Marian procession along the Drive-way:

Twenty floats portraying the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her principal apparitions throughout the world.

5.30 p.m. At the Ottawa University:

Conferring of honorary degrees on members of the Episcopate and distinguished citizens.

7.00 p.m. At the Chateau Laurier:

Dinner tendered to His Eminence the Cardinal Legate by His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, Archbishop of Ottawa, and honored by the presence of His Excellency Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada.

Present at this dinner will be: The Visiting Cardinals, the Prime Minister of Canada, Cabinet Members, the Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces, the Apostolic Delegate, the Diplomatic Corps, Archbishops and Bishops, the Chief Justice of Canada, Members of the Privy Council not of the Cabinet, prelates, speakers of the Senate and House of Commons, Prime Ministers of the provinces, judges, members of the Senate, members of the House of Commons, representatives of the armed services, federal officials, provincial officials, municipal authorities, clergy, other officials.

Musical Program

Soloists, Raoul Jobin,

Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Marie and Yvonne Dionne, accompanied by their sisters, Rose-Therese and Pauline, as well as their brothers, Daniel, Oliva and Victor.

Choir: The Boy Choristers of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, under the direction of Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C.

10.00 p.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Lyric drama (in French) on the role of "Mary and the Eucharist," for the Episcopate, Diplomatic Corps and civil authorities. Admission open to the public.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

Day of Consecration

9.00 a.m. At St. Patrick's College Campus:

Holy Name Society rally.

League of the Sacred Heart rally.

The above will join with the armed services in a parade to the Repository.

10.30 a.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Pontifical Mass.

Celebrant: His Eminence the Cardinal Legate.

Sermon in English by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York.

Sermon in French by His Excellency Most Rev. Augustin Bonnabel, Bishop of Gap, France.

12 noon. Radio address by His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

4.30 p.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Program of religious music.

Soloists: Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Marie and Yvonne Dionne, accompanied by their sisters, Rose-Therese and Pauline.

5.00 p.m. At the Repository, Lansdowne Park:

Solemn Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Presiding: His Eminence Manuel Cardinal Arteaga y Betancourt, Archbishop of Havana, Cuba.

Act of Consecration of Canada read in French by the Right Honorable Louis St. Laurent, Minister of External Affairs.

Act of Consecration of Canada, read in English by the Honorable James J. McCann, Minister of National Revenue.

Sermon in French by His Eminence Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, France.

Sermon in English by His Eminence Edward Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit.

Guest soloist: Raoul Jobin.

Choir: The Boy Choristers of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, under the direction of Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C.

9.00 p.m. On the Rideau Canal:

Procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Cardinal Legate will carry the Blessed Sacrament.

Thirty illuminated boats portraying the mystery and blessings of the Holy Eucharist.

Soloist: Joseph Victor Laderoute.

Choir: The Boy Choristers of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, under the direction of Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C.

The procession will terminate at Lansdowne Park.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed

Sacrament will be given at the Repository, followed by the singing of the Te Deum.

The Congress will be officially closed by His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, Archbishop of Ottawa.

Finale: Fireworks display depicting scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the most colorful events of the entire Marian Congress was the procession of allegorical floats representing events in the life of Mary and her Divine Son, along Ottawa's famous Driveway, on Saturday afternoon.

The object of the procession of floats was to present in vivid form, through the use of statues, certain events in the life of the Blessed Virgin and the prerogatives she enjoys due to her divine maternity.

The 20 floats circulated in the following order:

1—Ad Jesum per Mariam—To Jesus through Mary.

This is the motto of Archbishop Vachon of Ottawa, sponsor of the Marian Congress. In front of a stained-glass window representing the Virgin carrying the Infant Jesus, a group of persons, in praying attitude, represents the Christian people.

2—Sancta Maria ad Nives—Our Lady of The Snows.

The Virgin Mary in a whirling snow-storm typical of Canada in winter, protects a small village which, in itself, symbolizes the homes of the country.

3—Our Lady of Lourdes — Our Lady of Lourdes.

Mary has appeared to humanity in modern times. The most striking of her apparitions was at Lourdes, in France, in 1858, where she confirmed by her apparition the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The float depicts Mary's appearance in the Lourdes Grotto to Saint Bernadette.

4—Et Macula Non Est In Te—You are Without Sin.

The patroness of the archdiocese of Ottawa is Mary, under her title of the Immaculate Conception. This float shows the Virgin as a young girl crushing the serpent's head with her foot.

5—Adorabo ad Templum Sanctum—I Shall Adore in your Temple.

This float is the scene of the presentation

of the Virgin at the temple by her parents, Joachim and Anne.

6—Ave Gratia Plena—Hail, Full of Grace.

Near a decorative background depicting the house of Nazareth, Mary is hailed by the angel on the day of the Annunciation.

7—Noel Noel Noel.

Float depicts the birth of Jesus. In the large wings of a protecting angel, holding in its hands a star, the Saviour comes to the world. Shepherds have come to adore Him.

8—Fuga in Egiptum — Escape into Egypt.

The Holy Family, pursued by Herod's persecution, painfully wend their way in the direction of Egypt, the place of their exile. Palm-trees provide decoration with the pyramids in the background.

9—Et Erat Subditus Illis—And He Was Obedient to Them.

Very familiar conception of the life of the Holy Family at Nazareth. Mary and Jesus draw water from a well, while Joseph is busy gardening.

10—Mater Dolorosa — Sorrowful Mother.

Pilgrimage of Mary to the Calvary, after the death of Jesus. She kisses the cross of salvation, while St. John holds the crown of thorns.

11—Salus Infirmorum — Refuge of the Afflicted.

Mary spreads the veil of her protection on all those who suffer. She is the nurse coming to the rescue of those who suffer in their bodies and in their souls. This float is escorted by nurses in uniform.

12—Stella Maris—Star of the Sea.

Mary moves forward on stormy waves and quiets the turbulent sea that threatens to engulf the frail ship on which drifts humanity. A large star is seen rising above the sea.

13—Regina Cleri—Queen of the Clergy.

St. Peter's Basilica in Rome is here represented. On a high throne sits the Pope, accompanied by a bishop and a priest. The Blessed Virgin spreads her maternal protection over the group.

14—Regina Pacis—Queen of Peace.

In front of the Virgin in blessing attitude, two enemy soldiers make peace with each other. Flags of all nations can be seen in front, standing as witnesses to this overflowing of the graces of peace.

15—Rosa Mystica — Mystical Rose.

From a mass of roses the Virgin rises as the purest flower in God's garden. "Mystical Rose" is one of the Virgin's titles in the litany.

16—Virgo Virginum—Virgin of Virgins.

From a large lily flower emerge simultaneously the Virgin Mary and three young girls to whom she speaks and who listen to her words with reverence.

17—Assumpta Est In Caelum—The Assumption Into Heaven.

Escorted by the angels Mary rises toward heaven on the clouds.

18—Veni, Veni, Coronaberis—The Coronation

Surrounded by angelic choirs the Holy Trinity places on Mary's head the crown of the Queen of heaven.

19—Regina Canadensis—Queen of Canada.

This is to render homage to Mary as Queen of our country. Mary wears the royal robe on which are embroidered the coats of arms of the Canadian provinces. In front can be seen the beaver, symbol of Canada.

20—Regina Mundi — Queen of the World.

Mary standing on the globe, holds in her hands the reins of creation. Everything seems to gravitate towards her. It is the symbol of her influence over individual souls, societies and nations.

The plans of these floats were prepared by F. Zotique Pelland of Montreal. The mounting of the floats, statues and decorations are the work of Maurice Lord and Paul Leroux. All are graduates of the Montreal School of Fine Arts.

Meditation

Today, dear Lord, I've realized
How very small am I.
My fellowman forgets me
In the twinkling of an eye.

And were I not so very sure
You have me in Your care,
This world would be a sorry place—
And I, in deep despair.

Iris Sullivan, Loretto Alumna.

Faith

(Written for Mother's Day, 1947)

Learned scientist, with your all-seeing eyes,
Knowing the stars, and planets in the skies,
Believing an accident caused human matter,
The theory of God you attempt to shatter.
Learned scientist, to argue seems unwise,
But I saw God in a mother's eyes.

The theory of Heaven is a myth, you say?
To the law of the universe it is useless to pray?
Well, all your formulas amount to this—
That I felt Heaven in a baby's kiss.

Kathleen Markle,
Loretto—Sault Alumna.

Let Earth Have Rest

Where the sword snapped—
The plotter trapped—
On paths hate gapped,
Where war dead lay,
Stand up, staunch bands
Of Christian lands;
Join helpful hands
This post-war day.

This day of hope
For fruitful scope,
Rise! No more grope
In futile fears;
But mistrust toss
To rout and loss,
Where peace flags cross
And Faith's sign steers.

True hearted men,
Be glad again:
Let one "AMEN!"
Be thundered forth
In rich harped runes,
In bugled tunes,
Like breeze of June's
O'er sun-kissed earth.

Gloom, tramp no more
War's charnel floor;
Let Good-will score
With manly zest.
And, awe-struck by
Doom's minions, fly,
To heaven-pierced cry:
"Let earth have rest!"

F. B. Fenton.

Memories of Ireland

I spent eighteen days in County Mayo at Clooncormack, the beautiful home of the McCartans, five miles from Ballinrobe. Almost every day we would start off in the early morning and tour the countryside, frequently visiting the cottage homes of some of the people who worked for the McCartan brothers, either in their lumber mill or with the McCartan road builders. I listened intently to their manner of speech; recorded it well in my memory, and made notes of typical west of Ireland words and expressions.

Peadar O'Donnell (author of *Adrigool*) and his wife introduced me to country people in the remote hills west of Letterkenny in Donegal. Here, too, I listened to the picturesque country speech of County Donegal.

"Mourning in Springtime" is an entirely imaginary little scene, but in it I have tried to capture that strange poetic quality that the simple country folk put into their speech. All that is lacking here is the musical quality of the voice, sometimes in mournful cadence, and then again with a lilt as gay as a dancing tune.

MOURNING IN SPRINGTIME

(A Play in One Act)

SCENE

The action passes in the kitchen of a County Mayo cottage.

CHARACTERS

MONA GALLAGHER (a widow about 50 years old) is dressed in black.

BRIDGET CASSIDY (an old friend and neighbour) is dressed in blue with small red shawl over her shoulders.

(As the curtain rises Mona is sitting by the table of a farmhouse kitchen working half-heartedly at a piece of quilting. There is a fire burning in the fireplace. As Bridget comes smiling at the half-door, Mona rises to greet her, wiping the tears from her eyes).

BRIDGET (*gayly*): God save you, Mona Gallagher, this fine spring day.

MONA (*with a whine in her voice*): God and Mary bless you. And welcome you are to this house.

BRIDGET: Musha, and how is every bit of you?

MONA (*sadly*): Ah, Bridget, 'tis yourself that knows the grief that's in me.

BRIDGET: May God help you.

MONA (*goes to hearth fire, takes the tea kettle off hook and says over her shoulder to Bridget with an attempt at being hospitable*): Sit ye down, Bridget Cassidy, and take a cup of tea with me.

BRIDGET: 'Tis that I will, surely.

MONA (*pours tea and takes bread and jam from sideboard and puts them on the table*).

MONA: Your in good form today, Bridget, with your red shawl and shiny boots that are fit to be wearing to Chapel on Sunday.

BRIDGET (*laughing*): Wisha, my sister, Kate has a drapery shop in Castlebar and she had the goodness to send me two shawls, a fine blue one and this red one. I've not seen their like in Mayo.

MONA: Nor I, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Black or brown shawls are all I've seen here in the West. Ah! but the little bright ones make you feel a happiness inside of you when you're wearing them.

MONA (*sadly*): 'Tis a fine shawl—a fine shawl, surely—for you to be wearing, dear Bridget, you that are a stranger to sorrow.

BRIDGET (*with sympathy*): Aye 'tis yourself that knows the sad face of sorrow.

MONA (*shaking her head sadly*): Sorrow, indeed! I mind there was a great bitterness in the wind, and a great sorrow swelled in the heart of me the night my Danny was taken from me.

BRIDGET: 'Twas a weird night—a weird night, entirely.

MONA: Ochrone, Ochrone, who would be after thinking that a rusty nail in a hen house would be causing a strong brave man to die.

BRIDGET: 'Twas sudden he went.

MONA: He is gone from us, and sorrow has lived in this house for near two years—two years come All Souls' Day. Oh! I mind the bitter crying wind that swept the glen that night. 'Twas like the crying of all the souls of the dead.

MONA (*sits brooding, then her wailing voice takes on a puzzled tone*): But Father Malachy says to me here in this room this very morning that it's time I ceased my keening for the dear, dead man, and be bringing a bit of cheer into the lives of the living—"for your sons' sake," he says to me with great sternness in his voice.

BRIDGET: And maybe his words hold some wisdom, Mona; for Father Malachy is a wise man, entirely. Oh, woman, you're near destroyed

with weeping, and your sons are sad with you.

MONA (*fretfully*): But the priest has no call to be telling me to forget entirely. For God himself would not be expecting a poor lonely widow never to be looking back when the thought of the poor dead husband comes stealing into the brain of her. (*She weeps copiously*).

BRIDGET (*pats Mona's shoulder sympathetically*): Now, now, Mona darlin', drink your tea and don't you be mourning this blessed spring day with your sad memories.

MONA (*drying her eyes*): Father Malachy says that memories are the curse of the Irish. Never can we be enjoying today's happiness, says he, when we do be letting the memory of yesterday's sorrow hang like a black cloud over our lives (*pauses reflectingly*), and clouding the lives of others, he says, right to me face.

BRIDGET: He's a plain spoken man, Mona. He is, that.

MONA: May God forgive me! I was vexed with Father Malachy this day. "Have done with your snivelling," says he to me, "and be considering the welfare of your sons." The sauce of him!

BRIDGET: Wisha, he's a blunt man, but he was thinking of your boys, Mona.

MONA (*imitating*): "Your boy, Maurice, is quick with the books," says he. "Galway University is the place for him—not bending his back in the quarry, so he'll be working within the call of his ma."

BRIDGET (*in awe*): Galway University! Oh, the Saints be praised!

MONA: Aye, Galway University. He says he could see that Maurice got a scholarship and the lad could do chores about for his keep.

BRIDGET: 'Tis a fine school. Fine men have come out of it.

MONA: Oh, the thought of it has me destroyed. I do be wanting my lads near me now that my Danny is in his grave.

BRIDGET: Ye can't keep them always with you, Mona. Young eagles leave their nest when their wings are strong.

MONA: Musha, Father Malachy warned me that my sons would be leaving me to go off to work in the potato fields of Scotland if I gave them no happiness at home.

BRIDGET: Then all alone you'd be, Mona.

MONA: "They are young," says Father Malachy, "and life is full in them. They should be going to crossroad dances at the fall of night—not sitting mourning with you by the fire-side."

BRIDGET: Mona, dear, 'tis true! 'Tis wise

words the priest gave ye. Your lads are young—and the scars of the young heal fast. The memory of sorrow is short with them. Young men do be wantin' their dreams of happiness in the springtime.

MONA: Oh, you're right as rain, Bridget, Alanna. 'Tis I that have kept the dark brooding sorrow hanging like a dark cloud over their dream-castles.

BRIDGET (*goes to the doorway, stands a moment looking off to the west, then picks a spray of fuchsia blossoms from the hedge by the half-door. She calls to Mona, who is stirring something in the pot at the hearth.*) I see your boys coming over the hill from the quarry.

MONA: Their supper is cooked for them.

BRIDGET (*crossing the room to Mona*): Here, Mona, put this red shawl over your shoulders. (*She arranges the shawl for Mona*).

Mona (*fingers it silently*). Bridget places the fuchsia blossoms in a blue earthenware jug and pours in water from a copper pitcher she has taken from the sideboard. She sings snatches from "The Low-Backed Car" as she moves about the room.)

MONA (*slowly*): A red shawl over the black dress of Danny Gallagher's widow, and him not two years gone from us.

BRIDGET: Wisha, Mona, 'tis no disrespect for the dead. Sure, a happy mother can bring happiness to her sons, and ye know that's what Danny Gallagher himself would be wanting.

MONA (*brightening*): Sure, Danny was a happy man. I mind how the great deep laugh of him would go ringing through the house, and 'twas always a gay word he had for his five sons, and they, full of bright laughter.

BRIDGET: And a gay word you must be having for your lads, Mona. (*coaxingly*). Come, can ye not manage a smile at all, at all.

MONA (*smiling*): God bless ye, Bridget Cassidy! 'Tis great comfort you have brought me this fine spring day.

BRIDGET (*going toward door*): I'll be leavin' now. Tell the boys there's a dance at O'Donnell's Crossroads, and two pretty girls from Tuam are visiting Molly Dunlevey. The ginger-haired one told my Eileen this morning they'd be going to the crossroads tonight.

MONA (*laughing*): Goodbye, now. I'll be hurryin' with the lads' supper so they'll be having time to put a shine to their boots before they go dancing.

Kathleen McEveney Markle,
Loretto—Sault Alumna.

Sketches

THE SANCTUARY LAMP

In cathedral old,
Or in chapel small,
You point the way
To our God and All.

When the Mass is grand,
And the censers sway,
Your light burns on
In a small, sweet way.

When the church is dark,
And the shadows creep,
Your faithful beam
Doth its vigil keep.

Though the throng pass by,
You still bravely glow,
God's beacon light—
Could the world but know.

May our faith ignite
As a vast firebrand,
Lest your light go out
And we lose God's hand.

Iris Sullivan, Loretto Alumna.

STAR DUST

Star-Dust may
To your mind bring
Butterfly's bepowdered wing—

Or pollen from
A bursting rose
Blown about
A garden close—

Or particles
In shafted light
On a fine
And moonlit night—

But, Star-Dust
Would seem to me
What He takes
To frost a tree.

Lola A. Beers.

RHAPSODY

What do you sing of, little bird?
Liquid notes which are plainly heard
O'er the sound of street, beguile my ear,
Abandoned, gay, and crystal clear.
Your small throat throbs with a warbled song,
And the two top chords are sweet and long;
Who taught you this, where did it start,
This paean from a joyful heart?

Could this song of praise be all for me,
Who watched you perched on the apple tree,
And for your own soft, feathered sake,
Threw out the crumbs of chocolate cake?

What do you sing of, little bird?
Give me a sign, a note, a word,
To tell me of that secret spring
Of fairy tunes of which you sing.
You twinkle with a knowing eye,
And seem to say as you upward fly,
To claim your nest, that none should roam,
For the song **you** sing is a song of—home!

Janet Craig-James,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

SPRING

Spring is a child
With winsome smile,
Who'll dance and sing
For a brief while.

Spring is bird-song
On morning air,
While nests are built
With loving care.

Spring is a brook,
Ice-free at last,
Rushing to tell
Winter is past.

Spring is God's smile
On man and clod—
Should not all earth
Smile back at God?

Iris Sullivan, Loretto Alumna.

BEAUTY SHE LOVED

Beauty she loved. In its lowliest form
 She found enchantment, rare delight;
 Beauty of trees, flowers, rain, and storm,
 Of day's bright glamour, calm of night.

Beauty she loved. The loud-raging sea
 Could hold her spellbound—move her
 soul;

Tempest and danger for her must be
 But challenges to Faith's control.

Beauty she loved. In the far away
 She now enjoys all loveliness—
 Beauty attained in an endless Day
 Of peace, and love, and happiness.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

MAKING MEMORIES

It seems to me, in childhood days,
 Down its fair, enchanted ways,
 Mother moved through every scene,
 Like the golden thread that lies
 With the scarlet, blue and green
 Of old, gorgeous tapestries.
 Now I know she used to be
 Making memories for me!

In the patter of the rain,
 In the plaintiff dove's refrain,
 In the clove-pinks by the wall,
 In the rose and maidenhair,
 In the year's recession—
 Barren branch and snow-filled air,
 Each day brings fresh proof how she
 Made glad memories for me.

Strange! The sunlight and the song
 Walken in some dim heart-room,
 And, though dusky years are long,
 Comes again the pinks' perfume—
 Growing brighter, year by year,
 Through life's fading tapestry,
 Gold of Mother-love glows clear
 In the memories made for me.

—Aline Michaelis.

WILD GEESE

Have you ever looked up to the sky and seen
 a flock of wild geese coming back to their
 original nesting place? It is a heart-lifting
 sight! You watch as they soar by—a swiftly
 moving chevron; and you know that wherever
 they have been during the long, cold winter,
 they have come back to the north as harbingers
 of Spring.

Why have poets called the Irish emigrants
 "Wild Geese?" Because during years of reli-
 gious persecution or famine; during times of
 political or economic strife, thousands upon
 thousands of Irish have left their original nest-
 ing place. They have gone out to almost every
 country on the face of the earth. Large num-
 bers settled on this side of the Atlantic, in
 Canada and the United States.

In their early years of exile they thought
 that perhaps some day, like the wild geese,
 they could return to their homeland. But with
 the years grew a strong love of their adopted
 land. They saved their earnings to raise and
 educate their children and, somehow, the hope
 of returning got lost in other hopes and dreams
 . . . or did it really ever get lost? . . . Was
 there not a corner somewhere in their hearts
 where they kept a wistful little dream that
 some day, like the wild geese, they could go
 back and see once again their original nesting
 place?

Kathleen McEveney Markle,
 Loretto—Sault Alumna.

PRESIDING

"Simply there, keeping order," you say?
 Rather, enthroned, seeing no gray—
 For I am a rhymer who looks
 Upon heads for sheen, not in books,
 And for curls and ringlets of gold,
 Mid dark, and fair, and red, all told,
 But never, I say, one of gray,
 Wonder and search as mortal may.

Gray is the colour God-given
 When the crown is won for heaven,
 And life in its peaceful ending
 Is folding up in a blending
 Of rest and joy transcending
 Mortal's grasp and comprehending.

Lucile B.



For Better Things

"THE DARJEELING DIARY"

Last fall the Loretto Nuns in Canada and especially those in Toronto, as well as their pupils, were greatly interested in the heroic missionary expedition about to be undertaken by five young Jesuits, who were named for Darjeeling, India, where the Loretto Nuns have been teaching for a century. The prospective missionaries visited several schools, and spoke of the work to be accomplished, and the help that could be given by little acts of self-sacrifice but especially by prayer.

This spring pleasing information has come from these missionaries and has been published in the miniature paper, *The Darjeeling Diary*, which subscribers may obtain by writing to: The Editor, *The Darjeeling Diary*, 403 Wellington St. W., Toronto 2, Ontario.

A few extracts will appeal to our readers, and possibly secure some new helpers for the "S.J." Missions in Darjeeling.

Father William Daly is at St. Joseph's College, North Point . . . teaching ethics in the College to a class mostly Pagan . . . conducting a dispensary in the village (with 60 trusting patients every morning) and acting as chaplain at Leleong . . . He says: The country and the people are the pick of India.

Father Mackey is stationed at St. Alphonsus Industrial School, Kurseong . . . He comments: "These people look somewhat like our Canadian Indians, though much smaller, with strongly marked Mongolian features. They are a very cheerful lot, always singing and smiling. I am going to like that."

Father John Prendergast is at the "Archbishop's House" in Darjeeling itself. On March 25 Father John pronounced his Final Vows in the Society of Jesus and five days later was installed as Pastor of the Darjeeling Parish. With two native curates to assist him he will learn the language and care for the Nepali parishioners both in Darjeeling and in many outlying missions. Father Stanford describes the installation ceremony: "Present were the rectors of St. Joseph's, Darjeeling, and of St. Mary's Theologate, Kurseong. Others present were two American Jesuits, some Irish Christian Brothers and the Canadians. The congregation was made up of the Loretto Convent pupils, Nepali parishioners and English and Anglo-Indian parishioners.

.....
The ceremony ended with Solemn Benediction, during which the Sisters' choir sang the Te Deum. We then proceeded to the Convent where the clergy were tendered a delicious dinner." Father Prendergast has already made a bid for the young people's favour by setting aside a room for them in the

Archbishop's House, and the boys from 14 to 20 know there's a welcome there for them any night of the week.

Father Maurice Stanford, in a letter to his mother, sums up his own and the other Canadians' impressions: "Briefly and seriously, I'm in love with it, and that applies to the people, the place and the entire life."

Brother Paul Robin gives as his first impressions: "The people here are lovable. Short and stocky, they have round and happy faces. They have heard of our desire to work for them, and they say now their future looks very bright. Much could be done for them in the way of dispensaries and medical treatment. It is distressing to see their youngsters going around with untreated ulcers, and abscesses and no one with the means to cure them. It seems that we'll have to treat their bodies first as a means of winning their souls."

PRAYERS ASKED Some of you may be wondering in what practical way you can help the five men in India. True, they need many things, tools, books, medicines, rosaries, prayer-books, woollen clothing, etc., etc. But what they have asked for first and foremost is prayers and more prayers. Their primary objective is the winning of souls to the one true God and to a confirmed belief in His Church. For this grace is most needed—grace that comes through fervent prayer. Could we ask you to make these words of Father William Daly your own: "PLEASE PRAY FOR US OUT HERE. WE NEED PRAYERS AND THE PEOPLE, EAGER FOR THE GRACE OF FAITH, NEED THEM DOUBLY?"

We list here the present addresses of our missionaries:

FATHER WILLIAM DALY, S.J., St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, Bengal, North India.

FATHER WILLIAM MACKEY, S.J., St. Paul's Church, Kurseong, D.H. Railway, Kurseong, Bengal, North India.

FATHER JOHN PRENDERGAST, S.J., "Archbishop's House," Darjeeling, Bengal, North India.

FATHER MAURICE STANFORD, S.J., St. John's Church, Kurseong, D.H. Railway, Bengal, North India.

BROTHER PAUL ROBIN, S.J., St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D.H. Railway, Bengal, North India.

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Five young ladies pronounced their first vows, and seven young ladies received the habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Loretto Abbey on Saturday, April 12.

The ceremony of first profession began before the Community Mass and was con-

ducted by Rev. W. Fraser, Chaplain of Loretto Abbey. After the first ceremonies were over, Holy Mass was celebrated and as the chimes sounded in the "Domine non sum dignus" the five candidates took their places before the altar and shortly after pronounced their first vows which were received by Rev. Father Fraser.

Later in the morning, before a large gathering of clergy, relatives and friends, seven brides entered the chapel to a devotional organ accompaniment, and knelt before the altar where the ceremony of reception was conducted by Right Rev. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. W. Fraser.

Father Cuthbert, C.P., paid a glowing tribute to the seven young ladies. Using as his text, "It is consummated," Father pointed out that on Calvary every soul was redeemed. Still the work of Redemption goes on; and for this work God has gathered round Him chosen ones who have the priceless privilege of being associated with Christ in applying His Precious Blood to redeem souls.

Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. A. Rossettis of St. Joan of Arc Parish, Toronto. Other members of the clergy and religious from Toronto and other places present at the ceremony were: Rev. A. Horner, C.P.; Rev. Cuthbert, C.P.; Rev. C. McKeown, C.P.; Rev. R. J.

Egan; Rev. F. R. McGinn; Rev. Louis P. Woods; Rev. P. J. Flanagan; Rev. J. Brennan; Rev. P. Rossettis; Rev. Leo McBride; Rev. R. E. Dillon; Rev. Brother Alfred; Rev. Brother Cleophas; Sister Mary Lenore, (House of Providence).

The five candidates for first profession are as follows: Sister Marianna, Miss Leona Gignac, Perkinsfield, Ont.; Sister Stella Marie, Miss Esther Hanley, B.A., Port Arthur, Ont.; Sister St. Albert, Miss Marie Last, Canfield, Ont.; Sister Mary Jean, Miss Patricia Moroney, Chicago, Ill.; Sister Mary Patrick, Miss Mary Simpkin, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Those receiving the habit on April 12, at Loretto Abbey or on March 25, at Loretto Novitiate, Wheaton, Ill., were: Miss Mary Frances Barry, Sister Mary Paul, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Beatrice Brown, Sister M. Josepha, Port Arthur, Ont.; Miss Kathleen Donnelly, Sister M. Dominica, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Helen Eade, Sister Maria Cordis, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Monica Fahlman, Sister M. Cabrini, Kronau, Sask.; Miss Shirley Flynn, B.A., Sister Mary Brigid, Belleville, Ont.; Miss Muriel Mauer, Sister M. Concetta, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Betty Rhoads, Sister M. St. Brian, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Helen Smith, Sister Rosemary, Regina, Sask.; Miss Jessie Stuart, B.A., Sister Anna Mary, Hamilton, Ont.

Understanding

Not by the number of times we met,
Nor by long hours spent in converse gay,
Do I commence my note, "Dear friend," today,
But by a sentence I shall not forget.

A sudden shower had found me near your gate,
Palette in hand, you answered to my knock,
Charming and springlike in your leaf green
smock,

"May I come in until the rains abate?"

And this your answer that I hold so dear!
"Anyone like you—who loves as you
All that is beautiful and good and true,
Is always welcome as the sunshine here."

This is our bond, as timeless as all art. . . .
So, writing "friend," I say it in my heart.

Angela C. Harrison,
Loretto Alumna.

My Mother's Rosary

Looking on it, I see a shaded light,
A quiet room, so lately loud with play,
But hushed and waiting now, as every night,
When long ago we knelt with her to pray.

Her gentle voice spoke words that Mary knew
And loved in ages past. "Hail, Full of Grace!"
Then strongly, like a gathering wave that grew
And broke upon the eternal shores of space,

Our voices chiming, "Holy Mother, pray
To Him Who came through thee our souls to
save,
That we, thy children, close to thee may stay.
In joy or sorrow this is all we crave."

Ah! worn brown beads, no string of pearls
can vie
With wealth of memories that never die.

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle.



P.C. ANNABLE



M.M. BARRY



M.T. CLARKSON



T. GULLIVAN



J.C. HINDS



M.E. HOGAN



A.E. HUNTLEY



M.E. KIRBY



R. LONGO



F.M. MACDONALD



H.M. MALCOLM



K.M. MCGIBBON



H.M.C. MCLOUGHLIN



J. MONAGHAN



L.D. NOBLE



R.G. O'SHAUGHNESSY



R.M. O'SHAUGHNESSY



M.T. SCHUETT



M. THOMPSON

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ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

John Palmer
TORONTO

Loretto



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CORSON—LEONARD

A largely attended event in Holy Family Church was the marriage of Miss Patricia Clarke Leonard (Loretto College School graduate and Loretto College graduate), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Leonard, to Mr. John Roberts Corson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Corson, Birmingham, Mich. Monsignor Basil Markle officiated, and Miss Fleury at the organ accompanied the Douglas sisters, who sang the wedding music.

Mr. Leonard gave his daughter in marriage. Her handsome gown of silver white satin was made on simple lines with round yoke of lace, and appliques of lace on the train. A small Juliet cap, finished with clusters of orange blossoms worn by her mother at her own wedding, held her long veil, and she carried a half-cascade of lily-of-the-valley and white sweet peas. Her matron of honor, Mrs. Charles Rathgeb, Jr., was gowned in orchid crepe, and carried orchid and pink sweet peas with yellow tulips. The bridesmaids, Miss Marion Walker and Miss Eleanor Wheaton, were gowned in pale yellow, carrying yellow tulips with orchid sweet peas. All three had matching straw halos with loops of corded ribbon. Mr. Theodore Corson was groomsman for his brother, and the ushers were Capt. William Leonard, Washington, D.C., and Mr. Bruce Corson, Ann Arbor, Mich.

After the reception at the home of the bride's parents, the couple left by motor for North Carolina, the bride travelling in a check suit

of blue and red with topcoat of smoke blue homespun and matching off-the-face hat with corded ribbon-bow. They will live in Detroit, Michigan.

GRADUATION GLIMPSES

March 23—The Sophomore Class of Loretto College held a formal banquet for the Graduates of 1947 at the College. Reverend L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, was guest speaker. At the banquet the Last Will and Testament of the 4T7 class was read, and was followed by skits presented by the Sophomores, reviewing the present and predicting the future of each graduate. The program was ended with the song composed by the Sophomores, which cleverly repeated the gloomy(?) prophecies.

April 12—The graduates of Loretto College were hostess to their fellow-graduates of St. Joseph's and St. Michael's at a tea. Nominations were held to elect a candidate from St. Michael's, who, because of his academic standing and extra-curricular activities on the campus, would be eligible for the Moss Scholarship. William D. Lyon, a student of Law, was elected unanimously.

April 22—A lovely dinner at the home of Loretto Parnell was given the Loretto graduates by the Loretto Alumnae (College Chapter). The evening was a delightful respite from the tedious study hours to which each graduate had already confined herself. Each graduate received a Sunday Missal, and left amid a chorus of "Good luck" and "Best wishes" for the coming examinations.

June 2—RESULTS—Seventeen graduates—seven in Honour courses—Philosophy and English, Modern Languages, English Language and Literature, Modern History.

June 4—The graduating class and their escorts were entertained at a buffet dinner and dance by Frances Mary MacDonald, a member of the class.

June 5—At the Alexandra Palace the graduates of St. Joseph's and Loretto were entertained at a banquet by St. Michael's Alumnae. Dr. Victoria Mueller Carson, the guest speaker, expressed the wish that the Class of 4T7 would continue to show in the world the leadership which had characterized its members on the campus of the University of Toronto.

June 6—At 8.30 the Baccalaureate Mass was offered for the graduating class of St. Michael's and the professors. His Eminence, James

Cardinal McGuigan, was present in the sanctuary. At 10.30, in Convocation Hall, was held the conferring of Degrees on the graduates in the Pass course, by Chancellor Cody. Miss Mariana Thompson of Loretto, received the Governor-General's Silver Medal for the highest standing in English in the Pass course in the University.

Graduates in the Honours courses were given their Degrees in a convocation held at 2 p.m. Many of the courses were led by students from St. Michael's College.

This was followed by a garden party for all U. of T. graduates and their friends in the University College Quadrangle. At this ceremony the University awards were made and Miss Helen McLoughlin, B.A., President of St. Michael's women, received a gold key in recognition of her proficiency in office.

In the evening Graduation Exercises were held at Loretto College. Parents and friends of the seventeen graduates were guests, as Father Bondy presented to each girl her pin. A Gold Medal for First Class standing in the Pass course was won by Miss Mariana Thompson, B.A. A short musical program followed and then Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The girls having received their guests, left to attend the Graduation Ball at Hart House. After the Ball, breakfast was served at Newman Club for members of St. Michael's graduating class and their friends.

June 8—Graduation festivities were brought to a close when Loretto graduates and their parents attended Mass and a Communion Breakfast at the College. Reverend B. F. Sullivan, C.S.B., was guest speaker.

Thus ended a very busy and happy week-end and the graduates, sorry to leave their friends and professors at Loretto College, returned to their homes, full-fledged "Bachelors of Arts."

Ellen Smeaton.

VALEDICTORY

As the boundaries of our life broaden at our graduation, from the campus to the world, from the family to society, we feel awe-inspired by the challenge that confronts us. The world today is a vast, chaotic, and pathetic spectacle. Man has gained control of nature but not of himself. There is a great need for leadership in maintaining as our objective, peace, prosperity and a true Christian civilization. And we must do our best to help fulfil this need.

It is for us to accept the challenge, in all humility, but fortified by the knowledge that we have been blessed in receiving the greatest possible advantages. For this we have to thank God, then heartily our parents, whose guidance has been as a constant helping hand, and without whom we could not be here before you tonight. We go forth with the seal of the University confirmed in our degrees presented to us today, and earned under the guidance and instruction of the Faculty of St. Michael's College, to whom we shall always be indebted. And most profoundly our gratitude goes to our own college of Loretto, whose Sisters have guided our efforts, inspired our studies, and by precept and example are sending us into the world with high ideals, a keen sense of duty and of the fellowship of man. The three-hundred-year-old Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary is this year celebrating its centenary in America, and we can all take pride in the enviable record made in guiding youth throughout the last hundred years, while we offer our personal thanks for the enlightenment and training we have received at Loretto College.

To my fellow-graduates I would say that we have received from the University an inestimable advantage—we have learned how to educate ourselves. For we admit we are not yet educated. We have been given the training, and we have been shown how to use that delicate instrument that sets men above all other created beings, namely, our minds. The information gained in the University is worthless, if we have not also acquired something far more important—a power to direct and control our thoughts so that we may be led from knowledge to true wisdom and understanding. We are entering a world very different from that which we have known—and we must continue to learn. We must gain experience in the hard game of life, but we have been given the training which will enable us to benefit from that experience. We have been given the opportunity to gain that strength within ourselves which will be the determining factor in either success or failure.

We have the gifts of youth to offer the world—energy, hope for the future, and a reasoned idealism; a confidence, too, in our power to meet and overcome the difficulties ahead, with the help of God and the knowledge and understanding we have gained in the past years. We shall not see the results of our efforts—we can only hope that our deeds, in their small way, will lead eventually to a better world, and to the directing of those with whom we come in contact,

closer to God and to salvation. We ask all to pray with us that we may bravely accept the challenges we shall meet, and that we may be

worthy representatives of our College and our University.

Frances Mary MacDonald, 4T7.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL REUNION TEA

On Saturday, June 14th, the Secretarial Reunion Tea at Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, was well attended by graduates and friends.

Assisting at the tea table were Mrs. R. Meade, Mrs. L. Irwin, Miss Agnes Daly and Miss Helen O'Connell.

Miss Mary MacMahon paid tribute to Mother Evangelista, the pioneer of Commercial Education at Loretto, in whose honour the Scholarships were inaugurated. Scholarship winners for 1946-47 were Miss Joyce Robinson and Miss Shirley MacPhail.

The Grand Draw winners were as follows:

Record Player—M. Oleszko, 308 Crawford Street, Toronto.

Mantel Radio—Carole Radcliffe, 166 Ottawa St. S., Hamilton.

Matched Travelling Set—G. J. O'Brien, 11 Juniper St., Toronto.

"Presto" Pressure Cooker—Mrs. R. Hannan, 302 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto.

Waterman "Taperite" Pen and Pencil Set—Miss Inis Gil, 387 Brunswick Ave.

Kenwood Blanket—H. Hopkinson, 36 Langford Avenue, Toronto.

\$10 Merchandise Voucher—Mme. N. Alarie, Trois Rivières.

\$10 Merchandise Voucher—Miss Carole Tilford, 364 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto.

\$10 Merchandise Voucher—Miss Mayme Jose, 12 Vermont Ave., Toronto.

\$10 Merchandise Voucher—Mr. E. Harrison, Mt. Dennis.

Hot Point Electric Iron—Peter Brisbois, 177 Randolph Rd., Leaside.

Westinghouse Toaster—Miss Theresa McGriskin, Agincourt, Ont.

\$5.00 Merchandise Voucher—Miss Mary Murphy, 653 St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

\$5.00 Merchandise Voucher—Miss Mary Traynor, Kingston, Ontario.

Supremacy Nylon Hose—Miss Helen Michel, 2 Indian Valley Cres., Toronto.

GHOSTS I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET

Often after reading a very interesting biography or novel, I am left with the feeling that I have come very near to attaining something that has somehow slipped out of my grasp. After careful analysis of this strange feeling, I have come to the conclusion that in reading a book I become so fascinated with the characters that, at the end, I am disappointed in not meeting them. I have three favorite "ghosts" (that word has a nice elusive quality to describe them) that I would especially like to meet.

The ghost that reigns supreme in my wishes is aptly enough named Queen Victoria. There is nothing I would rather do some day than appear in her cheerful presence. She would not receive me in state, but in her private sitting-room, and as I would timidly walk toward her, she would smile and beckon me graciously to be seated. Somehow, I think it would be enough just to feast my eyes on her stiff black gown and lacy cap, for you see, my Queen Victoria is an old lady. I can behold her tiny

feet resting on an overstuffed footstool, and her plump hands holding perhaps an album of children's pictures. Then I would ask her the question that has bothered me for some time, and, I have a suspicion, promoted her to first place among my ghosts. "Your Majesty," I would say, "did you **really** propose to Prince Albert?" Then she would smile and set my heart at rest. After this I would softly close the door behind me, leaving the gracious old lady to her pleasant dreams.

Stepping out into the murky English fog—for by this time I am ready to meet another of my "ghosts"—I am struck with the fact that this is an ideal setting for the spirit I wish to meet. To find this phantom I must tour the darkest streets in London, for that is where he belongs. After a little time the flutter of a dark cloak would announce the presence of the Scarlet Pimpernel, Baroness Orczy's famous hero. Perhaps he would bend gallantly over my hand as I stare in undisguised awe at his dusky mask and shadowy apparel, trying to



LORETTO SENIORS ADVANCE TO RECEIVE GRADUATION HONOURS

imagine him in his real life as the dandy, Sir Percy. Oh, yes! I know his true identity and can afford to scorn Lady Margaret's ignorance. I have often travelled with him in imagination on a mysterious barge across the channel, rescuing the unfortunates from certain death, and I have even danced the minuet with Sir Percy in his beautiful drawing room. Finally, I would ask him about his daring plans, and he would tell me of his next adventure as the shadows deepened and the mist swirled about his feet, gradually hiding him from my view. Yes, my dream may come true. I should like to meet the Scarlet Pimpernel.

My last ghost is a jolly fellow, one I should like to meet when I am feeling blue. I think

you would see him in any little cafe, drinking old massic wine, chatting of his Sabine farm and ordering the "puer" to bring garlands to twine about his head. You guessed it; this ghost could be none other than Horace. No doubt, he would graciously ask me to join him, and then I would say: "Tell me, Mr. Flaccus, do you really believe that it is 'dulce pro patria mori?'" I wonder what he would say?

Some day, perhaps, I shall lose that feeling after reading a book, but I hope I'll never lose the liking for my three ghosts: Queen Victoria, the Scarlet Pimpernel and Horace.

Alma Samis, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

CENTENARY GRADUATION CEREMONY OF LORETTO STUDENTS IN CATHEDRAL

This year sees the hundredth anniversary of the first arrival of the Loretto Nuns in Toronto. The community of five Sisters who came from Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Ireland, in 1847 has now grown into the great Loretto Family with numerous and famous schools in Canada and the United States. Three of the first five Sisters died within four years of their coming here, and their remains were interred beneath the Cathedral. Despite all trials, God has visibly blessed the work of the Loretto Order, and the centenary celebrations, which will reach their climax in the fall, are intended as acts of thanksgiving to Almighty God.

The graduating classes of both Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School (Brunswick Ave.) joined in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Thursday, May 22, at 4 p.m., to receive their diplomas. Traditionally and universally the Loretto Nuns (I.B.V.M.) have had a special devotion to St. Michael the Archangel and they are happy that he is the patron of the Archdiocese in which they have their North American Mother House. The first five Sisters came to Toronto when the cathedral was being built. It is inspiring to think that the centenary graduation was held in St. Michael's Cathedral.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop officiated together with His Excellency Bishop Webster, the Rev. Hugh Callaghan, P.P. of Blessed Sacrament Church, and the Very Rev. Frank McNab, C.S.P., P.P. of St. Peter's Church, the parishes in which the two Loretto high schools of Toronto are located.

A solemn Mass of thanksgiving was offered

in the chapel of Loretto Abbey on Pentecost Sunday. The Superiors of all Loretto Houses in North America were invited.

On the Sunday following the Cathedral graduation ceremony, the Loretto Alumnae Association entertained the 1947 graduates of Loretto Abbey, Loretto College and Loretto College School, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. Miss Victoria Douglas was guest singer on the occasion.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT

On a particularly dark, cold night in January, 1940, a certain Norwegian skipper entered the main salon of his south-bound fishing vessel. He surveyed his nine "pale-green" passengers with a helpless look. They were all very much frightened and all very sick. The news he was bringing certainly wasn't going to make them any happier. His sharp request for attention brought nine pairs of eyes immediately to his face. In his broken English he told the listeners that he was about to leave the coastal islands and make a dash for the safety of the Norwegian coast—over a seven-mile stretch of international water. Three ships had been sunk the previous day. Two were coalers and one, like theirs, a fishing boat. The chances of success were slim, but the presence of British and Americans on his ship was too dangerous for him to prolong their stay. He was determined to land them before an enemy man-of-war became too inquisitive.

The passengers received the news with mixed



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

BACK ROW: Maria Teresa Creel, Maria Letizia Leopardi, Marie Gonzales, Marie Sullivan, Lethem Roden, Elizabeth Cormack, Elizabeth MacPherson, Catherine Given, Isobelle Jaeger, Mary Frances Walpole.
 MIDDLE ROW: Joan Brown, Ruth MacDonald, Kathleen Buck, Julia McCool, Catherine Hoare, Helen LaBine, Elsie Ann Plumtree, Anne McNevin, Winnifred O'Gorman, Olga Bobes, Margaret Kearns.
 FRONT ROW: Lorraine Menard, Marilyn Kelly, Joanne McWilliam, Catherine Mary Stinson, Frances O'Grady, Josephite McSloy, Joyce Kornacker, Alice Buscher, Barbara Smith, Johanne Johnson.



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

BACK ROW: Suzanne McGrath, Marie Kaufman, Helen Varley, Alma Gamis, Mary Fair, Elizabeth Letby, Donna Crooks, Colombe Cousineau,
Francis Cayne, Clare Ciecone, Joan Barton, Margaret Heydon.
FRONT ROW: Lois La France, Margaret Donohue, Carmel Marks.

Photo by Cyril Cassidy

feelings. I could tell from my mother's swift glance at my five-year-old sister what *her* thoughts were; for myself, I can remember only a feeling of relief that at last this period of inaction was over. For two weeks we had been drifting in and out of fjords, loading and re-loading those horrible fish. Anything seemed better than the suspense and tension of waiting for something you dreaded.

The "Irma" was a slow little ship and, although the captain had ordered all lights extinguished by eight-thirty, he did not expect to reach X on the coast until well after eleven. The "Irma" was supposedly a neutral ship, but the disaster of the previous day had sunk one "neutral" ship, and the captain was taking no chances.

We left the island port shortly after eight-thirty at night and headed out over the open stretch of sea. The nine of us sat huddled in one corner of the salon, drinking a vile-tasting Norwegian beverage guaranteed to take anybody's mind off anything in the effort to swallow it.

The tension was a terrific strain on the nerves. My little sister began to whimper, and we all scolded the poor child for making a noise. The tendency was to keep absolutely still, hardly breathing. It seemed as if we thought the slightest whisper would betray our presence. No one would go below. We were all too frightened of being closed in our tiny cabins, and much preferred the cold, salty, fish-smelling air of the salon.

Thus we sat for nearly four hours. Quiet we all were and each busy with his own thoughts, mine mainly of home, which I never expected to see again. Through it all was that irritating smell of codfish piled on the decks, piled in the salon, piled everywhere!

When we finally slipped into X harbour at midnight, the captain visited us again as we prepared to disembark. In a matter-of-fact tone he informed us that we had been followed the entire distance by a long, dark, shiny object—obviously an enemy submarine. He wished us luck and Godspeed, and offered us each a crate of codfish, then he was gone.

Even today, when the captain is a mere be-whiskered memory, the sight or smell of codfish brings a very peculiar feeling—one of mingled relief and fear—and, I must admit, of utter repulsion too.

Margaret Kearns, XIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MARYLAKE

Marylake! The very name brings a host of memories. What is Marylake? It is a thousand-acre farm about thirty miles from Toronto, first owned by the Basilian Fathers, who chose my father to manage it for them. As I think of the time we spent there, the years seem to have passed too swiftly.

As a Catholic settlement—with some fifty Catholics—Marylake had its own church and school. The chapel was a little log cabin, nestled in a grove of blue spruce; the school, a converted recreation room of a summer bungalow standing on a terraced hill. This hill overlooked the cool blue lake from which the farm took its name. Every one participated in the many church ceremonies, but the one I loved the best took place every year on Corpus Christi. Then it was that we children felt important, for we were privileged to go before Our Lord in outdoor procession, strewing before Him the wild May flowers we had gathered from the woods. It was a lovely ceremony, and even the youngest of us felt its beauty.

School, too, was a source of happiness. Outside school hours we enjoyed our life in the outdoors. Many a time we roamed through the dim woods that harboured a few deer and their young, and where every wild flower imaginable was found. The lake served a double purpose, for cool swimming in Summer, for vigorous skating in winter.

Thus, we lived through one long happy holiday at Marylake.

Phyllis Lanthier, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HAPPY DAYS

"Under the flying white clouds, and
the broad blue lift of the sky. . . ."

A week spent at a lovely hacienda at San Miguel Regla stands out as one of my happiest memories. The ruins of what was once a vast estate transferred us from a restless world to a gay fairyland. Life in this paradise was easy and carefree. Here was a variety of sports with the added attraction of beautiful surroundings.

Luckily, all of us were of the same enthusiastic mental calibre. We could ride, or fish, play golf, swim or row. Fishing and golf we eliminated, as lacking in excitement. "Be

ready to ride at eight," someone imperiously said, and eight o'clock found us mounted. I can think of nothing that leaves me happier and more grateful for life than riding. The fresh air blowing against my face, when I'm cantering at full speed, unconsciously makes me smile.

One day we visited the ruins of an ancient, majestic residence where we heard sad, romantic stories of the one-time residents. There was about the place a mysterious, secret atmosphere which made us speak in a low voice. The path away from the residence led through a forest of vast trees whose tops were hidden from sight. Clear, little streams made their way through long silky grass, where very often only the gay and rippling laughter of the waters could be heard.

After riding we swam where a tumbling waterfall made swimming a tempestuous affair, and gave us a ravenous appetite.

The day was crowned by a glorious evening. Around the fireplace, watching the contortions of the flames in their mad dance, we all sat dreaming, some of us, perhaps, building castles in the air. What were my dreams I do not know. All the emotions of that perfect day were happily mingled together, but gratitude was surely uppermost.

Sofia Martin, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

VIEWING TWO OCEANS IN ONE DAY

It was in 1939. We had sailed for almost seven days from Nicaragua to Panama. Each one of us was waiting for the moment when we would see one of the greatest marvels of the world, the artificial river built by man to connect the two largest oceans of the world, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

I was thrilled at the very thought of crossing the Panama Canal for the first time in my life, and even though I was only a child of ten, I realized then that this experience was going to be one of the most interesting that I would ever have.

We were only five and a half miles from the Canal but we could not see it yet because we were sailing very near the coast, and, at that moment, were in a small bay.

After what seemed hours, in reality twenty minutes, I held my breath, for there, was the great canal, and in a few hours we would be sailing in the waters at the other side of the

continent, having been in both oceans the same day.

As we got nearer the coast we could see much better and could also be seen much better; just as soon as we were spied from the coast, all the whistles began to blow. The sluice then opened letting the water fall into the dike where we had stopped.

We could feel the boat rising until we were at the same level as the dike ahead of us. Then the second sluice started to open, and so on, until many, many had opened and closed behind us. It took us almost six hours to get to the end of the canal. The last sluices let us pass to the Atlantic Ocean and closed to separate us from the Pacific.

Marjory Murray, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

Pleasant memories! What wonderful memories I have of my summer on the farm. The home smell of baking, the dull thud of hooves in the pasture, the tinkle of the cow-bells, the soft cluck of the hens, the sunrise, the sunset, all bring back delightful memories.

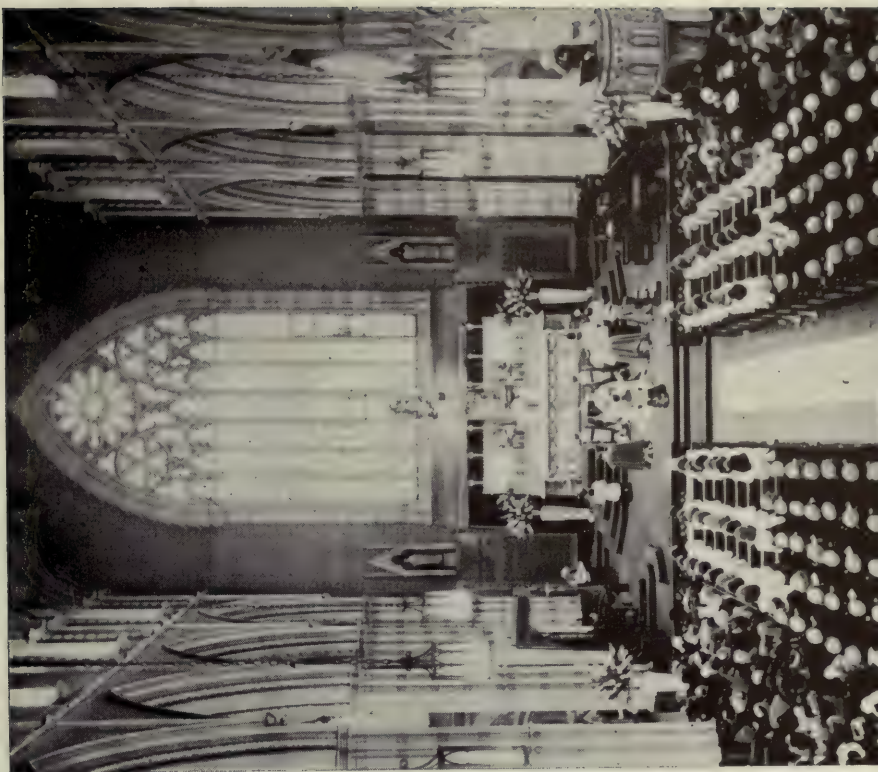
There, one hears in marvellous wonder, the music of God's creation. In the evening the wind whispering through the tall pines, creates a serenade of beautiful music, a hymn of praise to the Infinite Creator. In the morning, wafted on the warm breeze, comes the gay song of a robin, the glorious melody of a lark as he soars heavenward. Every creature from the largest to the smallest, does its share to add to earth's song.

There, no man-made creation of stone and mortar rises to mar the picture. The sun, setting in the east radiates its flaming colour 'till the whole sky is streaked with hues of orange, crimson and mauve. Then the shades of night fall and the pale moon once more is queen. Before long, night is past and in the east glimmers a faint light, then the fiery sun rises above the horizon. The dark blue of the heavens softens to a lighter hue, resembling our Lady's mantle, and soon the whole world is awake to greet the new day. On every side, stretches the yellow gold of harvest, set off by the blue sky flecked with fleecy white clouds. Only pleasant memories from dawn to dawn again!

Shirley Rouleau, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

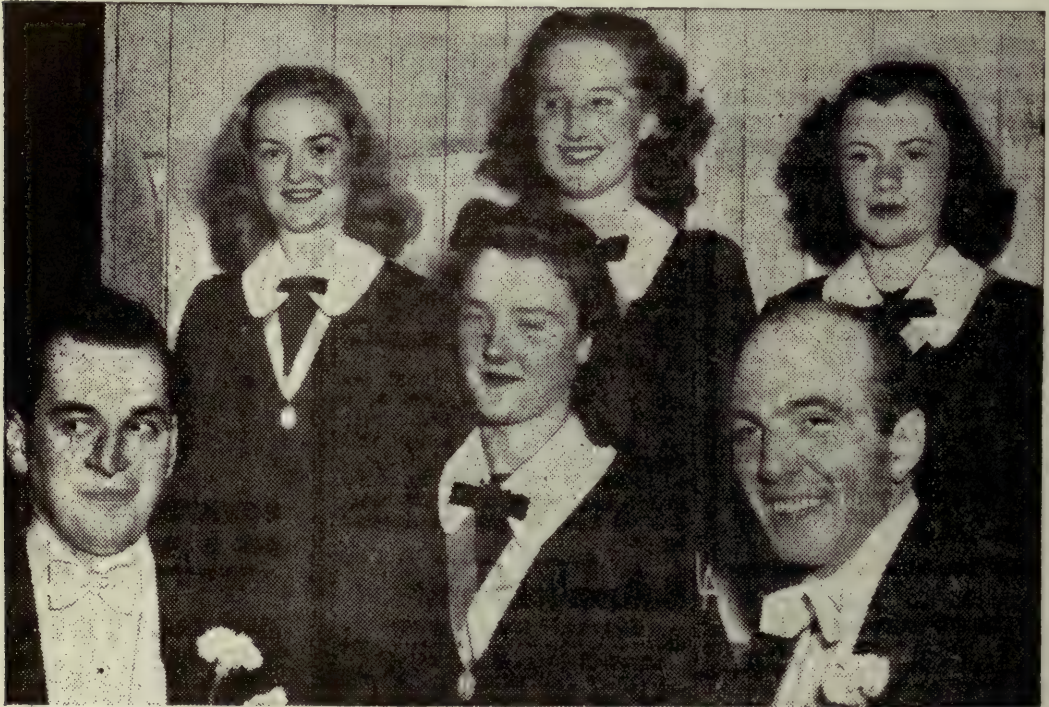


Graduates of Loretto Abbey and of Loretto College School receive graduation honours from His Eminence in St. Michael's Cathedral.



Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, closing Ceremony of the Loretto Graduation, 1947

LORETTO GUELPH GIRLS IN CHORAL RECITAL, COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY



MEMBERS of the Loretto Academy chorus are shown above after presentation of a concert at the Church of Our Lady. From left to right, back row: Peggy Cartledge, Betty McCarron, Mary Lou Grieve; bottom row, Bill Stuart, accompanist; Betty MacMillan, soloist; and Clifford McClelland, director.—Mercury Staff Photo.

To commemorate the centenary of the coming to Canada of five young nuns from Ireland, on September 16, 1847, students of Loretto Academy expressed their mingled sentiments of joy and gratitude in song. A most delightful evening of music was presented as the student body sang "Music Lovers' Favorites" in the Church of Our Lady hall on Tuesday evening. The singing was under the direction of Mr. Clifford McClelland and accompanied by Mr. William Stuart on the organ or piano. As a centenary thanksgiving for the establishment of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, (commonly known as the Loretto Community) boxes are being sent to schools in England, Austria, Hungary, Germany and Italy. Proceeds of this concert will be spent for this worthy cause. The program is as follows:

1—O Canada; Waltz of the Flowers, Tschai-kowsky; Maxims of Mary Ward; Cheery Song, D. Slater; The Lost Chord, Arthur Sullivan; Evening Prayer, E. Humperdinck, from "Han-

sel and Gretel."

II—(Special group of singers)—Waxen Lights, Alfred Moffat; Vocal Gavotte; Kyrie Eleison, XII Century; Georgian.

Grade X—Alleluia, W. Mozart, Betty MacMillan; A Heart That's Free, Alfred G. Robyn.

III—Loretto Victory Song, Ave Verum Corpus, Alex Guilmant; Spring Greeting, Johann Strauss; Blue Danube Waltz; Ave Maria Loretto, J. E. Rieger; Christ Triumphant, Pietro A. Yon.

IV—French Songs (Grade IX)—Entendez-Vous? Dans la Forêt Lointaine; Lisa s'en Va Joyeuse; Elle Etait une Bergère; La Marseillaise, (Betty MacMillan); Sing, Sing, Break Into Song, Mallinson.

V—Panis Angelicus, Cesar Frank; Hiking song arranged by B. and M. Krone, English song; Victor Herbert Favorites, three-part arrangement; Czecho-Slovakian dance song, arranged by Charles Manney.

God Save the King.



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTA ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

STANDING: Left to right—Mary Corcoran, Lena Luciani, Patricia Craig, Margot Campbell, Margaret Lalor, Joan Sheppard, Kathryn Wick, Irene Schneider, Jolanna Williams, Mary Greenwood.
 SEATED: Left to right—Edith Leeper, Martha Puente, Joan Dawson, Adele Dodge, Concha Agurdia, Corlune Cronmiller, Rosemary Aversa.

LORETTO-GUELPH PRIZE WINNERS

Miss Gloria Noonan, Grade XII, merited the gold medal donated by Rev. Father Kehoe for highest standing in Junior Matriculation, a close second was Patricia Craven, who merited the Religion medal donated by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly.

Miss Ann Hauser won the gold cross and chain donated by the Sodality of the Church of Our Lady for highest standing in Grade X. Religion; Miss Irene Clair was awarded a gold cross and chain for winning the Final Oratoricals. Miss Helen Craven, Grade XI, received the twenty dollar cheque awarded by His Excellency Bishop Ryan, for second prize in the Religion examination held in the Diocese of Hamilton. Congratulations, Helen!

* * *

The members of the Young Ladies' Sodality

of the Church of Our Lady held the annual communion breakfast at Loretto Convent on Sunday. Each year this special ceremony is held on Mary's Day as special tribute to Mary the Mother of the Christian world.

The speaker for the occasion was Msgr. McGrath, who has spent many years in charge of Mission work in China.

NIGHTFALL

Nod cometh slowly down the street
And scatters dreams about their feet,
For children nestled in their beds
Have gone to sleep and bowed their heads.

The music floating o'er the hills
Is blending with the whip-poor-wills.
The owl hoots, the cat-bird calls,
To mates within the forest walls.

Evelyn McCoy, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Graduation Exercises

Exquisitely gowned in white taffeta and net and carrying bouquets of shaded pink rosebuds, sweet peas and bouvardia, tied with Loretto hue velvet streamers, seventeen graduates received their diplomas in the impressive and beautiful 86th graduation exercises of Loretto Academy, held recently in Mount Carmel College Auditorium. The tiny flower girls who accompanied the graduates were daintily clad in white frilled frocks. The Very Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Dean of St. Catharines, gave the address to the graduating class.

The lovely frocks worn by the graduates were fashioned with a taffeta bodice, sweetheart neckline and short puffed sleeves. The full net skirts fell in graceful folds to the floor and at the low waistline in back dipped to form a circular peplum. Their long net mitts were appliqued with a taffeta floral design.

Miss Joan Sheppard gave the salutatory address and Miss Adele Dodge was the valedictorian.

Standards of pink and white peonies, roses and snapdragons banked the stage and formed the lovely setting before which the graduates passed for the conferring of graduation honors by the Very Rev. Richard Haag, O.Carm, Prior of Mt. Carmel College.

On either side of the edge of the stage were the figures 1847-1947, outlined in florets of

gypsophilia, marking the centenary of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, being observed this year.

Seated tier on tier, behind the graduates and their flower girls, were the students of the senior school who enhanced the musical part of the program with vocal selections under the direction of student conductor, Miss Mary George of Fort Erie. The numbers sung were "O Sacrum Convivium," Roberto Remondi; "Service," Charles Wakeman Cadman; "Greeting to Spring," (Blue Danube Waltz) Johann Strauss, and "Ave Maria Loretto," Welsh-Reiger. Miss Helen Grisdale, A.T.C.M., was the accompanist.

The winner of the medal of the Constance Renaud Trophy for special achievement in music, for 1947, Miss Martha Puente, delighted the large audience with her beautiful piano presentation of "Soaring, Opus 12, Number 2" by Schumann.

Dean McQuillen, in congratulating the graduates, pointed out that "Education is the training of the heart and the mind and the soul to meet life in reality." He stressed the preciousness of life in age and in youth, and reminded the class not to forget the gentle teachings of the Sisters. To have been afforded a Christian education is a privilege, the Very Rev. Dean McQuillen said. Students owe thanks to their parents for the opportunity of going to school.

The graduates were, Margot Campbell, Mary Corcoran, Mary Greenwood, Patricia Craig, Corinne Cronmiller, Edith Leeper, and Joan Sheppard, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Rosemary Aversa and Adele Dodge, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Lena Luciani, Thorold; Irene Schneider, Welland; Joanna Williams and Margaret Lalor, Oakville; Kathryn Wick, Kenmore, N.Y.; Joan Dawson, Montreal, Quebec; Concha Azurdia, Guatemala City, C.A.; and Martha Puente, Havana, Cuba.

Attending the graduates as flower girls were: Carol Ann Biamonte, Elaine Waytko, Mary Jean Jamieson, Jean Kent, Mary Margaret McMillan, Helen Reid, Rosalie Knott, Loretto Leone, Katherine Burke, Eileen Peuss, Sandra Lee Kalbfleisch, Barbara Burke, Anne Louise Baldus, Geraldine Willick, Joanne Baldry, Ruth McVicar and Loretto De Fazzio.

The awards are as follows: The Papal Medal for highest standing in Grade XII and the

medal for highest standing in English Literature in Grade XII presented by Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, both awarded, to Miss Adele Dodge; the Annie Saunders Sutherland Memorial Scholarship, Miss Margaret Coyle, Grade X; medal presented to the winner of the Constance Renaud Trophy for special achievement in music, awarded for 1946 to Beverly Armstrong; for 1947, to Miss Martha Puente; 1946 Scholarship presented by the Local Loretto Alumnae Association awarded to Joanne Merry; prizes awarded in the recent poetry competition of the John McCrae, Niagara Falls Chapter of "Avalon in Canada," first place—Eleanor Willick; second, Patricia Robins, and third, Miss Adele Dodge.

Honored guests were, His Grace Archbishop Duhig, Archbishop of Brisbane, Australia, Monsignor English of Australia and Monsignor Cassidy of Hamilton.



SODALITY OFFICERS, LORETTO-NIAGARA, 1946-7



King Charles and Joan



Sir Pierre and the King



**Concha Azurdia
as St. Margaret**



Top Centre—Martha Puente as St. Catherine

**Middle Centre—Martha Puente as St. Catherine,
Rosemary Aversa as Joan, Adele Dodge as
St. Michael, Concha Azurdia as St. Margaret.**



**Rosemary Aversa as
Joan of Arc**

**Bottom Centre—Joan, The Bishop of Beauvais,
The Duke of Bedford**

Historical Play in Six Scenes

Monday Evening, May 28, 1947

The English, however, still held much territory in France, and hard fighting continued. In 1430, the treacherous Burgundians captured Joan in a battle and sold her to the English for \$110,000. Joan was taken to Rouen, where she was tried for heresy, pronounced guilty, and condemned to be burned at the stake. On May 30, 1431, she suffered this terrible penalty. Charles VII, for whom she had done so much, made no attempt to help her. However, some years after her martyrdom, he demanded a revision of the trial, and her innocence was admitted and acknowledged. The Catholic Church canonized her May 16, 1920.

Joan at Domremy in the year 1428, hears the heavenly message from St. Michael, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret.

Joan of Arc.....Rosemary Aversa
St. Michael, Archangel.....Adele Dodge
St. Catherine.....Martha Puente
St. Margaret.....Concha Azurdia
Courtiers.....June Maingot, Mary Coreoran,
 Patricia Foley, Betty Lonsway,
 Jackie Williams, Joyce Luz
Ladies of the Court.....
 Selma Vieira, Mary George, Nancy Flynn
Sir Pierre, a Courtier.....Joan Sheppard
King Charles of France.....Joan Dawson
English Soldiers
 Margot Campbell, Zela Vieira
French Soldiers
 Margot Azurdia, Kathryn Wick,
 Luvy Navas, Maria Lacayo
The Bishop of Beaurais.....Margaret Lalor
Judges of the Court.....Irene Schneider,
 Corinne Cronmiller, Patricia Foley,
 Jackie Williams, Margot Campbell
The Duke of Bedford.....Lena Luciani
The Crowd at Rouen
The heavenly choir

The Senior resident Students

Assisting the Cast

Business Manager.....Patricia Craig
TicketsCorinne Cronmiller,
 Patricia Foley, Nancy Flynn
ProgrammesConcha Azurdia
Patrons Adele Dodge
Advertising Joan Sheppard
Stage Manager..... Mary Coreoran
Scenery and Properties..... Margaret Lalor
Lighting Assistants..... Patricia Craig
 Corinne Cronmiller
Music Martha Puente
Mistress of Wardrobe..... Edith Leeper
Ladies of the Wardrobe..... Mary Greenwood
 Kathryn Wick, Muriel Doucette,
 Joan Hunter, Joanne Merry
Lighting arrangements by Mr. John W. Hamer,
 Niagara Falls
Costumes by Mallabar, and the Patricia Card
 Company, Toronto

SPRINGTIME

(Awarded first prize in the Avalon Society
 Poetry Contest)

Early in the joyous Spring
 When flowers are asleep
 The dainty little crocus bud
 Awakes from its long sleep.

You see fresh Easter lilies
 So fragile and so white
 And in each rippling brook you pass
 The frog his song doth pipe.

Late in the joyous Springtime
 When trees begin to bloom
 Warm breezes blow across the land
 To clear up Winter's gloom.

The woodlands and the pastures grey
 Turn green with Spring's bright dress
 While merry sunshine warms the earth—
 And chilly rains grow less.

The farmer, eager with his plough,
 Toils hard from morn to eve,
 Thinks of the days ahead of him
 Of things he will achieve.

When day is done, and dusk is nigh
 And birds have gone to nest
 The voice of God sighs on the air,
 "Have joy, the world is blessed!"

Eleanor Willick,
 Loretto, Niagara.

PATIENCE

(Second place in the John McCrae, Niagara
 Falls Chapter of "Avalon in Canada"
 Poetry Competition)

Whatever is ailing the weather this year?
 Such jumbling of seasons is certainly queer!
 Two or three times we bade winter adieu
 And each time she left us, but then back
 she flew.

Comes a morning of sunshine. Earth squeals
 with delight,
 "She's gone! Winter's left us and Spring is
 in sight!"
 Vales, forests, and meadows respond to the call
 And the sun's benediction rests warmly on
 all.

With gurglings of joy brooklets wend on their
 way.
 Freedom at last! How they've longed for
 this day!
 Shy buds slowly waken and rubbing their eyes
 Gaze sleepily first, then in joyous surprise

At the great transformation, they call forth
 in glee
 Their still-slumb'ring neighbours that they
 too might see.
 Birds carol their happiness. Songs fill the air
 Gay callings of welcome are heard every-
 where.

But during the night Winter opens the door
 And ousting poor Spring, takes possession
 once more,
 Makes captive the brooklets, sends back to its
 bed
 Each bud which had raised from Earth's
 pillow its head.

Unquestioning and docile they back again go
 Once more are tucked in with a blanket of
 snow.
 They make not a murmur, they voice no
 protest,
 They know in their hearts their Creator
 knows best.

It is only we mortals that carry on so—
 "What's holding back Spring?" and "I'm
 tired of this snow!"
 It is hard for patience, on that I agree,
 But if Nature can wait, why then surely
 can't we?

Patricia Robins,
 Loretto, Niagara.



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Top Row: Anne Moffat, Pamela Latour, Ann Cummings.
3rd Row: Audrey Livingstone, Gwynne Parker, Mary Lovering.
2nd Row: Joan Grightmire, Liane Williams, Frances O'Brien.
Front Row: Dorothy Hannaford, Doreen Emery, Joan Bolton.

OUR LADY OF THE CATARACT

(Third place award in the John McCrae Niagara Falls Chapter of "Avalon in Canada" Poetry Competition)

Far above the roar and crash,
Above the rushing, swirling splash,
Above the rocks and mist and foam;
Above the evening's sigh and moan,
She gazes down with love toward earth,
She, who gave the Saviour birth,
Our Lady of the Cataract.

Crimson dyed by morning sun
The waters, which from far have come.
Halt now upon the very steep,
And with exultant joy they leap
Upon the rocks, then billow high
In misty pillars towards the sky,
To Our Lady of the Cataract.

At night the moon above the waves
A silver sheen, the water bathes
The rising spray in starry light
Like incense 'mid Cathedral heights
Is wafted o'er the moss-hung walls
O'er the ghostly, glowing falls,
To Our Lady of the Cataract.

The sparkling rainbow's brilliant gem,
Her multi-colored diadem—
She sits enthroned o'er rocky cliffs,
O'er dancing, foam-specked rifts.
Niagara, mighty and supreme,
Nature's tribute to its queen,
To Our Lady of the Cataract.

Adele Dodge,
Loretto, Niagara.

Congratulations to Miss Eleanor Willick, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Grade XI, on receiving First Prize in Poetry Contest, sponsored by the "John McCrae Poetry Competition;" also to Miss Patricia Robins and Miss Adele Dodge, 2nd and 3rd prize winners respectively in the competition.

Congratulations to Miss Victoria Douglas, winner of the second prize in the Singing Stars of To-morrow Contest of this season.

Miss Douglas is a coloratura, her voice is buoyant and flexible and she employs it with skill, particularly in the upper register.

Victoria is a graduate of Loretto Abbey and during the past year was a pupil of Mother St. Alban, Music Bae, in the theoretical subjects of music, at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Graduation Exercises

On Friday, May 16, Loretto Academy, Hamilton, held its Eighty-second Graduation Exercises in the auditorium, which was filled to capacity by parents and friends of the graduates.

The processional of the graduates with their flower girls, dressed in blue net, was most attractive.

It was our privilege to have as honoured guests His Excellency Bishop Ryan, and His Worship Mayor Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence.

After the conferring of honours, His Worship addressed the graduates, telling them of his pride and joy at being present on this occasion. His Excellency also addressed the graduates, stressing the importance of good Catholic women in the world to-day. The guest speaker for the occasion was Reverend Claude Engemann, O.Carm., of St. Patrick's Parish, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Miss Frances O'Brien gave the valedictory the main theme of which was the need the whole world has of turning to God in prayer.

Miss Audrey Livingstone gave the salutatory in which she thanked all who had come to felicitate them on this occasion.

The Senior Choral Class rendered several musical selections under the able direction of Mr. Clifford McLelland of Guelph, Ontario.

The program closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

A STUDENT'S THOUGHT

Stretched on a rug before the hearth
At the close of a busy day,
I hear the flames a-whispering—
To me they seem to say,
"Be happy now
That your day's work is done
And the goal that you've worked for—
That goal is won.

"The lessons you've learned
You shall never forget
And the time that you've studied
You'll never regret.
For these studies and lessons,
Like steps on the way,
Will help you reach heav'n—
At the close of life's day."

Maureen Flanagan, X,
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Left to right: Mary Reinhart, Rita Kelly, Jean Bannon, Anne Campbell.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Graduation Exercises

The Graduation Exercises, held at Loretto Academy on Friday evening, May 30, were reported as follows in "The Stratford Beacon-Herald" of May 31:

"The graduation honors were conferred on four graduates by Very Dean D. J. Egan, who also presented the academic awards merited by other students of the Academy. The guest speaker was Rev. W. K. Amyot, S.F.M., St. Mary's. Short congratulatory addresses were also given by Mayor J. Maurice King, an alumnus of Loretto, and Rev. W. T. Corcoran, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

"Dr. G. S. Hanmore, Grand Knight of Kilroy Council, Knights of Columbus, H. A. DuCharme, Chairman of the Separate School Board, and other members of the Board were also present.

"The ceremonies of graduation were preceded by the crowning of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the month of May is dedicated. The graduates entered the chapel in procession, passing through a guard of honor formed by the children who received their First Holy Communion in St. Joseph's Church on Sunday last. The crown was placed on a statue of the Virgin Mary by Rita Schultz. The high school students of the Academy sang hymns appropriate to the occasion and also the hymns during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given by Dean Egan.

"It was an impressive spectacle for the large audience of parents, relatives and friends of the students to witness the graduates proceed in single file to the platform. They were costumed in formal white gowns with crowns of white flowers and carried arm bouquets of pastel pink snapdragon tied with blue ribbon. The platform was effectively arranged with baskets of snapdragon, tulips and blossoms in fragile white.

Greetings Extended

"The program was opened with the singing of 'In Thy Name, O Mary,' a composition of Rev. J. Mohr, S.J., by the choral class. Miss Mary Reinhart, one of the graduating class, gave the salutatory, extending a welcome and greetings to the audience. Miss Rita Kelly, also among the graduates, was the valedictorian. She stated that though graduation day means farewell to carefree school days, after

their years of study and training the graduates are prepared and willing to step forth and make an effort to rectify the confusion prevalent in the present day world. She stated that farewell, though tinged with sorrow, also holds joy for those who are fortified for the vicissitudes of life. She voiced the opinion that the memories, ideals and ambitions cherished by the graduating class will ever be a bond of unity. Other numbers of the choral class included 'Waltz of The Flowers,' from the 'Nutcracker Suite,' and 'God of All Nature,' by Tchaikowsky, which were beautifully sung in three part harmony. The singing was under the direction of Miss Theresa Stock.

"In his address Father Amyot commended the Religious of the Loretto Order on their achievements in the realm of education during their first centenary in America. He spoke of the value of Catholic education, which, he asserted, equips young people with both material and spiritual knowledge. 'Catholic education,' it was stated, 'provides knowledge, a Catholic attitude toward life and teaches young people to stand up for the principles of Christian living.'

"Addressing the graduates, the speaker admonished them to go forth and put into action the things they have been taught in their Catholic education and to carry their Catholic principles through their varied careers. He expressed the hope that some members of the class would receive a call to the religious life and thus be afforded an opportunity to carry on the tradition inculcated by their teachers. Those who are destined to enter the married state, Father Amyot advised 'Live well; be faithful to your vows and keep the family together. Go forth,' said the missionary priest, 'serve God faithfully and, like St. Joan of Arc, whose feast the Catholic Church celebrates today, you will be crowned with everlasting glory in heaven.'

"Mayor King voiced a feeling of pride towards the graduates, who in his opinion, are a credit to themselves, to their parents, to their school and their church. He reminded them of their responsibility to the community and urged them to carry that responsibility worthily.

"The Mayor officially commended the Ladies of Loretto on the excellent work they are carrying on in the community.

"Father Corcoran congratulated the graduates and expressed the hope that life would bring them many blessings which will mean

success for them in whatever sphere they may choose. He admonished them to bear in mind that they carry with them the honor of their church and school.

"Graduation honors were conferred on Monica Jewan Bannon, daughter of Mr. Howard Bannon, 65 Charles Street, and the late Mrs. Bannon; Mary Theresa Reinhart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Reinhart, 148 Rebecca Street; Rita Catherine Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kelly, R.R. 1, Stratford; and Anne Marie Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, 366 Romeo Street.

Honor Roll

"Those who have completed their commercial course and received pins for typing were: Bernice Flanagan, Mary Feeney, Angela Ryan, Helen Teahen, Dolores O'Sullivan, Grace Rougits and Anne Marie Walter.

"The honor roll was read by Rita Butler and the prizes were awarded by Dean Egan, Father Corcoran and Mayor King, assisted by Eileen Herron. The prizes were as follows: Highest standing in religious knowledge, merited equally by Rita Kelly and Anne Campbell; general proficiency in the Commercial Department, Bernice Flanagan; general proficiency in Junior Matriculation, Jean Bannon; highest standing in religious knowledge in Grades IX and X, Eileen Herron.

"The program was concluded with the singing of 'Ave Maria Loretto' and the National Anthem."

BENVENUTO CELLINI

Benvenuto Cellini was one of the world's famous sculptors. He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1500, and was one of a family of three children. The other two were a brother and a sister. He was very fond of both and faithful to his parents. This is shown by the way he obeyed them in studying music, when he was really born for the plastic art profession.

Since his ambition was so strong for plastic arts he was permitted by his father, at the age of fifteen, to enter a career as a goldsmith. In this profession he became quite famous, but this was still not his ambition. He had planned to become a sculptor. Cellini did not give up music, although most of his time was given to the goldsmith industry.

Cellini was brave, generous, self-reliant and notoriously hot-tempered. His temper was his worst passion and might have led him to de-

struction. For instance, when the taunts of Pampeo provoked a blow from Cellini it immediately proved fatal. The blow was meant to wound and not to kill. This was a very serious offence in Italy and might have sentenced him to a lifetime imprisonment, but he was pardoned by Pope Clement.

At this time Cellini was a member of Pope Clement's Band of Musicians, but most of his time was still devoted to the goldsmith's art, in which he was unique. He wrote treatises on the goldsmith's art, sculpture and bronze-casting. He composed verses and acquired world-wide fame for his autobiography.

Cellini was also a soldier in Rome in 1527. He was claimed to have been the one who aimed the gun that killed the enemies' leader, Constable Bourbon. Cellini was arrested for stealing Church funds and was imprisoned from 1537 to 1539 when he made his escape. He died in 1571.

Cellini's last important work was a white marble crucifix. Among his other works still preserved are the golden salt-cellars in Vienna, and the famous shield now at Windsor Castle in England.

Irene Givlin,
Commercial Department,
Loretto, Stratford.

WHAT IS CANADA?

At this time, when many nations of the world are trying to rebuild after the devastations of World War II, let us humbly give thanks that we live in Canada and have been spared the material destruction of war. And how could we do this better than by turning to the history books to see what we can find about her places, their names and what they mean.

Let us go back even farther and find where America got its name. History tells us that America was discovered by an Italian explorer, Christopher Columbus, and we would naturally expect that the continent would be named after him. Although his name is immortalized in the names of rivers, cities and states, it has nothing to do with the word "America."

Delving further into history books we discover that America was named after Amerigo Vespucci, an intimate friend of Christopher Columbus, who accompanied him on one of his journeys to the new world.

One of the famous countries in North America is Canada, a land of plenty and of great natural resources. Where did Canada get its name? It is derived from the Indian word "kanata," meaning a small collection of huts, because that is precisely what Jacques Cartier saw when he first landed on the wooded shores of North America. Jacques Cartier also must be given credit for naming one of the largest rivers in North America, the St. Lawrence. He named it so because he discovered it on the feast of St. Lawrence, and he also named Canada's largest city "Montreal," which is a contraction of the French form of Mount Royal, the ridge which forms the background of Montreal.

The largest of the Great Lakes, Lake Superior, was so named simply because of being superior to the other lakes in size.

Coming closer home, to the largest city in our own province, Toronto, we find that it is an Indian name meaning a place of rendezvous. It was there that the Indians held their first meeting. Coming still closer to home, to our own county of Perth, we find that our forefathers wished to maintain some of their ancestral memories. They accordingly named "Perth" after Perth in Scotland. The city of Stratford received its name from Stratford on Avon in England, the famed birthplace of William Shakespeare. Other settlements which are prominent in Canada are French, German, Italian and Irish.

From this we can see the close co-operation which fostered the growth of Canada from the beginning and through two world wars. Surely this same co-operation will not be lacking in the difficult days ahead.

Let us work as individuals to keep Canada what it is!

Mary Feeney,
Commercial Department,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

FUTURE PLANS

The future! These words mean much to some people and very little to others. It is sometimes difficult to imagine a person's future, however, every individual is planning for one thing or another.

I am one of those planners. When I was in Lower school I had my mind set on being a

teacher. The thought of going through High school and Normal school, and then standing in front of a class seemed to be the only thing I wanted to do in life. I used to tell my younger sister of pre-school age many little things, imagining myself as a teacher.

These visions soon passed away and I found myself relaxing. When I reached High school I kept changing my mind, and was quite undecided.

As my Grade Nine year was drawing to a close I thought I should like to obtain Junior Matriculation, and train for a nurse. My parents said I would never have enough patience with the patients. But I was convinced I could, and I still think that my last plans hold good.

Rita Kelly, XII,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

DREAMS

We all have many dreams, some that will come true and others that will not. From among all mine, I have one around which I could plan and think for hours upon hours, and that is, "The house I would like to own."

My house would be a two-storey one, rambling and ranch-like in style, with two very wide windows at the front. One of these would be a lovely "bay" window. They would be covered with fine, loose, criss-cross curtains, with a little frill on the edge.

At the right side of the house, extending from front to back, would be the patio. This would be enclosed with glass. In it would be a fireplace, a barbecue, some soft, low, cozy chairs and a couple of chesterfields covered with flowered chintz. On a few small tables would be displayed my favorite books.

The entrance to my house will not have a sidewalk leading to the front door, but there will be a small, winding, cement walk which will lead to a small opening before the door. This opening will not be jutting out but will be in line with the rest of the house.

Oh, yes! I could go on and on and still I would not be finished telling about my house, for my dreams are very real on this topic. Perhaps they may come true some day.

Theresa Stock, XI,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

FIRST ROW: Kathryn Broderick, Regina Doyle, Ave Maria Hayes, Dorothy Doody, Rita Reilly, Mary Virginia Connors, Evelyn Clarke, Lenora McGuire, Betty Perren, Jean Begley, Agnes Molloy, Josephine Joy, Patricia Durkin, Rita Cunningham, Rita Toomey, Colleen Hannon, Agnes Donahue, Monica Kelly, Jean Chier, Margaret Barton.

SECOND ROW: Helen Heffernan, Kathleen O'Connor, Vivienne Falk, Dolores McKeown, Rosemary Marley, Corlette Johnson, Patricia Poland, Mary Spatz, Joan Bartz, Catherine Bond, Margaret Keaty, Betty Lou Leahy, Mary Dwyer, Loretto Youpel, Dolores Doody, Betty Scanlon, Joan Mooney, Ella Mae Williams.

THIRD ROW: Joanne Murphy, Patricia Zogg, Patricia Eckenstein, Patricia Walter, Mary Finn, Genevieve McLellan, Marjorie Browne, Therese Conyers, Georgia Graham, Marjorie Joyce, Jean Cain, Sally De Luca, Jean Thurson, Mary McDermott, Margaret McGuire, Rita Lux, Marian Nares, Rita Hughes.

FOURTH ROW: Patricia Blaney, Carol Erikson, Kathleen Hanrahan, Therese Billings, Alberta Heffern, Dolores Johnson, Patricia Bayerle, Mary Jean Dolan, Marian Smyth, Mary Alice Hogan, Eleanor Schuetter, Josephine Brehm, Marilyn Zehme, Dorothy Nevell, Dolores Burns, Mary Jean Goss.

FIFTH ROW: Anna Marie Walsh, Marita Schweitzer, Florence Brown, Jeanne Yandel, Marilyn Goyer, Elsie Janisch, Dorothy Dunklan, Elaine Gortowski, Irene Prendergast, Jane Reed, Eileen Andrews, Charlotte Conger, Lucille Fries, Mary Louise Colgan, Eileen Collins, Patricia Hay, Mary Kathryn Compton.



Loretto-Englewood, Graduates 1947, and fellow-students, in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, at Graduation Ceremony.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

Graduation held on Tuesday, June 3, 1947,
in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago

Program

Processional.

Psalm.

Conferring of Honors:

Scholarship to Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo.—Joanne Murphy.

Scholarship to St. Xavier College, Chicago—Eileen Collins, Jean Uhler.

Scholarship to LeClerc College, Belleville, Ill.—Marilyn Zehme.

Proficiency Medal—Joanne Murphy.

Apologetics Medal—Anna Marie Walsh.

Medals for four years' perfect attendance—Regina Doyle, Josephine Joy.

Honor Medal—Margaret Keaty.

Address—Right Reverend D. F. Cunningham,
Supt. of Schools.

Ave Maria Loretto.

Benediction.

Recessional.

SUMMER MORNING AT THE LAKE

Have you ever had the urge to get away from everyone and everything so that peace and quiet would be yours? To my way of thinking, there is no better place than a little lake in the early morning. The fragrance of the pines will carry you to my private dream-land, where the distinctive call of the whippoorwill rings out, accompanied by the organ-like tones of the vesper sparrow.

Down the winding dirt road we will travel to the lake. Grassy hills, which provide soft rugs for our steps, appear on both sides. The first thing that we see is the calm, blue-green water with a white pier standing, as if at attention. Nothing that goes on around the pier can move it. Not quite as obedient, the sparkling white diving-board and raft are swaying with the gentle breeze. A cris-craft floats lazily on its bright red buoy.

Standing here on the pier you can see the sunbeams frolicking in the east. Just look at the sky, clear blue specked with white, and an occasional robin fitting in the air.

Looking down, you will find the shore lined with sea-shells of all sizes and shapes. Further along the surf there are brightly colored boats trimming the shore. Across the lake is a tiny island, even though it looks like a clump of trees rising right out of the lake.

The highway is far from us, yet we see the tiny toy-like cars moving back and forth along it.

Weary, though secure in the knowledge of time well spent, we shall journey back up the hill, crossing the field of nodding daisies, leaving nature to keep its peaceful vigil.

Josephine Brahm, XII,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

EUGENE FIELD

"Though I am king, I have no throne
Save this rough wooden siege alone;
My sceptre, see, it is a pen,
Wherewith I rule these hearts of men.
Aha! it is a magic thing
That makes me what I am,—a king."

In mid-19th century, America was moving westward. The minds of her poets were filled with adventures of homesteading and mining; gold nuggets seemed to cast a magical spell on the adventuresome. It was at such a period that the "Poet of Childhood" made his appearance.

Eugene Field was born September 2nd, 1850, in St. Louis, Missouri, where he spent his early years. Although much of his education took place in New England, Mr. Field preferred the West, as his poetry clearly shows. He has called it "Western Verse." At the age of 23, he became a reporter on the *St. Louis Evening Journal* and devoted the rest of his life to writing.

His first endeavors were daily columns for the *Denver Tribune* and the *Chicago Daily News* and these very often contained one of his excellent verses. His columns were widely read and brought great favorable comment. They varied from humor to sentimentality and often times even to philosophy. Primarily, his poems were not written for book publication but only as additions to his columns, and he is acclaimed as one of the most brilliant of newspaper poets.

Eugene Field's poems are endeared to the hearts of so many because they are typically American and they portray home and childhood as reflected by his own family life and small son. "Little Boy Blue" may almost be called a classic in American Literature and everyone has read the lullaby:

"Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew."

These are two of his renowned works, which are loved and admired not only by children, but by all who have come to know his poems.

He passed away in Chicago, Illinois, November 4th, 1895, after a very colorful and productive life in the literary field.

"You'll find no sceptre like the pen
To hold and sway the hearts of men;
Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!
So, brother, sing your songs, oh, sing!
And be with me a king, a king!"

Joyce Pfeffer, XI,
Loretto, Englewood.

EMILY DICKINSON

If Emily Dickinson were telling me of her life I believe this is what she would say:

"I'm Nobody, who are you?"

Listen to Emily:

It's fun being a nobody and watching the world go swiftly by; you see so many things that would otherwise silently slip past.

Of course I went to school. Even a nobody does, you know! Once during my favorite Literature class I was deeply engrossed in the plot of a story when the teacher asked me a question not relating to the story, I gave the leading-character's name as an answer—my embarrassment knew no bounds.

Oh, yes, in my youth I attended many parties and was quite the belle of the ball, but I began to dislike them, probably because one would find me at all of them.

I began to stay at home more and more. Since my family's opinions and interests were vastly different from mine I spent most of my time in the room I shared with my sister.

While cleaning the attic one day in early spring an idea came to me. Our attic was rather low but by no means small. In the front was a window that reached from the ceiling to the floor. When my task was completed all the things that were stored in the attic were placed over against the farthest wall—all except an old desk which I used constantly during my life. The family approved of my plan, and within a week the attic was my new room. Gradually I began to stay there for hours at a time, for so many inspirations would come to me in the silence of that room.

My dresses were all of white, for the sun

flowing through the window would change their color.

Every day my first visitor was the sun. Why

"I'll tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news, like squirrels, ran."

My days were spent at the window watching Mother Nature and her family. I'd write of her children and then place the few lines in a drawer of my old desk. But the view of the railroad tracks a few blocks away from my window provided the most thought for me. Every evening at exactly 5:15 the train for some distant point would pass by. How

"I like to see it lap the miles
And lick the valleys up."

When writing to my friends I would enclose a few lines written on wrapping paper. Little did I realize that they would be the cause of my being remembered by the world.

And so I lived this short but simple life, and found my greatest happiness in the solitude of my home; and so I died. And though

"I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet am I certain of the spot
As if the chart were given."

Thus does a nobody live, humbly, silently and simply, but most happily.

"Are you nobody too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know."

This is the story of Emily Dickinson, born 1830 in Amherst, Massachusetts. She died at the age of thirty-six, after living a life she loved.

Over seven hundred of her works were found in the drawer of that desk in her room. Through these works she has come to be known by every American, probably as the poet who put the greatest thoughts in the fewest words.

Theresa Poydock, XI,
Loretto, Englewood.

ROBERT FROST

Although Jack and Robert should probably have nothing in common save the name of Frost, there is more than just that to make them almost akin to each other. Both have that nearly indefinable ability to create the magnificent out of the ordinary. The mythical Mr. Frost—with the aid of a paint brush and a little

half-frozen H₂O—can transfigure the most uninspiring scene that Mother Nature is able to sketch, into a poet's wonderland, replete with radiant sparkle and lustrous diamond dust, all ready to be developed into words of immortality. And, of course, the real Mr. Frost is just the man to do so. For an example, there are these lines taken from "A Hillside Thaw":

"—The hillside on the day the sun lets go
Ten million silver lizards out of snow."

But Robert Frost's poems are more than picturesque, colorful studies. They have something that is very essential in poetry so filled with local color. Frost's writings contain the quality of friendliness. He seems to speak to you in an amiable lyrical manner. For instance:

"I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long—You come too."

Undoubtedly, this amicability is reflected from the facts of Frost's own life. Frost, although independent and somewhat headstrong, had none of the faulty qualities that characterized Edgar Allan Poe. He was, and still is, just what his poems portray him to be: kind, friendly, amiable.

* Despite the fact that Robert Lee Frost was born in California, his ancestors had been New Englanders for many generations. So, when William Prescott Frost died in 1885, ten years after the birth of his son, Robert and his mother returned to their native soil. As the boy grew older, he worked in shoe shops, in woolen mills, and on the farm. Perhaps it was the memory of the woolen mill that made Frost write "The Lone Striker," in which a man, late for work, resolved to have a holiday instead of waiting for the gates to open once more. The poet says:

"And yet he thought he saw the scene:
The air was full of dust of wool."

and

"If—if he stood! Enough of ifs!
He knew a path that wanted walking;
He knew a spring that wanted drinking;
A thought that wanted further thinking."

Frost finally graduated from high school and three years later married one of his former classmates, Elinor Miriam White. Success came gradually and stubbornly slow to the young poet, however, and it wasn't until 1914 that he published his first volume, "A Boy's Will." Up to that time he had worked as a school teacher, a farmer, and had then sailed for England. It was there that "A Boy's Will" ap-



GRADUATES, 1947, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Back row—Left to right—Verna Massey, Dolores Forrest, Theresa Bedore, Bonnie Jean Pell, Mary Andary, Mary Toland, Julia Polliver, Mary Louise Bernier.

Front row—Marie Lynch, Adeline Jabour, Rita Quigley, Rose Marie Surlano, Mary Catherine Scales, Lucy Romano.

peared. The English reviewers were enthusiastic over it and when the second book, "North of Boston," was published, they simply "went wild."

Thus, when Robert Frost returned to America, he found himself renowned and widely acclaimed. He discovered he might live by his poetry and so, for the next twenty years—from 1916 to 1936—he became the Phi Beta Kappa Poet at Harvard and spent his time at various institutions of learning. Frost was three times given the Pulitzer Prize and received many other awards. He now resides at one of the five farms he owns in Vermont.

The poetry of Robert Frost has never lost its freshness and vitality. It is just as youthful and sincere as it was in his younger days. The following lines show once again the gracefulness of his thought expression:

"We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid."

But isn't Robert Frost or his works affected by the honors that have been bestowed upon him? No, for the down-to-earth beauty of his writings remain unshaken in their sincerity and simplicity. These last lines, taken from one of his first poems describe Frost's character with unusual accuracy:

"They would not find me changed from him they
knew—

Only more sure of all I thought was true."

Frances Thurson, XI,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Graduation Exercises

The annual Mother-Daughter Mass took place in the Convent Chapel on Wednesday, June 4, at eight-thirty. The Very Reverend Joseph E. Guertin, Dean of St. Mary's, celebrated the Mass. Breakfast was served immediately following the ceremony.

On Thursday evening, June 5, St. Mary's Church was the scene of the beautifully impressive commencement exercises. The program opened with the processional, consisting of the members of the graduating class, escorted by the student body. Choral numbers during the ceremony were sung by the students of Loretto High School, followed by the conferring of diplomas by the Very Reverend Joseph E. Guertin, and the address to the graduates given by The Reverend James Schaefer, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Rudyard, Michigan.

The 1947 graduating class has the distinction of being the last *all-girls'* class to finish at Loretto in the fifty-one years' history of its existence as an educational institution.

Scholarship awards merited by Seniors:

Mary Andary, Rita Quigley, Mary Catharine Seales, Mary Toland.

Juniors: Donna Mae Barras, Jeanne LeBlanc, Teresa Pezat, Carole Zelmer.

Sophomores: Sada Jane Blain, Kathleen James, Lenore Krell, Geraldine Krol, Mary McKinney, Anne Sherry, Dolores Willitte.

Freshmen: William Donnelly, Patricia Zelmer.

Commercial Awards: Mary Andary, Mary Toland.

Certificates for Dictation: Theresa Bedore, Rita Quigley, Adeline Jabour, Mary C. Seales.

Social Studies Award: Mary Catherine Seales.

Perfect Attendance: Shirley O'Connor, Carolyn Pingatore.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

Graduation Exercises

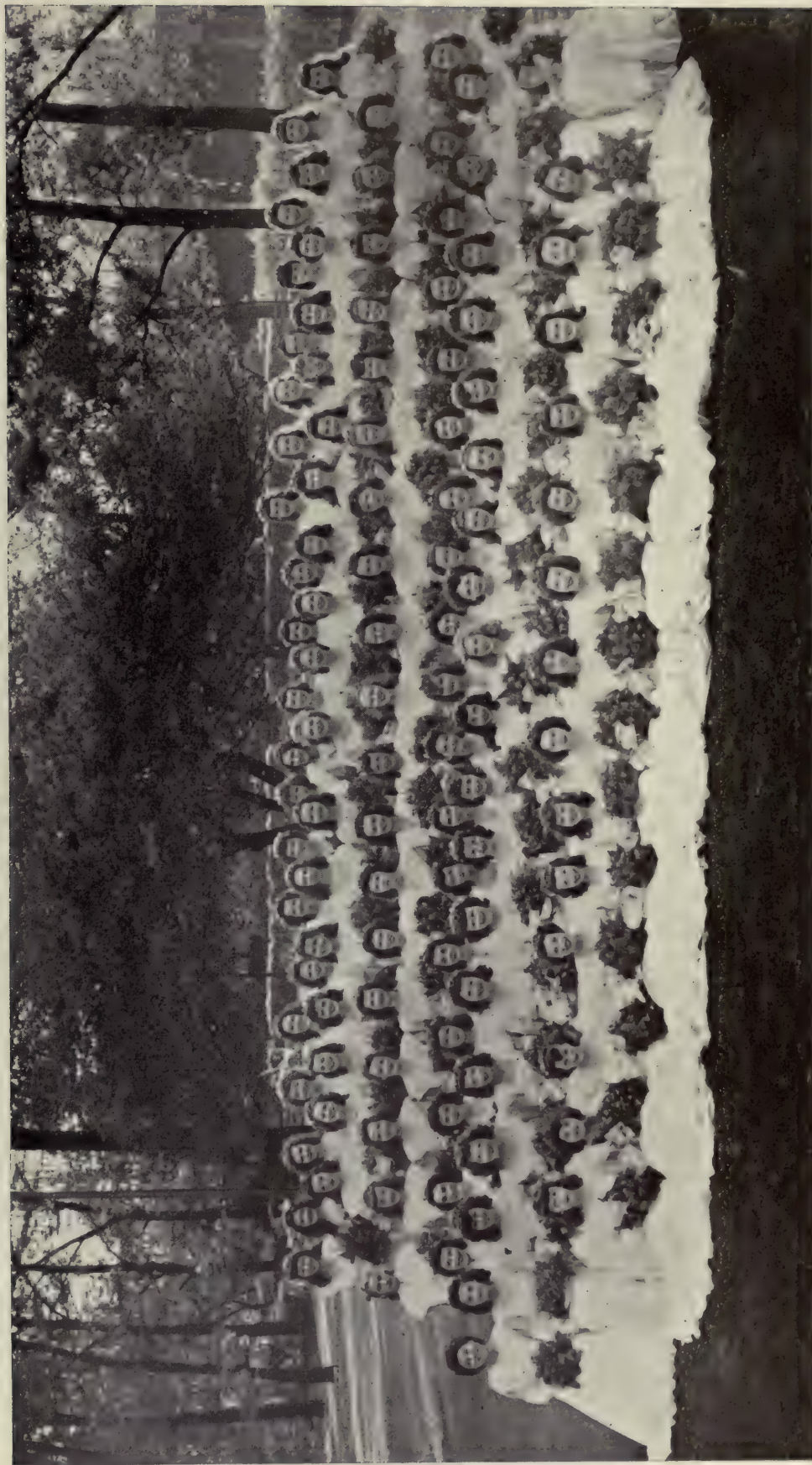
According to the traditions of Loretto graduations the one hundred and nine girls of the class of 1947 of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, wore long white formals, carried bouquets of deep-red roses and followed tiny, blue-dressed flower girls at the commencement exercises held in St. Clara Church the evening of June 9.

Because of the large number in the class, the school gymnasium, the usual scene of graduation, was unable to accommodate the graduates, relatives and friends. The great generosity of Father Kieran, O.Carm., pastor of St. Clara Church, made the solution to the problem very easy by offering the use of his Church for the occasion. Such a magnificent church graduation was particularly fitting this year of the Centenary of the I.B.V.M. in America.

Father Norbert, O.Carm., pastor of St. Cyril's, presented the diplomas. Father Kieran gave the address with, for text, "Going forth teach all nations."

Speaking to the graduates, he stressed the fact that graduation on June 9, 1947, of Loretto Academy from St. Clara was made possible by five such young women as themselves, who left their native Ireland just one hundred years ago to establish the Loretto Order on this continent.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the ceremony to a beautiful climax.



LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, GRADUATING CLASS—1947

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. ST. RITA, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. FRANCES CLARE, I.B.V.M.
Past President	MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood Ave., Toronto
President	MRS. LEO DEVANEY, 126 Dinnick Cr., Toronto
First Vice-President	MISS MARGARET McCORMICK
Second Vice-President	MISS GERARDA ROONEY
Treasurer	MRS. W. B. McHENRY
Recording Secretary	MISS HELEN CONDERAN 109 Pendrith Street
Corresponding Secretary	MISS HELEN O'LOANE 18 Castle Frank Cresc.
Convener of House	MISS MONA CLARK
Convener of Membership	MISS KATHLEEN McDONALD
Convener of Tea	MRS. R. S. WEIR
Convener of Entertainment	MISS PATRICIA BARRY
Convener of Activities	MRS. G. B. PATTERSON
Convener of Press	MISS GERTRUDE TACKABERRY

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto College, Toronto.....	MISS LORETTA PARNELL, 70 Garfield Avenue
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MRS. EMERY BEBEE, 27 Roxborough St. W.
Niagara Falls	MISS FLORENCE MULLEN, 624 South West Street, Lima, Ohio
Hamilton, Ont.	MRS. STANLEY STOTT, 108 Maple Ave., Hamilton
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY, 7106 Lafayette Ave., Chicago.
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.....	MRS. RAY GILLESPIE, 424 Cedar Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.
Loretto Joliet Circle	MISS BLANCHE DAGGETT
Woodlawn, Chicago	MISS FRANCES ROCHE,
Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle	MISS MARY WOODS, 4084 W. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit 6, Michigan.
Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle.....	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Egbertsville, N.Y.
Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle	MRS. GRACE GEISENHOF, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto, Englewood Auxiliary.....	MRS. JAMES BATTLE,
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary.....	MRS. J. GOODMAN
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. ARUNDEL
Loretto, Montreal Circle	MRS. J. COFFEY, 1950 Tupper St., Apt. 2, Montreal, P.Q.

LORETTO ALUMNAE FASHION SHOW

The Loretto Alumnae Association held its Centennial Bridge and Fashion Show in the Arcadian Court, on April 26, under the convenership of Mrs. Arthur Le Bel. Mrs. Le Bel was assisted by the President of the Alumnae, Mrs. Leo Devaney, and a committee, among whom were: Mrs. W. A. Smyth, Mrs. Leo McLean, Mrs. J. J. Hurley, Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, Mrs. John Nelligan, Mrs. G. B. Patterson, and Misses Margaret Wilson, Gladys Enright, Ella Herbert, Patricia Joyce, Joan Conway, Helen O'Loane, Catherine Macklin, Irene Allen, Mary

O'Donoghue, Emily Del Negro, Margaret McCormick, Kay McDonald and Gertrude Tackaberry.

The affair was a delightful success socially and financially.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

A luncheon at the Detroit Yacht Club was served to about forty members of the Loretto Alumnae on Mary's Day, May 9th. The annual meeting followed with our president, Miss Mary Woods, presiding. Reports were called for and read from all officers and chairmen of Standing Committees.

It was moved and seconded that the Circle finance all incidental expenses in connection with the Summer School Scholarship for the Nuns furnished by the University of Detroit through the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. Motion carried. A similar motion carried for the sum of \$100 to be given towards the celebration of the Centennial at the Abbey of the coming of the Loretto Nuns to America.

Election of officers took place with the following results: For president, Miss Mary Woods, re-elected; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Timpy, re-elected; Second Vice-President, Mrs. M. J. Brick, re-elected; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Glenn, replacing Miss Teresa Houlihan; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. D. Gage, replacing Mrs. C. A. Glenn; Financial Secretary, Miss Teresa Houlihan, replacing Miss Donna Stanley; Treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Milne, re-elected. I.D.P.

LORETTO ALUMNAE OF MONTREAL

Mary's Day was fittingly remembered in Montreal by our Alumnae. Many of our members assisted at Mass at St. James Cathedral and received Holy Communion in a body. In the afternoon over three hundred members of The Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae (Quebec Chapter) were present at a Tea-lecture held at the Outremont Convent of the Sisters of The Holy Names. We were pleased to notice many of the Loretto Alumnae in the group. The speaker was Rev. Leonard Rush, C.S.B., M.A., Ph.D., Superior of The Holy Rosary Seminary of Toronto and Professor of Modern Languages at St. Michael's College. His subject was "Our Lady in Art and Architecture," illustrated by slides of some of the world's masterpieces of Marian Art and architecture. After the lecture, His Excellency Bishop Lawrence P. Whelan officiated at Solemn Benediction.

Our annual meeting was held at The Windsor Hotel on May 19th, when a new Executive was elected. The newly elected officers are: Mrs. C. C. Lindsay (Mary Hearn, Abbey) President; Mrs. R. E. Kennedy (Edith Smith, Abbey) first vice-president; Mrs. G. Macklin Marshall (Joan Hodgson, Abbey) second vice-president; Miss Helen Brennan (Abbey), Recording Secretary; Mrs. Royal LeSage (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton) corresponding secretary; Mrs. Ivor Roche (Regina Turley, Abbey), Treasurer. The councillors elected were: Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevelin, Abbey); Mrs. Vernon G. Cardy (Hilda Bouvier, Abbey) and Miss K. Camille Adams (Abbey).

The retiring President, Mrs. J. Coffey, was pre-

Loretto Abbey,
Toronto 12, Ont.,
June 1st, 1947.

Dear Alumnae, Each and All,—

Your Alma Mater—Loretto in America—has attained her Centenary Year. She pauses amid Centennial plannings and in retrospect, reviews a steady stream of Loretto's children as through the century, from schools and convents, you have gone forth—"Loretto girls"—to exert your personal influence in America's homes and offices and institutions. Your Alma Mater feels her responsibility towards each of you, and her shortcomings, too, and she finds solace in realizing that she has never forgotten you, nor neglected you.

Daily through the century you have been remembered in each of America's Loretto Chapels, daily the tolling of that old familiar bell has evoked prayers for the Dying and for the Dead; daily, too,

in classroom, recreation hall, refectory and dormitory—can you visualize them?—Loretto nuns have tried to live by our Mother Mary Ward's ideals, brought to America in 1847 by courageous young Loretto nuns. Do you wonder, then, that in 1947 your Alma Mater wishes to "call all Loretto's children home," by announcing a Centennial Home-Coming at Loretto Abbey? The dates set for welcoming you are Sept. 6, 7, 8. It is my privilege to invite you and to suggest that in planning for the summer you put Loretto's Centenary right in the heart of your vacation, and Armour Heights, Toronto, on your itinerary. Our Toronto Alumnae have interesting hours planned for you, and your coming can bring joy to all of us. God bless you all.

Lovingly in J.C.,

Mother M. Victorine, I.B.V.M.,
R.S.V.P. Superior General.

sented with a pearl necklace by the Alumnae, Mrs. Coffey graciously thanked the members for their support during her term of office.

The members of our Alumnae offer congratulations to Miss Marilyn Madden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Madden, (Josephine Ryan, Abbey) for successfully carrying off the "free tuition" prize for the Montreal Summer School. This was competed for by the students of the Montreal High Schools and Convents. The entry by Miss Madden was a song set to music, and it is interesting to note that she has won this Summer School Course for three consecutive years. Congratulations again, Marilyn!

We offer sincere sympathy to Mrs. Royal LeSage (Sadie Ronan, Hamilton) of Montreal, our corresponding secretary, on the death of her husband, Mr. Royal LeSage.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wright (Jo Ann Braden, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on April 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Coughlan (Helen Bentley, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on April 13th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McEwan (Muriel Barton, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Malcolm Lloyd, on May 6th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Harold Asselstine (Dixie Andrews, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, May 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Smyloke (Mary Romano, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Cheryl Ann, a niece of M. M. Benedeta, I.B.V.M., on April 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Oleksink, on the birth of a son, Ronald Keith, April 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gregory M. McKeown, on the birth of a son, Gary Padraic, on April 4th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Guido D'Aloise (Frances Romano, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Anthony, on January 1st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Ritchie (Margaret Giffen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Roderick Andrew, on February 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Carriere (Anne McGarry, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Anne Susan, on June 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McGinnis (Loretto Pagelo, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Michael McGinnis, on December 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Powers (Helen Dennehy, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their twin daughters, Joan Yvonne, and Gayne Roberè.

To Mr. and Mrs. Austin Coulson (Mary Hefferman, R.N., Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Kathleen.

MARRIAGES

Miss Denise Huggins, Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Huggins, was married on February 10th to Mr. Basil Anderson.

Miss Anne Read, Loretto-Niagara Alumna,

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Read (Loretto Alumna), was married, April 19th, to Mr. Frederick Syms, son of Mrs. Margaret Bampfield Syms, (Niagara Alumna) and the late Mr. Syms, Toronto.

Miss Jane Lipinski, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Lipinski, was married, to Mr. Joseph Rowan on June 7th.

Miss Kathleen Blanche, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Blanche, was married recently to Mr. Stanley Madey.

Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Leone, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Vincent Leone, was married to Mr. Dale Russel Grant, on July 3rd.

Miss Mary Doris Dennis, Loretto College School Alumna, was married June 14th, in Holy Rosary Church to Mr. Edward Taylor Murray.

Miss Loretto Parnell, Loretto College Alumna, and retiring president of the College Chapter of Loretto Alumna, was married June 14th, to Lt.-Colonel Norman Hickling of the Irish Regiment of Canada.

Miss Wanda Frawley, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frawley, was married to Mr. Donald Murray on May 17th.

Miss Jeanne Biron, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henri Biron, Nicolet, P.Q., was married June 28th, to Dr. Guy Rochon.

Miss Evelyn Givlin, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Givlin, was married June 28th, to Mr. Dona Du Charme.

Miss Eileen Cline, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cline, was married July 19th, to Mr. Earl King.

Miss Rita Bannon, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Bannon, was married to Mr. John Cushing on June 21st.

Miss Irene Giffen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Giffen, Creemore, was married to Mr. Robert Servos, on May 31st.

Miss Hope McSloy, Loretto College Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Ivan McSloy, was married, April 12th, to Mr. Donald McLarty.

Miss Patricia Ann Fisher, Loretto Abbey and Loretto College graduate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, was married recently to Mr. Frederick Hamilton.

Miss Mary Lucille Byrne, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Daniel Byrne (Catharine McGuire, Loretto-Joliet Alumna) was married to Mr. Joseph Paul Greenock (nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Paul Smith, Quigley Preparatory Seminary) in St. Columbanus Church, Chicago, May 24th.

Miss Dolores E. Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ryan, was married to Mr. Walter Brian Starr, June 28th, in St. Joseph's New Cathedral, Buffalo.

Miss Therese Pausback, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Pausback, was married to Mr. James Cwitis, in St. Clara's Church, Chicago, June 7th.

Miss Frances Roche, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Roche, was married in the Church of Our Lady of Peace, June 7th, to Mr. Joseph Latlaw.

Miss Marie McNicholas, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McNicholas, was married June 7th in St. Leo Church, Chicago, to Mr. William Flood.

Miss Janette Fraser, Loretto-Guelph Alumna,

was married on May 16th to Mr. Harold Abbey, of Kaslo, B.C. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly officiated.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. McAuley on the death of her husband, Mr. John McAuley on April 30th, and to the bereaved family, Miss Teresa, Mr. Leo and Mr. Fred of Wooler; Mrs. Henepan (Stella) and Mr. Francis, of Toronto; Mr. Hugh, of St. Catharines and Mother M. St. Andrew, Superior Loretto Convent, Stratford.

To Mrs. Sevigny, president of C.W.L., St. Joseph's sub-division Stratford, on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Sevigny, June 9th, and to the bereaved family, former pupils of Loretto.

To Mrs. Charles Megan, Chicago, on the death, June 14th, of her husband, and to the bereaved family, also to his sisters, Mrs. Kempe, Chicago, and Miss Jane Megan, Loretto Alumna, Stratford.

To Mr. Frank Canty, New York, and Mother M. St. Roque, Loretto Abbey, on the death of their sister Mrs. Frances (Fanny) Canty Delaney, of Erie, Pa., Loretto, Niagara Alumna.

To Mrs. Fiorivanti on the death of her husband, Mr. Louis Fiorivanti, May 18th, and to the bereaved daughters, Miss Mary Fiorivanti, and Mrs. Gainbarato (Vera), Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To the bereaved nieces and nephews of Miss Margaret Kelley, who died on April 9th, especially to M. M. St. Denis, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Lawrence Leonard on the sudden death of Mrs. Leonard, June 12th, and to the bereaved son, Capt. Wm. C. Leonard, and daughter, Mrs. John Corson (Patricia) Loretto Alumna.

On the death of Mrs. Kloefer (Sarah Burns, Loretto Abbey Alumna) wife of the late Mr. Christian Kloefer, we offer our sympathy to her bereaved son, Nevin and only daughter, Campbell (Mrs. Grant), also to her brothers, Mr. Frank P., Edward A., and Lewis P. Burns, Toronto, and her sisters, Mother M. Joachim, I.B.V.M., Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and Mother M. Frances, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

To Mrs. McSloy on the death of her husband, Colonel Ivan McSloy, on February 8th, and to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. Donald McLarty and Miss Josephite McSloy of Class '47, Loretto Abbey; also to Col. McSloy's sister, Mrs. H. McFarlane.

To Mrs. Bouvier on the death of her husband, Mr. Daniel Roy Bouvier, on June 16th, and to Mr. Bouvier's only sister, Mrs. Vernon G. Cardy (Hilda, Loretto Abbey Alumna).

To Mrs. Donnelly, Orillia, on the death of her husband, Mr. Kenneth A. Donnelly, on June 24th, and to the bereaved family, Mrs. Herbert Hickey (Gertrude) Toronto; Chris, Frank, Charles, Mary and Agnes, at home; also to Mr. Donnelly's brother, Dr. I. J. Donnelly, Scranton, Pa., and sisters, Mrs. Charles E. Thomson, Clark's Summit, Pa., and M. M. Bernard, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

To Mrs. Adelaide Fox and Mr. Richard Burke on the death of their sister, Mrs. Agnes Burke McFadden Handlow, Loretto-Joliet Alumna, and to M. M. Callista and the 42 other bereaved nieces and nephews, all former Loretto pupils.

To Mother M. St. Bernard, I.B.V.M. and to all in the bereaved family, on the recent deaths of their beloved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moran, of St. Catharines, Ontario.

To Mrs. Heaton (May McGuire, Loretto-Joliet Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. John R. Heaton, on April 23rd, and to the bereaved family, Mr. John Heaton, Jr., Miss Kathleen and Miss Lorraine Heaton, Loretto-Woodlawn, Class '43.

To Mr. W. Raymond Adams (brother of M. M. Denise, I.B.V.M.) on the death, May 25th, of his wife, and to the bereaved family, Leona, Class '47, Mary Ellen, Class '48, Loretto-Woodlawn, and to Raymond and John.

To Mr. John Copeland and Miss Agnes Copeland on the recent death of their sister, Lavinia, Loretto Alumna, also to the bereaved nephews, Mr. Paul and Mr. Claude Copeland.

To Mrs. Boland (Lillian Ray, former Loretto Abbey pupil) on the death of her husband, Mr. Edward Charles Boland, on April 18th; to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. Frank Corcoran, Mrs. Keith Aikens and Mrs. Mark Emery, and sons, Mr. Cyril,

and Mr. Ray; also to Mr. Boland's brothers, Mr. John, Mr. Michael, and Mr. James Boland, and his sister, Mother M. Gonzalez, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Tom Stock, Mrs. T. Kirkwood, Mother M. Joan, I.B.V.M., and Miss K. Andrews, on the death of their sister, Mrs. Harry Hocking, of Collingwood.

To Mr. Charles Bolan on the death of his wife on May 16th, and to the bereaved son, Rev. Melville Bolan, P.P., Bradford, and daughter, Miss Verna Bolan; also to Rev. Father Vincent Thomson, C.S.B., a nephew.

To Mrs. Hurd (Ann) and Miss Margaret Bicker, (Loretto Alumnae) and Mr. W. Bicker, on the death of their brother, Mr. Gordon Bicker on June 11th.

To Miss K. A. Sullivan and her sister, of Goderich, on the death of their dear sister, Mrs. Phelan, on May 23rd, in Goderich.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

April 15—Holidays over, and to mark the re-opening of school, Rev. Dr. O'Reilly gave us out our reports.

April 24—Final Oratoricals were held, the best speakers from each form being respectively, Elvia Damaren, Josephine Antonelli, Irene Clair, Valeria Runstadtler, Rita Cremasco, Palma Valeriotte and Lucille Seitz. Irene Clair won first place.

May 13—To mark the Loretto Centenary in America, Loretto Choristers presented Music Lovers' Favourites, in the Church of Our Lady Hall. To quote our director, Mr. C. McClelland, "we were wonderful."

May 14—Grade X presented at the Sodality meeting a paraphrase of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, it was well done, and an inspiration to all present.

May 28—We have played the finals of Interform competition in Basketball. School champions from Grade X, with Edith Carey as captain, were awarded crests at the Sodality meeting. It was announced that Joan LaFontaine and Rita Cremasco are our delegates to the S.S.C.A. in Montreal.

Crests for highest scores in Basketball went to Edith Carey, Joanne Goetz, and Nancy Longo.

May 30—A private crowning of Our Lady; brightness inside in spite of incessant rains.

June 2—An unexpected school holiday, thanks to Viscount Alexander, we hear the phone rang constantly from Saturday p.m. till Monday 9 a.m.

June 3—Grade XII honoured by Grade XI at a Communion breakfast, following a Mass in our chapel, to mark the end of the school year. Father O'Reilly as guest of honor was appointed executor and read the last will and testament of Grade XII. Barbara Porter read the prophecies, and Dorothy Flick expressed the gratitude of the girls to the pastor, and their wish—Ad Multos Annos.

Examinations still to keep our hopes and fears in the balance. Hard to believe another happy year has passed.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

April 2—Once again the halls are filled with packed bags and joyous farewells, as all are off for the Easter Holidays.

April 13—Holidays over, the resident students arrive back at school, happy to return to "peace and quiet" and work.

April 24—Since Vocation week had been postponed until this week, our Vocation play, long since promised by the Catholic Truth and Literature Committee, was at last presented. The characters were portrayed by: Joan Sheppard, Joanne O'Donnell, Margaret Coyle, Joyce Deeney, and Adele Dodge. The skit was written and produced by Adele Dodge.

April 30—In preparation for May, the traditional May Band teams were chosen in each of the High School rooms with the following girls as captains: Concha Azurdia and Martha Puente, Grade XII; Joyce Luz and Joanne O'Donnell, Grade XI; Rose Simko, and Marilyn Donnelly, Grade X; Daisy McGibbon and Selma Vieira, Grade IX. These are important elections, as the winner will crown Our Lady's statue in the May procession.

May 1—The Niagara Falls Music Festival opened today. Many Loretto entries brought honour to our school. Special mention is due to Martha Puente who won the silver medal with her piano solo. Others with awards in the Senior School were, June Malingot, Betty Lonsway, Patricia Robins, Theresa Henning. The pupils of the Junior school made an excellent showing, also, and we expect wonderful things when they are seniors.

May 2, 3, 4—The Forty Hours Devotion—three very beautiful days of Grace. The Boarders' choir had the honour of singing the High Masses.

May 23—Matinee of the play, "The Maid of Orleans," presented by the Seniors. Like most school matinees, there was much fun with new and unaccustomed costumes, lights that did not work as



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intended, and vigorous applause from the audience of pupils from St. Patrick's school and our own Academy.

May 26—The performance of "The Maid of Orleans," with everything running smoothly—even the lightning, the thunder, and the sounds of the Battle of Orleans—all timed to perfection. The boarders seemed to feel quite at home in the "mob scene"—and it might be remarked that their costumes were triumphs of originality.

May 30—Because of rain and cold weather, we had our traditional May procession indoors, through the halls, and ending in the chapel, where the statue of Our Lady was crowned by Martha Puente, captain of Our Lady of Victory's band. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, given by Reverend Daniel Egan, O.Carm.

May 31—This morning the Senior Boarders at the kind invitation of Reverend Francis Crawley, of Wilson, N.Y., gave a programme of religious music over station WHLD at Niagara Falls, N.Y. We had a record made at the time and it was most interesting to listen afterwards and hear our own singing.

June 2—This morning, Grade XII and XI were examined for the St. John's Ambulance Association certificates by Dr. James L. Mahoney. After the examination the girls were congratulated by Dr. Mahoney on their success, and were impressed by the importance of the work learned.

June 4—The Archdiocesan Catechetical Examination. We hope our theologians are able to use to advantage the fund of knowledge they have acquired—particularly over this past week-end.

June 8—The Seniors' Day of Recollection, under the direction of Reverend R. A. Sturtzer, S.J., Moderator of the Western New York Sodality Conference. Father's inspiring talks were enjoyed by all and will be long remembered. One feature we all liked especially was the Act of Consecration to Our Lady, made at her statue on the grounds.

June 9—A school holiday in honour of the King's Birthday. The boarders who live nearby were given the week-end, and those who remained had a wonderful picnic at Dufferin Park.

June 10—The Senior class was entertained at the summer home of Miss Helen Sim, one of our teachers. We enjoyed the motor trip to Niagara-on-the-Lake, the trip home, and every minute of our visit. This is really our last class party, and a lovely one to remember.

June 13—The great day! The joys of Graduation were consecrated to Our Lord at Holy Mass said in our convent chapel by Reverend Daniel Egan, O.Carm. Later we had the honour of Father's company at breakfast. In the evening the ceremonies of Graduation began with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which we went in procession to Mount Carmel College. A further account of Graduation is given elsewhere.

June 15—Loretto Day—The Graduates were entertained at a delightful banquet by the Alumnae, and welcomed into that time-honoured association. We were much impressed by the chronicles of the Alumnae as reviewed by the representatives of the various chapters, and hope we may worthily follow in their footsteps.

June 16—This afternoon we had movies taken

of our traditional May procession, as a feature of the events marking the centenary of the founding of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. We particularly enjoyed this occasion since the inclement weather prevented our having the real May procession on the grounds. The Sodality Prefect, Rosemary Aversa, crowned Our Lady's statue, Adele Dodge, the Graduate longest at Loretto-Niagara, placed a wreath on the grave of Mother Theresa Dease, the Foundress in America. The officers of Our Lady's Sodality formed a guard of honour carrying garlands of flowers, and eight of the Graduates placed floral letters "Ave Maria" at the feet of Our Lady's statue. Little Carol Batagila presented a bouquet from the Junior School at the shrine also.

June 17—The last day of school—and so ends the school year, a very busy and happy year indeed. Adele Dodge.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

May 15—Graduates' Day of Recollection, Retreat Master, Rev. Father Claude Engemann, O.Carm., under whose sure guidance we spent a spiritually helpful day.

May 16—At 9 o'clock Mass for the graduates began the celebration of this long-looked-for day. A delightful breakfast followed, tendered by the girls of Grade XII. The class prophecy and the Last Will and Testament provided part of the entertainment.

An account of the Graduation Exercises appears on another page.

Following Graduation, came the Graduates' Dance in the beautifully decorated gymnasium. It was an enjoyable affair.

May 18—The Graduates were the guests of our Parent-Teachers' Association. Frances O'Brien as graduate longest at the Academy, had the privilege of cutting the graduates' cake. A dainty wrist bouquet was the personal gift to each member of the class of '47, while a statue of the Sacred Heart was the Parent-Teachers' presentation to the graduates for class gift to their Alma Mater.

May 30—Our annual May closing procession. Benediction in the auditorium beautifully adorned with May flowers. Rev. Father Smithbower, Capuchin, spoke to the assembled school and guests.

June 7—The graduates were the honoured guests at the Alumnae Reunion Dinner given at the Academy.

June 13—Junior School closing at which promotions were read.

June 16-26—Grade XIII subjected to the much talked of and very real Upper School Examinations.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

April 14—Back to school after a brief vacation, the remaining days of school are numbered and we have all resolved to work harder than ever.

April 27—Mass and Communion at Immaculate Conception Church preceded an inspiring day of recollection given by Rev. E. R. Glavin in our chapel. Although it was nominally a C.Y.O. affair, at the request of the President of the C.Y.O., the boarders and day pupils were nearly all present.

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April 30—At our Sodality meeting a pleading letter from the Nuns of the I.B.V.M. in Hungary was read by Mother Angela. A translation of the letter revealed that the people of Hungary were without even the bare necessities of life and it was decided to send all possible aid to them.

May 1—The beginning of the Month of Mary brought about a revival of the practice of attendance at daily Mass. May altars were erected in each of the class-rooms and, despite the poor weather, we began to "gather fresh bright flowers."

May 9-11—The annual devotion of the Forty Hours, inspired piety and tranquility in our hearts. During these three days, spiritual favours were amassed, we hope, as never before.

May 13—The St. Joseph's sub-division of the Catholic Women's League donated prizes to the winners of the essay contest sponsored by the League. Their essays having been read, the winners were presented with their rewards by Very Rev. D. J. Egan, Pastor of St. Joseph's Parish.

First prize for Grades XI and XII on the topic "Our Duties and Obligations as Canadian Citizens" was merited by Miss Jean Bannon, while the second prize was merited by Miss Rita Kelly. In Grades IX and X, the topic chosen was, "The Visions and Courage of the Pioneers of Canada." The winner of the first prize was Miss Bernadette DuCharme, Miss Dora Pirachi held second place.

Miss Rita Kelly expressed our thanks to the League for their interest and generosity.

May 16—The opening event of our annual Parents' Night was an exciting basketball game between the boarders and the day-scholars. The final

score favoured the latter. Following the basketball game, a play presented by the Commercial Students pointed out the necessity of proper training in applying for a position.

Then the parents visited the classrooms where various demonstrations in typewriting and chemistry were given.

After the singing of two choral selections a Physical Training demonstration was given. The evening's activities concluded with a delicious lunch served by the students.

May 30—The final milestone in our school year, marked "Graduation," has been reached. The long anticipated affair by which our efforts were crowned with success arrived. The traditional beauty of graduation was increased because of the Centenary of the Loretto Community in America.

The ceremony began in the chapel with the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary by Miss Rita Schultz.

Benediction followed a dedication to Mary of all students as well as the graduates. After Benediction the guests of the graduates proceeded to the assembly hall, where they witnessed a procession of the graduates, wearing formal gowns of white and wreathed in delicate white sweet peas, carrying bouquets of pastel pink snapdragons. The stage was banked with beautiful flowers appropriate to the occasion. The singing of "In thy name O Mary" preceded the conferring of graduation honors on Miss Rita Kelly, Miss Jean Bannon, Miss Mary Reinhart and Miss Anne Campbell. Miss Mary Reinhart gave the salutatory and Miss Rita Kelly was valedictorian. Honors were also conferred on:

Miss Rita Kelly and Miss Anne Campbell, who merited equally the prize for Christian Doctrine; Miss Bernice Flanagan, who merited the prize for general proficiency in the Commercial Department; Miss Jean Bannon, merited the prize for general proficiency in Junior Matriculation; prize for religious knowledge in grades IX and X was merited by Miss Eileen Herron.

Choral selections in two-part harmony were presented by the choral class.

We had as guest speaker Father Amyot, S.F.M., from St. Mary's. The Graduation Exercises concluded with the singing of "Ave Maria Loretto" and "God Save the King."

Typewriting pins and certificates were awarded to the following students in the Commercial Department who obtained a speed of over 50 words a minute on the typewriter and 100 words or more in shorthand: Miss Bernice Flanagan, Miss Mary Feeney, Miss Angela Ryan, Miss Helen Teahen and Miss Dolores O'Sullivan.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

May 4—The Loretto Glee Club and Orchestra participated with hundreds of other Catholic high school students in making the eighth annual Spring Music Festival a success, with a very memorable program.

May 18—May Crowning. Lorettoans blend their voices in honor of our Blessed Mother. The procession was followed by Benediction in St. Bernard's Church.

May 21—The Glee Club and Orchestra presented a musical program for parents and friends. A most enjoyable and successful festival.

May 22—The party given by the French Club was a truly charming affair, thanks to our Moderator, Mother Dymna.

May 23—'Twas a very gala evening when "Cinderella and her Prince Charming" stepped from their chariot at the Shoreland Hotel to attend the Senior Prom.

May 24—Day of Recollection. Graduates set aside this day to ask God's blessing on all that they may undertake in the future.

May 26—Seniors were feted at a farewell luncheon given by the Junior class as a fitting close to three years of pleasant companionship. The luncheon was held at the Windermere Hotel.

June 3—Graduation Night. Four years have passed all too swiftly and now we, the graduates, are on the threshold of a new life. No more shall we be part of the happy, carefree days, nor hear the merry laughter of our classmates ringing through the halls. But this is not "adieu," for we shall always remain true daughters of Loretto.

June 9-10-11—Last minute reviewing for final examinations.

June 12—School dismissed. Teachers and students look forward to an enjoyable summer vacation.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

3rd Quarter Begins

February 3rd—The varsity began the second semester by dropping a game to Lourdes at their gym, 47-10.

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February 5—Everyone looked, acted, and recited at her best as the State Educational Inspectors paid a visit to Loretto today.

February 6—The Seniors were greatly impressed by an address given to them by Father Fallon, S.S. Father's subject was the advantage of Catholic Higher Education.

February 7—At the South Side eliminations for the annual Cisca show, held at Mercy High School, Loretto's entrants received tremendous ovations, and the trio were among those chosen to appear in the city-wide show later in the year.

February 11—Bob Sweitzer of the Cisca staff, presented the viewpoint of "Today," the Cisca paper, suggesting a subscription drive and discussion groups.

February 12—No school today, in honor of Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

February 14—Pepsi-Cola hit something besides the spot as five of the senior class leaders took the Pepsi-Cola scholarship Exams. Esther Slack, Rosemary Ratkowski, Leona Adams, Lois Cordes and Mary McInerney came to the conclusion that the beverage company was not just a "fizz."

It was tag day for the benefit of the missions. The Junior Sodality were so enthusiastic as sales managers that the day was a huge success.

Hearts were Trump at the Sodality Valentine Dance. Polished escorts danced with laughing girls in gay formals to music supplied by Edgar Rice and his band.

February 17—The Mount Carmel Dream House was raffled! Alas, Loretto could claim no lucky contestant. Miss Catherine Griffin, of 11223 Vernon Avenue held the winning ticket.

February 20—The newly organized Loretto Chapter of the National Honor Society met to elect their officers. Rosemary Ratkowski is president, Mary McInerney, vice president, and Lois Cordes secretary-treasurer.

February 21—Aquinas played a return game against the Varsity in Loretto's gym. This time the score was narrowed down to a loss by 49-22.

February 23—The Alumnae Association met for their annual retreat in the school chapel. Rev. Father Edwards, of De Paul University, presided.

February 25—A preview of their Orchestra Hall Concert was provided for the students by the Mt. Carmel band under the direction of Mr. Thomas Fabish. The varied program contained compositions to appeal to every ear.

February 28—March 2—The remainder of the Seniors spent the week-end at the Cenacle. The happiness and counsel of the retreat under Father Stenson lingered with them long after they returned.

March 4—A new series of lectures on Christian Marriage, requested by the Cardinal for Catholic Girls' High Schools, was instituted by Father Baron of St. Philip Neri, the first of eight speeches.

March 6—Mother Colette's feast day was celebrated by a program prepared by the students. Frances Perry and Jane Durkin presented gifts from the student body.

March 10-12—Chicago was honored by being chosen as the site of the 15th annual Family Life Conference of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Fifteen seniors per day attended the lec-

tures which were given by prominent clergy and lay-men at the Stevens and Blackstone Hotels.

March 10-14—The missions will benefit by the united sodality project of "bow" week. Gaily colored bows to represent the various mission fields were sold to the responsive student body and netted a helpful sum for the propagation of the faith.

March 14—The Loretto Band played for the student body in the gym. The well executed program increased our ever-expanding pride in this fast developing group.

March 16—Parents of the fourteen members to be received, met in the parlor with their daughters for the National Honor Society reception and installation. Gold roses and blue ribbon on the tea serving table were a fitting symbol of the society.

March 17—"The wearin' of the green" proclaimed a "great day for the Irish," for St. Patrick's feast day merited a holiday.

March 23—In co-operation with the Galvin Choraleers, and the Motorola Glee Club, the Loretto Academy Glee Club presented a mass concert under the direction of Mr. Carl Benkhe. Perfect precision of tone and timing made the program a masterpiece.

March 24—Chimes sounded, a slight buzz was heard and the public address system was officially opened by Mary Jane Huck's singing of "Loretto." She was followed by Barbary Walters and Geri Walsh who also sang. Then, Mother Colette made the first announcement to be broadcast.

The "Hour Glass", a Lenten morality play, was presented by the Dramatic Club. The production starred Catherine Murphy as the wise man and Pat Galouch as Tige, the Fool. Miss Cuny assisted Joanne Budill, student director, in preparing the play.

April 1-2—Examinations were again upon the school and studious persons with eyes glued on their books kept the classrooms well stocked with occupants.

April 2—School was dismissed for the Easter Holidays.

April 7—Music was shuffled, chords run, and instruments strummed as band members competed in the annual solo contest. Peggy Fox, Elaine Peterka, and Evelyn Derrick merited high rating in the competition.

"Dew Drop Inn" was the bidding of the Writers' Club as students appeared in all their Easter finery for the Writers' Club Dance.

April 8—The final quarter's work began when school re-opened after the Easter Holiday.

May 2, 3, 4—Woodlawn's finalists, Mary Jane Durkin, Genevieve Lyons, and Jean Stenson, performed the CISCA Variety Show for Cisca members and friends at the Morrison Hotel.

May 9—Sodality Reception was held for forty girls who became Sodalists. Father Pius, O.Carm., gave a short sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Following the religious ceremony a party was given the new members in the cafeteria.

May 10—The CISCA General Meeting was held at Providence High School. Students and Faculty attended.

May 16—The sophomores played hostesses at a barn dance given for the seniors and their fathers. Everything was as it should be for a barn dance—hay, a loft, turkey and straw, and coffee and doughnuts.

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May 22—The ceremony of crowning our Blessed Mother was held today at the grotto on the campus. Mary Jane Durkin, Sodality Prefect, crowned, attended by the Spiritual Council.

May 23—The G.A.A. cannot be surpassed in good wholesome fun. Today was a splash party at the Ridge.

May 26—Members of the Writers' Club were entertained at tea. Outstanding members, Leona Adams, Marianne O'Meara, Rosemary Ratkowski, and Betty Cullnan, were received into the Quill and Scroll International Honorary Society for High School Journalists. Junior members stepped into offices. Father Lucian, O.Carm., addressed the girls on the importance of Catholic women in the field of writing.

May 28—The Glee Club and Band gave a joint performance. Really the Band's first formal appearance — congratulations!

May 29—The Senior day of recollection was conducted by Father David, O.Carm.

June 2—The gala Junior-Senior luncheon was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Dainty favors, a gay time, then sad farewells made the day memorable.

June 6—The Glee Club went abroad to St. Bride's to give the school children and nuns a performance, which was a real success.

June 9—The morning of graduation . . . the Senior-Mother Mass and breakfast . . . a final practice . . . last minute preparations and . . . GRADUATION. The scene this year for the beautiful ceremony was St. Clara Church.

June 10—Eyes sparkled, dresses rustled, toes twinkled for the Senior Prom. The Edgewater Beach Hotel was host again to Loretto Graduates. And so another year in Woodlawn's school chronicle comes to a close.

**LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL,
BRUNSWICK AVENUE**

March 25—We were greatly privileged this afternoon to have Rev. Father Halloran, S.J., of the St. Louis University, speak to the assembled school in the auditorium. We thank our kind friend, Father Walsh, S.J., for this favour.

March 31—In keeping with the spirit of Holy Week, Grades XII and XIII commenced their three-days' retreat with Father Kidd as retreat-master. We appreciated the splendid conferences.

April 14—Back to school after the Easter Holidays. We are all making a big effort to make the last term a great success.

April 22—Rev. Father Ruff, who is extremely interested in the welfare of the poor people of Italy, showed us the film of "The Life of Dom Bosco." Everyone left the auditorium filled with admiration for the zeal of this remarkable Saint.

For the events of Wednesday, April 23rd, and Thursday, April 24th, we quote from one of the Toronto-newspapers:

Loretto Displays Gymnastic Ability

Parents and friends attended the gymnastic exercises put on by the Loretto Students, Brunswick Avenue. Under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. MacIntosh, last Wednesday and Thursday, the combined classes of the school very efficiently entertained the large audience with their splendid display of gym exercises.

Danish dances, performed by Third Formers in colorful native costumes, added vivid array to the events of the evening.

In long dresses, the girls of Grade XII, dancing to the strains of the Emperor Waltz, climaxed a most enjoyable evening.

May 16—Mrs. Smithbauer, a well-known pianist, thrilled us with superb renditions of compositions by Chopin, Bach and Strauss.

May 22—The long-awaited event, GRADUATION, climaxed the many weeks of preparation. It was truly a pleasing sight—the white-robed graduates moving gracefully up the aisle to receive the reward of five years' endeavours. And an outstanding honour it was, to be presented with diplomas by the Cardinal, as members of the Loretto graduating class of the Centennial year of the I.B.V.M. in America.

Following the Graduation Exercises, the graduates and their Cathedral guests were entertained at a tea at Loretto College School. Grade XII assisted, while Miss Haffey, Mrs. McIntosh and Miss Bennett presided at the tea-table. All declared this a perfect ending to a perfect day.

May 26—The climax of the Graduation festivities was the Graduation Dance, held in Newman Hall. Music was provided by the Modernaires. From the delightful hospitality at Mrs. Barton's home until the gay breakfast (or supper, as our parents call it), at Mrs. McGrath's residence, every minute was a joy, as the Graduates and their guests bear witness.

May 30—The great day for all Mary's children—the day of the May procession and crowning of the statue of Our Lady. The Graduates, in their long dresses, were seated in a semicircle across the stage as Father O'Looney spoke to the student body concerning devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Then, with Our Lady's banner borne at the head of the proces-

sion, we sang our way through the grounds, and finally entered the chapel. Betty Letby was the fortunate one to crown the statue, and our beautiful ceremony ended with Benediction.

June 2—Through the rain the people actually flocked to the auditorium to spend an enjoyable evening listening to the Junior pupils' Music Recital. The eye, as well as the ear, was pleased as the daintily dressed little ones walked out on to the beautifully decorated stage. The programme, consisting of choruses, and piano solos and duets, was a delight. Congratulations to all those youthful artists, and to their teachers.

June 6—The last Sodality meeting of the year was held this afternoon. The Secretary and the Treasurer gave their reports. All promised to be faithful children of Mary Immaculate during the summer, and to wear the scapulars or scapular medal.

In the evening the Senior Music pupils demonstrated to their teachers, parents and friends how well they had been taught and how well they had practised. Little Rose Mary Kennedy added variety to the programme by her recitation, "My Alice Blue Gown," for which she won much applause. The programme was as follows:

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Ellen Grogan	
GAVOTTE	PURCELL
Mary Heinrich	
SONG OF THE LARK	TSCHAIKOWSKY
Joanne Campbell	
HUNGARIAN DANCE	Arr. by NEWMAN
Frances Bruder	
CARMENA	WILSON
Peggy O'Neill	
INVENTION	BACH
Colombe Cousineau	

GERMAN DANCE	Betty MacMillan	BEETHOVEN
RECITATION	MY ALICE BLUE GOWN	
Rose Mary Kennedy		
MINUTE WALTZ	Frances MacDonald	CHOPIN
ON WINGS OF SONG	Doreen Williams	MENDELSSOHN
EVENING CHIMES	Mary Alice Young	FULTON
POLISH DANCE	Delia Olsen	SCHARWENKA
SING, BREAK INTO SONG	Betty MacMillan, Peggy O'Neill Eleanor Regan, Irene Terejko	MALLINSON
SUNSHINE	Joanne Mahon	YORK BOWEN
CLAIR DE LUNE	Patricia Tatz	DEBUSSEY
AVE MARIA	Ann Saynuk	BACH-GOUNOD
HUNGARIAN	Victoria Genovese	MACDOWELL
ALLEGRO—Sonata—Op. 14, No. 1	Irene Templeton	BEETHOVEN
HQ! MR. PIPER	Betty MacMillan	PEARL CURRAN
HOPAK	Loretto Enright	MOUSSORGSKY
ETUDE DE CONCERT	Doreen Williams	LISZT
DUET—DANSE NEGRI	Joanne Mahon and Patricia Tatz	SCOTT

A pen-picture of the sewing exhibit is quite inadequate to describe the beauty and variety of the work accomplished by the pupils of Grade Nine, under the guidance of their teacher, Mother Cecilia. Sewing, knitting and crafts exhibits were artistically displayed. Dresses, slips, blouses, aprons, sweaters, baby outfits, men's socks, etc.—costume jewellery, hooked rugs, dolls dressed as brides, etc., were all admired by hosts of parents and friends.



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of
Loretto Rainbow
in the Centennial Year of Loretto (I.B.V.M.)
in America

we lovingly and gratefully dedicate

to

Reverend Mother General Victorine
and her Executive

and

to their predecessors in Office who so efficiently
directed the work of the Institute
from 1847 to 1947





VENERABLE MOTHER MARY WARD
Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1585-1645



REVEREND MOTHER TERESA DEASE
Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America

I. B. N. M.
Reverend Mothers General in America
1847 — 1947

Rev. Mother Ignatia Hutchinson

Rev. Mother Teresa Dease

Rev. Mother Ignatia Lynn

Rev. Mother Victorine Harris

Rev. Mother Stanislaus Liddy

Rev. Mother Pulcheria Farrelly

Rev. Mother Victorine O'Meara

Rev. Mother St Teresa Finnigan

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO



LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED—Cardinal Gilroy, Cardinal McGulgan, Cardinal Griffin;
STANDING—Msgr. Allen, Msgr. Harris, Rev. G. Griffin, O.S.B., Mr. A. Stokes, M.P., Mr. T. F. Bishop.

From "Rome and Home", with the gracious permission of Mr. Henry Somerville



LORETTO REUNION

The weighted pendulum of life
Hangs by a slender thread,
But, Oh, the lovely golden notes
It strikes 'ere one is dead!

The laughter it will scatter through
A life that touches yours.
Striking a spark that thus lights up
A friendship that endures.

Music it makes for weary hearts
Of those you used to know
When winds of yesterday swing in
And fan your thoughts aglow.

Into nostalgic, dulcet notes
I hear the pendulum swing
Telling of myriad happy hours
This Home Coming will bring.

LOLA A. BEERS

Commonwealth Cardinals at Loretto Centenary Mass

HENRY SOMERVILLE, M.A.

By describing the unglamorous arrival of the five Loretto Sisters from Dublin in Toronto a hundred years ago when there was no one to meet them when they landed from the Lake steamer and when they made their way to Bishop Power's residence to find him struggling with the difficulties caused by a deadly epidemic, the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton, preaching in St. Michael's Cathedral, Saturday, September 6th, brought out more vividly by contrast the beauty and glory of the scene at the Mass of thanksgiving celebrated by Cardinal McGuigan, of Toronto.

Many magnificent ceremonies have taken place in this venerable cathedral, which was in course of erection when the five Irish nuns came to open the first school taught by Religious in the city, but never before has the sanctuary presented such a scene as on Saturday when it held the thrones of three Cardinals robed with the splendour of the Sacred College. That of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toronto was on the Gospel side and opposite were those of the Cardinal-Archbishops of Sydney, N.S.W., and of Westminster, England. Attending Their Eminences were their chaplains and their lay assistants, the latter being Charles Gillooly, K.C.S.G., Donald MacDonald, William Seitz and Gordon Bean.

Officials of Mass

Three other Bishops in the sanctuary were the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton, the Most Rev. J. G. Berry, Bishop of Peterborough, and the Most Rev. B. I. Webster, Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto. Msgr. Brennan, V.G., P.A., was assistant Priest, Msgr. Cullinane and Msgr. McGrand, Deacons of Honour, and Very Rev. L. Bondy, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College, and Very Rev. John Swain, S.J., Provincial of Upper Canada, Deacon and sub-Deacon of the Mass. Rev. G. R. Quinlan, of St. Augustine's Seminary, was Master of Ceremonies, and the music of the Mass was rendered by the Cathedral Schola Cantorum, directed by Rev. Dr. Ronan. A large number of other Prelates and clergy were in the sanctuary and the nave was filled with many hundreds of Sisters of different religious communities, all sharing in the joy and grati-

tude of the Loretto Sisters in the Votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception offered in thanksgiving for God's blessing on a hundred years of work in Toronto which has the Motherhouse for the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary throughout Canada and the United States. The laity also attended in large numbers, many of them alumnae of Loretto schools or parents of children who are at present receiving from Loretto teachers the priceless gift of Catholic education.

Before the Mass there was a procession of the Cardinals, Bishops, Domestic Prelates and other clergy round the cathedral. Their Eminences were attended by guards of honour of the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus who added greatly to the interest and impressiveness of the spectacle. The Cardinals stopped at the altar of the Sacred Heart to adore the Blessed Sacrament before proceeding to the high altar for the celebration of Mass.

Bishop Ryan's Sermon

The preacher for the occasion was the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton, who said:

"The occasion which brings us together this morning commemorates the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of Loretto in the City of Toronto. It is most fitting that this crowning event of Loretto Centenary should be honoured in this Cathedral Church of Toronto which was in the process of building in 1847 and in whose crypt three of the first Loretto Sisters were laid to rest.

"The ceremony this morning is, indeed, one of great dignity and solemnity. Your own gracious Cardinal Archbishop is the celebrant of the Mass of thanksgiving and associated with him to lend commonwealth colour to this blessed function are Their Eminences the Cardinal-Archbishops of Westminster and of Sydney, Australia. How appropriate and gratifying that your own distinguished Cardinal should have with him on this day as his companions two such illustrious English-speaking members of the Sacred College of Cardinals!

"It is interesting to go back to the early foundations of Loretto Community in this city and province and to read the historical account

of its first beginnings. When the Sisters arrived in Toronto there was no one at the wharf to greet and welcome them. The message of the ship's arrival had not reached the Bishop. The nuns finally reached the Bishop's home where they received a fatherly and courteous welcome. But this special kindness of Bishop Power was not to continue for very long because the Bishop soon took ill with the dread fever of those early days and in but a short time of the coming of the Sisters was laid to rest in the crypt of this then unfinished Cathedral.

"Deprived of a great friend and wise counsellor in the days when needed most the story of this struggling community is but a counterpart of the life story of their brave and heroic foundress, Mary Ward. While it is true that friends gathered about them and assisted them in providing a home, enabling them to commence their school work, sorrow was constantly stalking them. The hardship of these early years, the rigours of cold winters soon took its toll and before Bishop De Charbonnel arrived in Canada, almost three years later, three Sisters fell victims to the dread disease of tuberculosis.

Appeal for Reinforcements

"When Bishop De Charbonnel arrived in Toronto he was greatly distressed with the situation of the nuns and he wrote the following letter to Archbishop Murray in Dublin:

"I come to interest Your Grace in behalf of the Ladies of Loretto whom I have the happiness of having in Toronto. Your Lordship is aware that the zealous Bishop Power, their founder in his Episcopal city, died with the ship fever a few days after their arrival. Since that time, these good ladies have suffered more than I can say. Deprived of a Bishop, of a house, and of many other things during three years, I am amazed at their having got through the numberless difficulties they contended with. It is for me the best proof of their pleasing God and the motive of my devotedness to them. As soon as I arrived six weeks ago, my first visit, my first alms, my second Mass were for them. I gave them for director a distinguished Jesuit. There is a good spirit in the house, they are esteemed and cherished by their pupils and all those who are acquainted with them; they have done, and will do, much good amongst Catholics and Protestants. . . . Still the mem-

bers at the house are too few; the Reverend Mother Superior is very delicate. Sister Gertrude keeps to her bed, one has died; in fact they are overwhelmed; at least three nuns, very healthy Sisters, would not be too many; one should be a first-rate housekeeper, superintending the attendance of the sick, making provisions, bargains, etc., and one of the two choir Sisters should be equally pious and sensible, perfectly well acquainted with the rules and usages of the Institute, able to be a Superior, at the (same) time she should feel happy to remain an inferior as long as it would please Providence."

Revival and Progress

"The letter did not go unanswered. Canada was the 18th foundation from Dublin; the Community was not yet very numerous. However, in the summer of 1851, two newly-professed nuns, filled with generous ardour and devotion, reached Toronto, much to the joy and happiness of the whole Community. In September, 1851, the school which because of sickness had been temporarily discontinued, was resumed with renewed courage. Since those early pioneer days of struggle, sorrow, and disappointment, but most of all days of generous Christlike charity and sacrifice, the Community of Loretto Sisters has grown in numbers, has clung fast and tenaciously to its rule and religious spirit. New and healthy foundations have sprung up in various parts of this province and in the West and in the United States and thousands of fine Catholic young women have gone forth from the doors of their schools and academies strengthened in the faith, ennobled in virtue and grace and proficient in the field of learning and knowledge.

"Surely, then, this is a day of great rejoicing and especially of profound thanksgiving. A century has passed by since the Sisters of Loretto first reached our Ontario shores and set up their schools here in our midst. We rejoice with them today and we join with them in returning thanks to Almighty God for His goodness and divine bounty of the past century.

"Gratitude to God is a most acceptable form of prayer. It has been called the respiration of the soul. As in every human breast there are two movements—the one that inhales the air, the other that exhales it after it has enriched the blood—so there should be in every soul two movements—the one receiving gifts from the Holy Spirit, which invigorates our

inner life, the other pouring forth those gifts in the form of thanksgiving. Every blessing we enjoy in the order of nature or grace is a gratuitous bounty of our Creator; 'every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights'.

Education for Christ

"That we may appreciate the more the marvellous work and enterprise of the children of Mary Ward let us look briefly into their particular field of labour. The Sisters of Loretto have now been amongst you for 100 years. You know them by their fruits; and if anywhere it were necessary to dwell upon the nobleness of their self-sacrificing lives, it could be here, where those lives have, for so many years, been devoted to the service of your children. You know that they have provided for you and your children the best type of that Catholic education which is our country's greatest need, and in so doing have developed at all times real Christian characters.

"What ought to be the object of Christian education? It should be this — to take into careful hands the tender hearts of children; to bring out bright and clear the image of God that is upon their souls; to sanctify the opening intellect and the young will; to mould them to God's service in this world and the next; to fit them for their arduous part in the battle of life. What a noble work it is! Working for the world's future. How blessed is the hand that opens the dawning intelligence of youth to the beauty of God's service, that supplies the antidote to the world's poison, that teaches the young soul to see God in everything He has made, that defeats the attempt of Satan on a soul purchased by the blood of Jesus! And this is precisely the work that has been done, and is being done, by the Sisters of Loretto by imparting a Christian education to your children. Well did the late Cardinal Bourne write when he said: 'It is a duty of gratitude to recall continually to the Catholics of England, and indeed of the whole United Kingdom, as well as to all the teaching orders of religious women throughout the world, that the very existence of the modern educational and charitable congregations, such as we know them in their almost countless multiplicity, was made possible by the supernatural foresight, the heroic perseverance and the terrible disappointments and sufferings of Mary Ward'.

Right of the Church

"We all agree that the most momentous work upon which society can be engaged, at any given time, is the education of its children. But education that is to be truly effective, truly beneficial, that is to be an advantage to man or society must be grounded on religion, intermingled with religion, directed by religion.

"You are aware of the efforts being made in certain lands to separate education from the control and influence of religion. You are aware, too, that the Church, faithful to her trust, has, through her Supreme Pontiff and her Bishops, raised her voice against these machinations—has sounded the trumpet of warning in the ears of her children, and has proclaimed with the voice of authority which reaches to the end of the earth that education that is not based upon and directed by religion is not what it should be—but indeed is pernicious.

"In this task of religious education the Sisters of Loretto have ever been faithful. In promoting this grand work the Sisters have not only been fulfilling a sacred duty but exercising a sacred right, a right which it would be as base to relinquish as it is glorious to exercise; and a right which if any Catholic failed to insist upon it to the utmost limit, and its minutest details, he would be unworthy of his special Christian prerogative.

"Thus we have added reason to offer our congratulations and rejoice with the Sisters of Loretto. For a century they have been training the minds and hearts of your children to the knowledge and service of God. Their graduates have also learned well the things necessary for the successful pursuit of life. They have given to the Church and the State what both have a right to expect; young faithful hearts grounded fixedly in Catholic faith and devotion and citizens, who, next to God, will love their country so well that to serve it faithfully and loyally will be to them the greatest of earthly honours.

Reward Eternal

"The Sisters of Loretto have dedicated their lives to the service of God under the special guidance and direction of Our Blessed Lady. And so this morning I recommend this community and their special work—the sacred cause of Catholic education—to that dear

Mother whose office it has been, and is on earth and in heaven, to be the special guardian of the Incarnate Word, who is the infinite source of all knowledge, human and divine, that she may continue to bless in a special way the work of the Sisters of Loretto in our land and that

she may obtain for us who assist in this work of Catholic education to the utmost of our power some part in the reward of those of whom it has been written, 'They who instruct many unto justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity.'"

Loretto Centenary in America

This year we commemorate the completion of one hundred years in which our Loretto nuns have been devoting themselves to the education of young America. In September, 1847, five ardent young Irish nuns came on the invitation of Bishop Michael Power to the City of Toronto to establish there an Institute for the Christian education of girls such as Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, conducted in Ireland. Bishop Power had been named in 1842 first bishop of the vast western portion of Upper Canada and had chosen Toronto as site of the Cathedral and episcopal residence. It is noteworthy that his first efforts in the matter of education were directed towards the education of Catholic girls, the mothers and guides of the next generation. The Community from which these missionaries came had been established in Rathfarnham, Dublin, by REVEREND MOTHER TERESA BALL in 1821, from St. Mary's Convent, York, England. It had thus been in existence over two hundred years, owing its origin to the valiant servant of God and pioneer in the apostolate of religious women, the VENERABLE MARY WARD.

In every age God has scattered forerunners in the world. They are those ahead of their time and whose personal action is based on an inward knowledge of that which is yet to come. Being a forerunner, is a dangerous and costly privilege, and Mary Ward, whom God elected for the role, paid the price in full. Her story in its pathos and completeness reminded Cardinal Gasquet of a Greek tragedy, but a closer parallel might be found in the Book of Job. Certainly, none of the imaginary heroines whom Shakespeare was creating in Mary's youth surpasses in beauty and charm, in gaiety and wisdom, in courage and loyalty, in rounded, unflawed womanliness, this real heroine whom God created. In 1609, as an exile across the Channel from the horribly persecuted Elizabethan and Jacobean England, MARY WARD inaugurated a new, Providentially-inspired, consecrated life for women; she would be religious and yet devote her life freely

to the dire need in those sad days for children, for instruction in the Catholic faith. With five fast friends, all young ladies of ancient Catholic stock, and kindred spirits, she set about obtaining the sanction of the Church for a new order of women, after the pattern of the Society of Jesus. They settled in the town of St. Omer, some twenty miles from Calais, and amid obstacles raised by well-meaning friends, and opposition of enemies, fearlessly and enthusiastically, they began one of the heroic chapters of the history of post-Reformation Europe, that of the first uncloistered teaching community of women, its struggles, its suppression, its resurrection.

Mary Ward's nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary are now to be found in every part of the world. But there is more to be said than that, and Cardinal Bourne, who was a man sparing of enthusiasm, said it a generation ago: "It is a duty of gratitude to recall continually to the Catholics of England, and indeed of the whole United Kingdom, as well as to all the teaching orders of religious women throughout the world, that the very existence of the modern educational and charitable congregations, such as we know them in their almost countless multiplicity, was made possible by the supernatural foresight, the heroic perseverance and the terrible disappointments and sufferings of Mary Ward."

The five young nuns, all of them still in their twenties, who were chosen by Reverend Mother Ball for the American mission in 1847 were: Sr. M. Ignatia Hutchinson, Sr. M. Gertrude Fleming, Sr. M. Teresa Dease, Sr. M. Bonaventura Phelan, Sr. M. Valentina Hutchinson. The arrival at the wharf in Toronto was the occasion of the first of a series of early sorrows, some of them small to be sure, but very real. In some way the message of the ship's arrival had not reached the Bishop, and no one came to greet or guide them. After some delay and discussion, the odd little group of secular ladies got the attention of a coloured cabman. He was willing

to oblige, but knew nothing whatever of a Catholic Bishop in the Tory city of Toronto. After inquiry, however, he drove them to the Bishop's door on Church Street. Indoors they met the second challenge to their courage. The tragedy of the ship fever and the daily deaths of the immigrants in the hospital sheds were the whole preoccupation of the Bishop.

That evening Mr. Samuel Goodenough Lynn, who, with the Hon. John Elmsley, was the Bishop's right hand in temporal affairs, offered to take the ladies to his home while he with his sons went to the hotel. Here the nuns were hospitably provided for until a house was secured at 45 Duke Street, and duly furnished. This first Loretto Convent seems to have been placed in one of the larger houses on Duke Street. The nuns took possession of it on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, September 24. School was planned on the model the nuns had known and the Bishop had admired in Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and text books were the Irish National School Books, for which the recommendation of the Provincial Board of Education had been secured. Classes began on the 29th of September, feast of St. Michael, a feast that had been lovingly observed in the Institute since the persecution days of the eighteenth century in York, England, when the great Archangel had preserved the Convent from a riotous mob. Two short days later came the news of the death of the Bishop, their founder and father, in the prime of his manhood. The little Convent and its school had need of great courage to weather this great sorrow.

Some time in 1848 the nuns began teaching the Catholic children of the parish in an outside school, "a few blocks distant from the convent." In this school Sister Gertrude Fleming had the privilege of being the first Religious teacher of an embryonic Separate School in the region of Upper Canada. When the cold weather arrived they set out each morning with a bundle of kindling wood, hidden under their shawls, with which to start the school fire on their arrival. When the snow came they were often the first in the morning to track their way through it. There are no complete records of this first outside school, just where it was, what the attendance, or when its location was changed. By 1853 two Loretto nuns were teaching with the Christian Brothers in the school on St. Patrick's Market.

But sorrow was stalking them. The hardships of these early years, the rigours of very cold winters, played havoc with the young founda-

tion and in less than four years three of the Sisters had completed their holocaust and were laid to rest in the crypt of the new St. Michael's Cathedral. Within the same period, however, four more intrepid youthful members had come from Ireland: Sr. M. Joachim Murray, Sr. Ita Cummins, Sr. M. Berkman Lalor, Sr. M. Purification Oullahan. Their names deserve to be inscribed with the foundresses. Four of the nine foundresses lived many years in the new land and saw the vast developments of education in the course of the nineteenth century. REVEREND MOTHER TERESA DEASE was made superior in 1851 and remained so until her death in 1889. On the monument over her grave in the grounds of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, are carved the words that summarize her life, "Mother, Model, Guide."

The next ten years saw the Community increasing in numbers, fifty in 1861; and the number of pupils who had attended Loretto House, Toronto, was over 1,500. Objections were made in Protestant circles because the daughters of leading families were often found in Loretto's enrolment. Meantime a convent had been opened at Brantford in 1853 and transferred in 1855 for a few months to London (November, 1855, to June, 1856). On the separation of the dioceses of Hamilton and London from the See of Toronto in 1856, the nuns withdrew from London and, on invitation of Right Reverend John Farrel, first Bishop of Hamilton, transferred to Guelph, where the Jesuit Fathers had been given charge of the parish in 1852.

The 1860's saw two events of material advance for the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the results of generous gifts from Toronto's third Bishop, Most Reverend John Joseph Lynch. In 1861, in founding a house for the Blessed Sacrament and for religious who would be faithful in adoration, at Niagara Falls, Bishop Lynch crowned a great dream that had begun in his boyhood days in Ireland when he first saw a picture of the mighty cataract. In 1861, also, the Loretto Mother House in Toronto was built on church property, a plot of land of 239 foot frontage on Bond Street by 116 feet on Wilton. This, the first Loretto Mother House erected in Canada, remained as Mother House and Novitiate until 1877. It continued as a Loretto High School and Commercial School until 1913.

In 1867 in Toronto the Lyndhurst property belonging to the Widder family was purchased by the Loretto nuns for \$17,000 through the good offices of Mr. John Mulvey and Vicar

General Jamot. It seemed a permanent setting, not far from the bay, in a fine residential district, a prepossessing, well-built house with large private grounds and great old trees. The first Mass was said on September 8th, and the boarding school opened on the first of October. Here for the first time the name of LORETTO ABBEY was given, as in Ireland. Additions and adaptations were continual and the school was large: fifty-eight boarders and ninety-four day pupils in 1879 had become ninety boarders and a hundred and twenty-five day pupils by 1885.

In the intervening years several Convents had been opened, Loretto of Mater Admirabilis in Hamilton, 1865; Loretto of the Assumption, Stratford, 1878; Loretto of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Englewood, Chicago, 1892; Loretto of Our Lady of Victory, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., 1896. Some houses had been opened and then closed, one in Belleville in 1857 finally closed in 1899; one in Lindsay from 1874-1890. In 1880 Joliet, Ill., was the last foundation, and one of the most fruitful, made by Rev. Mother Teresa; the first made by her successor, Rev. Mother Ignatia, was that of Englewood, Chicago. Thus began Mary Ward's Institute in the United States, though from the beginning the number of girls from various parts of the United States, educated at the Loretto Convents was large. Niagara Falls might reasonably claim the honour of being an American foundation on account of the many pupils, past and present, not only from the regions along the shores of the Niagara River and the Lakes, but from all parts of the United States, who lovingly name this Convent Alma Mater.

Loretto schools, either Canadian or American, founded after 1880 took on very rapidly the courses necessary to meet the various State requirements, harmonizing these with the older traditions of leisured Christian culture. Departmental Certificate Courses undertaken first in Lindsay were adopted by Hamilton and then in turn by all the Canadian Loretto. Graduates from Joliet and Englewood Loretto Academies found no difficulty in qualifying for teacher certificates from the beginning, while contemporary Loretto High Schools in Chicago and in Sault Ste. Marie have University and North Central Association approval, with at the same time considerable freedom in the choice of texts and development of subject matter.

At the present time the Institute conducts

Loretto College, Toronto, in connection with St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto; nine Loretto High Schools in Canada and three in the United States; and provides 144 teachers for 29 Separate and Parochial Schools with an aggregate of over eleven thousand pupils. The need for catechetical centres where there are no Catholic schools has led to the adoption of four such centres: Port Colborne and Fort Erie in Ontario, Estevan in Saskatchewan, and Flemington, New Jersey. As many as one hundred nuns devote some weeks of the summer vacation to Catechism teaching in country and neglected city regions, as far distant as S. Dakota and Northern Michigan and Saskatchewan, as well as in Ontario. Houses opened since 1900 include Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, 1905; Loretto College, Toronto, 1911; Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto, 1915; St. Bride's Convent, Chicago, 1920; St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto, 1920; Loretto Convent, Sedley, Saskatchewan, 1921; Loretto Convent, Regina, Saskatchewan, 1932; Port Colborne, 1937; Fort Erie, 1944; Flemington, 1945; Estevan, Sask., 1945; Wheaton, 1946; Toronto Gore, 1946; Maryholme at Roche's Point, 1946.

The Community had by degrees many American members—one of the earliest postulants was a pupil born in New York State. Finally in 1927 a branch of Loretto Novitiate was opened in Chicago. Here girls from the United States enter the Community and receive their early religious training, except for the Canonical Year made with the Canadian novices at the Mother House Novitiate. In 1946 the American Novitiate was moved to a spacious and inviting property and house in the beautiful country outside Wheaton, Ill.

Visits to Ireland and to houses of the Institute in other parts of Europe, made by the first two Chief Superiors and then by other members in more recent years, have revealed the miraculous continuity of the religious spirit Mary Ward bequeathed to her Institute, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1939, the cause of Mary Ward's beatification was already well advanced and the historic process completed.

In 1930, the Mother House in America was transferred to the newly built Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, North Yonge Street, just beyond the city limits of Toronto. Here took place in early September, 1947, the home-coming of Alumnae from all the Loretto schools in honour of the Centenary of their Alma Mater.

M. M.

Programme

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1947

LORETTO ABBEY

10.00 A.M.—Mass followed by Communion
Breakfast.
Registration.

6.00 P.M.—Banquet.

8.00 P.M.—Pageant of Former Years.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1947

A visit to Maryholme, Roche's Point.

Bus service from Loretto Abbey, Armour
Heights, at one o'clock.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1947

10.00 A.M.—Requiem Mass offered for the re-
pose of the souls of deceased members
of the Community at Mount Hope
Cemetery.

12.00 NOON — Buffet luncheon at Loretto
Abbey.

2.00 P.M.—Alumnae of the Future.
Introduction of babies of the Alumnae.

4.00 P.M.—Benediction of the Blessed Sacra-
ment at the Grotto on the Abbey
Grounds.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1947

10.00 A.M.—Solemn Pontifical Mass offered in
St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by
His Eminence James C. Cardinal
McGuigan.

His Eminence Bernard Cardinal Griffin,
Archbishop of Westminster, England,
and

His Eminence Norman Cardinal Gilroy,
Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, pres-
ent in the Sanctuary.

Sermon by The Most Reverend Joseph F.
Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, Ont.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1947

9.30 A.M.—Centenary Mass offered for the
Loretto Separate School pupils at St.
Cecilia's Church, St. Anthony's
Church and Church of the Blessed
Sacrament, Toronto.

NOVEMBER PROGRAMME

Trilogy on the Spirit of Faith Through
Four Centuries

THE SAINT OF CHELSEA

Drama presenting St. Thomas More, glori-
ous martyr of the Reformation.

A VALIANT WOMAN

Pageant presenting Mary Ward, heroic
figure of the Counter Reformation and
Foundress of The Institute of the Blessed
Virgin Mary.

THE INSTITUTE IN AMERICA

Sound picture depicting Its Foundations
and Activities.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1947

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LORETTO

9.30 A.M.—Commemorative High Mass at St.
Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, sung by
the High School students of Loretto
Abbey and Loretto College School.

Loretto's Call

Loretto, Dear—

You called; we happily answered.
You called your children home.
Thank God for that sweet summons!
Thank God that we could come!

Your open arms, your welcoming smiles
Touched deeply every heart;
We lived again the olden days,
Both sad and glad—in part.

A milestone this will ever be
To cherish through the years—
We left our path—stepped off—came home,
In laughter, and in tears.

And now we journey on again,
Renewed with hope and love,
With faith and resolution,
Our loyalty will prove.

Dear God, bless our Loretto Home!
Bless each dear nun, so true;
And if they call us home again
Please, God, may I come too?

Florence Malone Ronan, Loretto Alumna.

Centennial Home Coming, Sept. 6-8, 1947

MOTHER M. MARGARITA

It is over. Yes, the Home Coming. And what words can ever depict it—the events and atmosphere of joyous reunion, for the long-absent girls and the nuns who could be present. There were weeks of assiduous preparation, prayer, to begin with, for weather and all good accessories, then no stone or 'phone left unturned to secure up-to-date addresses of all Loretto's children, with names coming in until the very day before; some eight thousand copies of Mother General's dear letter sent out, north, south, east and west. House and garden and grounds were put into their best attire under the unobtrusive but meticulous supervision of both Mother General and Mother Superior, and every room, every sleeping apartment ready in expectation. A special shrine of Our Lady was set up in what will be the vestibule of the Chapel opposite the main door; a Souvenir Shop was installed in the portress room and registration arranged at the long table in the Library. Newspaper announcements and pictures for two weeks beforehand were due to the resourceful initiative of Mrs. Frank Walpole (Mary Pickett), and left no one in the City unaware of the coming events.

Saturday, September 6th

Long before the hour of ten the halls and corridors were aglow with the bright faces of Loretto children of all ages, and the nuns, young and old, as they greeted each other and made their way to the Auditorium for Mass. The Auditorium was more than filled when Reverend Dr. Louis Markle came out to say Mass, Vested in a white chasuble, embroidered and ornamented in blue and gold for this centenary celebration. The novices' choir sang the Pentecost sequence and parts of the Mass of the Shepherds, and for closing number the *Jubilate Deo* in Dr. Ronan's setting. After the Gospel, Rev. Father Markle spoke a few inspiring words about the home coming. A Loretto boy himself, taught by the Loretto nuns for the first five years of his school life, counting their influence as second only to that of his parents in furthering his vocation to the priesthood, he understood the inspirations and memories that would be revived in these days. The greatest

of all home comings, he said, was Our Lord's Ascension, as He took back with Him to the Home in Heaven the memories and the love even unto death of His earthly life. The second great home coming was Our Lady's Assumption. Picture the joy with which she was received by her Divine Son, and by the whole heavenly court, she who had been every moment of her mortal life the loving handmaid of the Lord. And so all earthly reunions are images and pledges of the great day when each of us shall come at last to our heavenly home.

After Mass breakfast was served in the Y.L. Refectory for the many who had received Holy Communion, or had but just arrived by train. Among the many elderly graduates present, the eldest was Mrs. E. R. Lounsbury, who graduated as Ella Sharpe in Loretto Convent, Lindsay, in 1879. Mrs. Lounsbury was crowned with a golden wreath by Mother General amid happy acclamations. The runner-up for the distinction was our faithful Mrs. A. M. Roesler, who as Agnes Doane graduated at Loretto Convent, Bond Street, in 1881. Other early graduates and pupils were: Mrs. (Fanny Penfold) Coffey of Montreal, Mrs. (Minnie McHugh) Hodgson of Lindsay, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh (Bridget O'Bryne), Mrs. J. A. Devaney (Katie Conlin), Mrs. J. Drolet (Mary Pelletier) of Montreal, and Mrs. M. Legree (Mary Hallett).

In the afternoon there were many more arrivals, including several from the Detroit-Windsor Alumnae and from Chicago, a group from Montreal had come on the morning train. Corridors and halls and grounds witnessed many a happy encounter. Can school girls ever know how glad they will be to return some day as if vacation were just over? Find themselves again just as Katie or Susie or Jennie, and still made glad by the approval of the nuns? That was the afternoon when all the religious of the city were invited by His Eminence the Cardinal to visit his new home in York Mills and be presented to the three Empire Cardinals. All the nuns who could from the Abbey left promptly at three o'clock, expecting to be back in less than an hour for the Tea Party. It was five o'clock when they got back and already the Reception Room was crowded, and girls of all ages were paging the missing nuns. During the

Tea, entertainment was provided by the singing of Miss Victoria Douglas, to the artistic accompaniment of Mrs. Jas. Mallon.

Before evening over a thousand registrations had been made and six hundred remained for the banquet at 6 o'clock. Long tables were set in the gymnasium and in the adjoining hall. At the close a flashlight photo was taken showing nuns in the gallery as well as the banquet guests seated in the gymnasium. For the cutting of the imposing centenary cake, Mother General was called upon, and then followed the playing of the victrola record of Miss Ann Jamison's *Ave Maria Loretto*. It had been played earlier in the day and would often be heard again, but at this moment the sweet soaring soprano voice in the familiar words and melody stirred and united all hearts. Toasts and responses followed. Telegram greetings from the President of the C.F.C.A., Mrs. Alexandra Hogg of Winnipeg, were fittingly endorsed by Mrs. Harry Roesler. Many telegrams were also received from out-of-town Alumnae who could not attend: Ruth Thompson Fulton, en route to British Guiana; Loretto Flynn O'Boyle and Winnifred Flynn Evans, Detroit; Elsie and George White, Willmette, Ill.; Dorothy Evans Kavanagh, Chicago; Mamie Jones O'Brien and Frances Dunn O'Brien, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Hattie Macklin Hagarty, Windsor; Betty Sanborn, Colorado; Marcella Pezzack and the girls, Big Bay Point, Ont.; Ellen C. O'Meara, Huntington, N.Y.; Nora Teehan Keenan, Massey, Ont.; Mildred Ross Szammers, Peterborough, Ont.; Lillian McDonnell Pavey, Winnetka, Ill; Margaret Hayes Trainer, Sudbury; some recent graduates and pupils from Port of Spain, Trinidad (Joan Huggins, Jackie Waddell, June Coussement, Jean Barcant, Marilyn Barcant, Joyce Cabral, Grace Norman, Lorna Lloyd); Josefina Bezaury, Mexico City; Clara Carroll Lyons, Ottawa; Marjorie Maulson Barnes, New York; Maria Teresa Creel, Mexico City; Margaret Hanna VanHorne, Montreal. Many dear letters from Alumnae were received beforehand, as well as telegrams and letters from bishops, priests, and religious communities, including Loretto Abbey, Ballarat, Australia, with felicitations and generous promises of prayers.

Miss Margaret McCormack, incoming President of Loretto Alumnae, Toronto, announced and presented life membership cards to twelve of Loretto's faithful daughters: Miss Bertha Boland; Mrs. Frank Cassidy; Miss Alice Gormaly; Mrs. J. P. Hynes; Miss Lucy Hynes; Miss Tessie Lalor; Mrs. W. T. J. Lee; Mrs. A. J. Me-

Donagh; Mrs. (Mamie Jones) O'Brien; Mrs. A. M. Roesler; Miss Alma Small; Mrs. E. Sullivan. Life membership was presented also in recent years to Mrs. Jas. Mallon and Mrs. Harry Roesler. A suggestion was made that Alumnae out of Toronto should follow this centenary. Of the Gormaly family, four generations have already graduated from Loretto and of the Lalor family a girl of the fifth generation is this year beginning High School.

A toast to the Alumnae of all Loretto's was sympathetically proposed by Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith. Dr. Geraldine Maloney responded for the Canadian Alumnae with a thoughtful, inspiring comment on the preparation needed to live as a Catholic in the world of today. "Materialism," she said, "from being a philosophy and something superimposed on the Christian way of life has become a disease, a malignant disease, invading the realm of reason. . . . A disease of the reason must be counteracted with reasonable thinking. . . . To teach falsehood to those who, because of their natural limitations, are unable to distinguish it as such is one of the most evil things man can do. And yet today it is being done constantly in every department of our lives—political—social—and economic. The sea of delusion is very close to inundating us, but ages ago the ship in which Christ sat rode out the storm and came safely to shore. The schools which we wish to honour tonight may be likened to that ship because they truly carry Christ and His teachings among us. Speaking for the student body, past and present, we thank all those who taught us so ably in the past and who support us today with their prayers. We sincerely beg of them to continue their work because our need and mankind's need is desperate."

Miss Mary Woods, of Detroit-Windsor group, accepted the toast on behalf of the American Alumnae and spoke of the long anticipated joys of the Home Coming. Miss Dorothy Kennedy, of Chicago, who had been invited to reply, was unable to attend. Mrs. Albert Roy (Kathleen Hickey) proposed the toast to the Alma Mater in a delightful manner. She opined that an Alumna of some years' standing looking at herself in the mirror and adjusting her graying hair and applying a modicum of make-up might well look upon her former teachers and say that in this respect also the nuns "had chosen the better part." The whole work of the Institute, she went on, might be likened to a wheel, the hub being the Mother House and its affiliations and the spokes representing the various avenues of life along which Loretto's children have

found their way of life. Parenthetically, she commented, that the "hub" in the interval between the days of smoke and industrial surroundings at Wellington Street and the present noble building at Armour Heights could be said to have had "its face lifted considerably." In the same vein, she eulogized the little-acknowledged business acumen of the Ladies of Loretto. . . . Finally she spoke with deep feeling of the indefinable something which Loretto girls receive from their Alma Mater that equips them to take their place acceptably in whatever circumstances life presents. The toast was replied to by Mother General. It was not possible for her, she said, nor for any member of the Community now living to speak adequately for the Loretto nuns of this hundred years. She thanked the Alumnae of all our schools for the generous loyalty and substantial help they continually provide. She instanced the destructive fire of 1938 at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, and the quick rallying of the Alumnae; it could, she added, be called a "good" fire in retrospect, on this account. In conclusion, Mother General called upon the writer of the present article to share with all present some of the fruits of recent research into the story of our hundred years. The latter began with references to our original Foundress, Mary Ward, to the hardships into which her zeal carried her, amazing journeyings on foot and sojourns in prison like unto the Apostle Paul, and withal a charm of personality and womanly resourcefulness such as God often gives to women saints. The need for acquaintance with her will be met by new lives about to be written, one by the great English Jesuit, Rev. Jas. Brodrick, and another for young folk by Covelle Newcomb, whose volumes on Cardinal Newman and on Cardinal Gibbons rank with the best of Church History. Knowledge of Mary Ward spreading among Loretto pupils will lead to confidence in her and then to the miracles which are now needed for the next phase of her beatification cause. Of days in America, the speaker pointed out some feature or circumstance in each quarter of the century. For one of the first youthful missionaries, Reverend Mother Ball wrote a word of exhortation on her departure from Ireland which the young nun reverently preserved and left as an heirloom. "St. Ignatius," wrote Mother Ball, in her fine Loretto script, "used to dismiss his children with this sentence: 'Go, brother, and set the whole world on fire with the love of God.' I say the same through you on this occasion with a thousand loves to each dear child." Such was

the spirit of the beginnings and if in a hundred years the Community has not increased in numbers and foundations as has many another community in America we may just say in all simplicity that it is due to the Providence of God, nor indeed is work done for God rightly measured in terms of size and numbers. By the second quarter of the century rented houses were replaced by a genuine Mother House, Loretto Convent of St. Ignatius on Bond Street, where for more than twenty-five years the nuns lived, as it were, in the very heart of the Archdiocese, teaching in St. Michael's School as well as in the Convent, and being hostesses to the Sisters of the Precious Blood when they arrived in the city in 1869. When Mother Joachim Murray died as late as 1897 the funeral took place in the Cathedral. Expansion in numbers of members and of pupils led in a few years to the purchase of the Lyndhurst property on Wellington St., to the eventual transference there of the Mother House, and the adoption of the name of Loretto Abbey, as in Ireland. Here, though shut in by a high board fence and a gate that was locked in the early evening, the school atmosphere was one of elegance and social graciousness. Stories of Reverend Mother Teresa and of Reverend Mother Ignatia fitted well into this setting.

On account of the entertainment to follow in the Auditorium further reminiscence was cut short with a brief reference to the presence in our midst of sister Alumnae from other lands. In the Loretto group in Winnipeg is Mrs. Burke-Gaffney, a pupil of Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham; in the Montreal group and present at the banquet, Mrs. J. C. Wakely, a pupil of Loreto, Lucknow, India; and present at some of the reunion functions, Miss Joyce Brown, pupil of Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, Sydney, Australia.

In the fashion pageant a number of recent graduates modelled gowns of every decade, and of special interest were the wedding dresses of Mrs. Wm. Gormaly of 1862 and of Mrs. A. M. Roesler in 1885. These were shown in tableau with bridesmaid and little maid of honour. Music was suitably provided by Miss Dorothy Byrne at the piano, and the announcer was Mrs. (Pat Barry) McCracken. At the end everyone joined in the singing of *Ave Maria Loretto*, with Miss Dorothy Byrne at the piano and Mother Ethne at the pipe organ, with Miss Victoria Douglas' full voice to delight us all. The richness and fullness of the harmony was equalled only by the heartfelt manner in which all sang. So came the first day to a glorious close.

Sunday, September 7th

Sunday morning meant quiet visiting, especially for those who stayed all night at the Abbey. By one o'clock buses were in waiting for the trip to Maryholme, filling up one after another until seven set out in succession for Lake Simcoe. An eighth bus followed an hour or so later and then private cars were requisitioned for the overflow. For more than three

and the grounds, with ready courtesy and ability.

Monday, September 8th

Sunday evening grew cloudy and even the early hours of Monday had a little threat of rain in them, but the sun soon made its way forth. It was for this day's weather and its special event that prayers had been most earnestly offered.



Home Coming—Loretto Centenary Mass, in

hours some four hundred Loretto girls had the freedom of the lovely large summer home and verandas, the spacious grounds and inviting lake front, while some thirty of the nuns were happy hostesses. Lunch and Tea were served and, in at least one bus on the return journey, songs of olden days were rehearsed with a volunteer conductor to perscinate the one-time choral master. Those who came into the Abbey were entertained by moving pictures of Wheaton and the Reception there, taken in the course of the year by M. M. Oliver, who did a like favour for the events of the three Home Coming days.

Another touch of colour and convenience was the attendance of De La Salle cadets as ushers and messengers at the entrance and in the hall

At an early hour the white benches from the Abbey grounds and all the appurtenances of the altar were transported to the cemetery. There before the tall pedestal on which stands the statue of Our Lady presiding over the Loretto plot an altar had been set up and was soon in readiness for Mass. High up on the top of the pedestal just at Our Lady's feet was the large sign, *Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. The benches were placed on the grass the other side of the driveway that many might be seated who would not be able to kneel for long and yet desired above all things to assist at this Mass, the first, it would seem, ever to be offered in Mount Hope Cemetery. Nuns and Alumnae arrived well before ten o'clock and found awaiting them

at the foot of each white-lettered iron cross, a small purple and silver coloured booklet containing in alphabetic order the names of all the I.B.V.M. who in America in a hundred years have completed the holocaust of their lives and lie now in dust in the cemeteries of several cities. This again was one of Mother General's own inspirations which meant so much to many a girl who for the first time visited this quiet spot or knelt at the grave of those who had guided

behind the altar and plot and seemed to whisper of the dead. It was quickly over and at the end the novices sang, *Hail, Holy Queen, Enthroned Above*. Pictures were taken—indeed, the panorama picture was developed and on sale at the door as we returned to the Abbey.

Home greeted us once more with the lovely strains of *Ave Maria Loretto*, and we mingled together in the informal visits and meetings that were the essential feature of the reunion,



Loretto plot, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Sept., 1947

her school days. Msgr. McCann arrived punctually and as he vested for Mass the congregation placed itself. Near every black iron cross knelt one of the nuns, and across the driveway, in front of the altar, were the Alumnae and friends. A deep reverential stillness was broken only by two equally impressive sounds, the singing of *In Thy Name, O Mary* by the novices' choir, and the slow tolling of the bell from the cemetery chapel. Funerals were coming into the grounds farther over as the Mass went on. As if on purpose, the tolling ceased at the Consecration and for a few minutes afterwards and then began again. A breeze moved softly the lacy foliage of the locust trees along the fence

until the buffet luncheon was announced and partaken of.

Then came the sunny afternoon and the arrival of all the dear young mothers and their little ones, ranging from Marie Kent Beaudoin, with her whole family of six, and Aileen McLaughlin Robert, accompanied by four of her six, through fives and fours and threes, down to Bernadette Markle O'Connor and a wee bright infant in arms. It would be a joy to name them all, but we hope they are all in the movies that were being taken. Mary O'Connor Kammein, who had come from Chicago for the reunion, brought photographs of her three. Refreshments for calories and vitamins—and a little after four

o'clock preparations began to be made for the outdoor Benediction. The nuns, each bearing a Loretto blue taper—though the wind persisted in blowing out the lights—formed a guard of honour along both sides of the path down to the Grotto, closing in, to follow the Blessed Sacrament as Father Fraser bore It, attended by two De La Salle cadets and the two altar boys, David and Darcy Bird, sons of Roma Stalker Bird. Benediction was sung and the Te Deum while the junior members of the congregation roamed here and there, free to climb and investigate while their young mothers prayed. "Suffer the

little children to come . . ."—it was a precious event. By and by, as they departed, each small person received a little gold medal of the Immaculate Conception, done up in baby blue ribbon, as a souvenir from Mother General. It was not until late at night that the last cars moved out from in front of the Abbey. The driveway had been filled with them almost constantly for the three days, and now we were left to return to the Chapel and say such fervent Thank You's—and then for days to talk it all over in family fashion with joy and gratitude.

LAUS DEO SEMPER!

Deceased Members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America—1847-1947

Commemoration of the Dead

Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants of The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary who have gone before us with the sign of faith, and rest in peace.

To these, O Lord, and to all who sleep in Christ, we beseech Thee to grant a place of refreshment, light and peace. Through the same Christ Our Lord.

Rev. Mother Ignatia Hutchinson	Mar.	9,	1851
Rev. Mother Teresa Dease	July	1,	1889
Rev. Mother Ignatia Lynn	Mar.	13,	1912
Rev. Mother Victorine Harris	Oct.	11,	1911
Rev. Mother Stanislaus Liddy	Sept.	5,	1919
M. M. Adelaide Doyle	July	21,	1918
M. M. Adelaide Heintz-Keyes	Sept.	2,	1941
M. M. Adele Morrissey	Dec.	10,	1930
M. M. Adrian O'Connor	Apr.	28,	1910
M. M. Afra Hallahan	May	9,	1901
M. M. Agatha Doherty	Jan.	3,	1865
M. M. Agatha O'Neill	Feb.	4,	1927
M. M. Agnes McKenna	Nov.	23,	1927
M. M. Agnes Ulm	Dec.	25,	1940
M. M. Aileen O'Connor	Feb.	14,	1934
M. M. Alacoque Stafford	Apr.	14,	1947
M. M. Aldegonde O'Connor	Feb.	11,	1899
M. M. Alexandrine O'Hagan	June	4,	1920
M. M. Alice Quinlivan	Aug.	23,	1890
M. M. Alice Sullivan	June	27,	1920
M. M. Aloysius McLaughlin	July	21,	1909
M. M. Alphonsus Leonard	July	25,	1896
M. M. Alphonsus McCann	May	11,	1914
M. M. Amadea McAuliffe	Jan.	8,	1928
M. M. Ambrose Keogh	Sept.	8,	1917
M. M. Amelia Hurley	Nov.	18,	1920
M. M. Anacleta O'Leary	May	3,	1923
M. M. Anastasia O'Neill	Mar.	15,	1882
M. M. Anastasia Dwan	Sept.	30,	1938
M. M. Ancilla Hagarty	Dec.	30,	1931
M. M. Angela Don Carlos	May	4,	1928
M. M. Angelica Comerford	Dec.	21,	1936
M. M. Angelina Cummings	Jan.	29,	1944

M. M. Angels Lynn	Apr.	11,	1924
M. M. Anita Kavanagh	Oct.	19,	1897
M. M. Anne Cagnon	Feb.	14,	1907
M. Mary Anne McConnell	Jan.	6,	1893
M. M. Anne Creighton	Apr.	2,	1894
M. M. Annette Gallagher	Oct.	31,	1941
M. M. Annunciation O'Byrne	Mar.	13,	1887
M. M. Annunciata Grenier	Dec.	21,	1918
M. M. Anselm Reddin	Aug.	15,	1906
M. M. Antoinette McQuillan	Apr.	19,	1911
M. M. Anthony Dyer	Apr.	9,	1941
M. M. Aquinas Dunne	Sept.	5,	1944
M. M. Assissi Power	Feb.	13,	1930
M. M. Athansia Quinlivan	Nov.	23,	1944
M. M. Attracta McKenna	Dec.	24,	1946
M. M. Augusta McCarten	Nov.	17,	1921
M. M. Aurelie Clark	Oct.	17,	1917
M. M. Barbara Phelan	Aug.	18,	1920
M. M. Basilla Pigott	Feb.	19,	1933
M. M. Bathilde McBrady	May	11,	1939
M. M. Beatrice O'Leary	May	7,	1925
M. M. Bede Dempsey	June	11,	1918
M. M. Bede Noonan	Mar.	29,	1902
M. M. Benedict Labre Podger	Jan.	14,	1928
M. M. Benedicta McLyn	June	9,	1936
M. M. Benedicta Madigan	Dec.	3,	1877
M. M. Benigna Dwyer	Oct.	28,	1875
M. M. Benigna Lacey	Mar.	4,	1946
M. M. Berchmans Burke	Mar.	31,	1897
M. M. Bernardine Gorman	Nov.	16,	1901
M. M. Bernadette Franklin	Aug.	27,	1936
M. M. Bertha Martin	Dec.	22,	1909
M. M. Bertille Doyle	July	11,	1920
M. M. Bertille McKenna	May	27,	1905
M. M. Bibiana Dwyer	Mar.	30,	1915
M. M. Blandina Hobin	Sept.	11,	1876
M. M. Blandina Gibson	Aug.	7,	1940
M. M. Bonaventura Phelan	Apr.	11,	1849
M. M. Bonaventure Helie	Aug.	8,	1911
M. M. Borgia Brophy	July	15,	1904
M. M. Borromeo Dougherty	Sept.	3,	1909
M. M. Bride Costello	June	4,	1924
M. M. Camilla Don Carlos	Sept.	25,	1928
M. M. Canisia Twomey	Mar.	13,	1944
M. M. Caroline Murphy	Dec.	24,	1914

M. M. Casimir Flynn	Oct. 1, 1921	M. M. Filomena Clancy	Oct. 15, 1916
M. M. Catalda Shannon	June 19, 1898	M. M. Flavia McNally	Mar. 27, 1899
M. M. Catalda Mudd	Feb. 17, 1921	M. M. Frances Murphy	Dec. 8, 1909
M. M. Catherine Harris	Jan. 9, 1910	M. M. Francesca Sweetman	Nov. 25, 1886
M. M. Catherine O'Connor	Jan. 28, 1944	M. M. Francesca Barrett	Apr. 13, 1939
M. M. Cecilia Cherrier	Oct. 14, 1918	M. M. Farnes Joseph Turner	Mar. 6, 1922
M. M. Celestine Dwan	July 11, 1936	M. M. Francis Corcoran	Mar. 1, 1941
M. M. Celima Brisson	Sept. 12, 1943	M. M. Francis deSales Hanahoe	May 31, 1942
M. M. Cera Purcell	June 23, 1910	M. M. Frederica Preece	Dec. 27, 1936
M. M. Christina McCausland	May 22, 1916	M. M. Gabriel McQuillan	May 6, 1902
M. M. Christina Wilson	Jan. 13, 1923	M. M. Genevieve Coyne	Sept. 8, 1921
M. M. Clara Brett	Jan. 26, 1935	M. M. Georgina Larkin	Mar. 29, 1939
M. M. Clare O'Brien	July 3, 1877	M. M. Geraldine Kilgour	July 9, 1947
M. M. Clare Keogh	Dec. 7, 1924	M. M. Germana Opelt	Jan. 16, 1934
M. M. Cleta Smart	Feb. 1, 1922	M. M. Gertrude Fleming	Dec. 25, 1850
M. M. Clotilde Downey	Apr. 12, 1929	M. M. Gertrude Cushing	Aug. 14, 1888
M. M. Colette McEvanev	Sept. 24, 1913	M. M. Gertrude Gumprecht	May 10, 1936
M. M. Colette Mulligan	Nov. 27, 1905	M. M. Gonzaga Donovan	Apr. 30, 1907
M. M. Colombiere White	May 14, 1937	M. M. Gonzaga Gallivan	Apr. 8, 1912
M. M. Columba McTague	Feb. 5, 1923	M. Mary Grace Dillon	Sept. 3, 1939
M. M. Conception Dwyer	July 21, 1875	M. M. Helen McMahon	Feb. 11, 1883
M. M. Constance Babcock	May 12, 1916	M. M. Helen Macdonell	Aug. 16, 1925
M. M. Cornelius Delaney	Jan. 15, 1939	M. M. Helena Fitzpatrick	Nov. 30, 1913
M. M. Corona Allen	Oct. 8, 1936	M. M. Hilary Bell	Dec. 16, 1930
M. M. Corsini Lynett	Dec. 3, 1940	M. M. Hilda Tremblay	May 26, 1936
M. M. Cyprian McGrath	Feb. 16, 1944	M. M. Hildegard McCormack	Feb. 13, 1923
M. M. Cyril Coleman	Sept. 14, 1943	M. M. Ignatia Downey	Dec. 14, 1898
M. M. Cuthbert Farrell	Dec. 20, 1918	M. M. Ignatius Byron	Nov. 6, 1922
M. M. Delphina Magann-O'Dea	Nov. 21, 1918	M. M. Ildephonse Mahoney	Mar. 22, 1933
M. M. Demetria Magann	Apr. 8, 1919	M. M. Imelda Raby	Mar. 21, 1909
M. M. Dolores O'Connor	Dec. 16, 1892	M. M. Immaculata McHale	Sept. 26, 1907
M. M. Dolores Clifford	Jan. 28, 1901	M. M. Irene Long	Apr. 9, 1938
M. M. Dolores O'Hara	May 18, 1947	M. M. Irene Stafford	Oct. 23, 1930
M. M. Dominica Glynn	Feb. 2, 1942	M. M. Isabella Devlin	July 30, 1916
M. M. Dorothea Barry	Jan. 28, 1946	M. M. Isidore Duffy	Mar. 24, 1925
M. M. Dorothy Boylan	Aug. 17, 1885	M. M. Ita Cummins	Mar. 23, 1905
M. M. Dosithea Gibney	May 9, 1917	M. M. Ita Hynes	Sept. 24, 1934
M. M. Dymphna O'Loane	Nov. 6, 1877	M. M. Jane Quigley	July 25, 1902
M. M. Editha Mulligan	Feb. 24, 1930	M. M. Joachim Murray	July 15, 1896
M. M. Electa Connelly	June 9, 1937	M. M. Johanna Hartnett	Aug. 13, 1944
M. M. Elfrida Duggan	Dec. 13, 1919	M. M. Joseph McNamara	May 10, 1881
M. M. Elizabeth Devine	Nov. 18, 1894	M. M. Joseph Don Carlos	May 30, 1923
M. M. Emerita Stafford	Nov. 22, 1910	M. M. Josephine Farrelly	July 21, 1929
M. M. Emiliana Maguire	Mar. 29, 1940	M. M. Julia Shanahan	Apr. 25, 1934
M. M. Emily Dwyer	Mar. 13, 1936	M. M. Julianna McEnery	June 2, 1875
M. M. Emily Murphy	Mar. 20, 1933	M. M. Julianna O'Brien	June 23, 1884
M. M. Emanuella Shannon	Aug. 10, 1895	M. M. Justina O'Neill	Jan. 11, 1933
M. M. Emanuella Rice	Apr. 18, 1901	M. M. Laurentia McAuliffe	Jan. 2, 1895
M. M. Emanuella Campbell	Mar. 17, 1921	M. M. Leo Hamel	Apr. 6, 1935
M. M. Ermingarde McCaffrey	Feb. 4, 1914	M. M. Leocrita Devlin	Oct. 29, 1930
M. M. Estelle Nolin	Oct. 19, 1937	M. M. Leonie Long	May 18, 1902
M. M. Ethelburga Richardson	June 18, 1939	M. M. Leonora Martin	July 14, 1905
M. M. Ethelreda Gillogly	Apr. 4, 1920	M. M. Leontia Twomey	Apr. 13, 1930
M. M. Ethelreda Curtin	Sept. 2, 1892	M. M. Lidwina Doyle	Nov. 7, 1888
M. M. Eucharist Twohey	Mar. 4, 1920	M. M. Lidwina Mahoney	Nov. 14, 1936
M. M. Eucharist Magann	Nov. 21, 1909	M. M. Linda Connor	July 23, 1932
M. M. Eudoxia Fromm	Nov. 28, 1931	M. M. Lioba Greaney	July 5, 1914
M. M. Eugenia Brown	Sept. 23, 1924	M. M. Liguori McInerney	Dec. 17, 1927
M. M. Eulalia Gillies	June 2, 1935	M. M. Loretto O'Leary	Dec. 10, 1898
M. M. Euphemia Don Carlos	Feb. 11, 1942	M. M. Loretto McGuinness	May 13, 1873
M. M. Euphrasia Carroll	Dec. 28, 1909	M. M. Loretto Ivers	Oct. 7, 1929
M. M. Euphrosyne Harrington	May 25, 1910	M. M. Louis Garland	June 28, 1929
M. M. Eusebia Gilbert	Aug. 17, 1944	M. M. Louisa Secord	Jan. 17, 1910
M. M. Eustochium Walker	July 21, 1915	M. Mary Louise Staley	Apr. 8, 1943
M. M. Evarista Page	June 17, 1947	M. M. Loyola Hewitt	Nov. 11, 1909
M. M. Evangelista O'Sullivan	Jan. 2, 1934	M. M. Loyola Byron	Dec. 24, 1905
M. M. Evangelista O'Connor	May 18, 1939	M. M. Lucina Egan	Nov. 28, 1943
M. M. Febronie Drew	Oct. 3, 1943	M. M. Lucy Hayes	Oct. 6, 1896
M. M. Felicitas Hannan	Oct. 22, 1889	M. M. Lucy Roussain	Apr. 2, 1907
M. M. Felicitas Phelan	July 5, 1927	M. M. Lutgarde O'Brien	Mar. 27, 1942

M. M. Macaria Forrestal	Mar. 11, 1930	M. M. St. Michael Murphy	May 30, 1911
M. M. Macrina Meehan	Oct. 22, 1902	M. M. St. Pius McGuire	Dec. 4, 1946
M. M. Madeline Mays	May 25, 1894	M. M. St. Stephen O'Neill	Nov. 10, 1938
M. M. Madeleine McGillicuddy	Feb. 22, 1938	M. M. St. Wilfred Connolly	July 5, 1940
M. M. Magdalen Shea	Nov. 14, 1853	M. M. Sacred Heart O'Neail	July 23, 1867
M. M. Magdalen O'Connor	Dec. 28, 1870	M. M. Sacred Heart O'Neail	Sept. 29, 1919
M. M. Magdalena Weber	Oct. 14, 1912	M. M. de Sales Doyle	July 11, 1883
M. M. Magdalena O'Connor	Apr. 19, 1933	M. M. Scholastica McTague	July 6, 1933
M. M. Margaret Collins	Aug. 3, 1933	M. M. Sebastian Ede	Aug. 18, 1941
M. M. Margarita d'Erveux	Feb. 22, 1903	M. M. Seraphina Dwyer	Apr. 1, 1921
M. Margaret Mary Woods	Jan. 30, 1936	M. M. Seraphia Reddin	June 15, 1941
M. M. Marianna Meehan	Mar. 23, 1944	M. M. Serena Doyle	Nov. 3, 1919
M. M. Marina Cassin	June 19, 1935	M. M. Sophia Keaveny	Feb. 13, 1919
M. M. Marion Neisson	Sept. 24, 1930	M. M. Stanislaus Brown	Dec. 30, 1909
M. M. Martha Kearney	Apr. 11, 1894	M. M. Stanislaus Hennigan	Mar. 28, 1919
M. M. Matilda Baldwin	Dec. 23, 1914	M. M. Sylvester McCarthy	Apr. 12, 1927
M. M. Martina Shreenan	Apr. 19, 1913	M. M. Synclata Wade	July 27, 1892
M. Mary of Calvary Meehan	Dec. 9, 1924	M. M. Synclata Cherrier	Dec. 3, 1931
M. M. Mechtilda Boyd	Dec. 11, 1892	M. M. Teresa Corrigan	July 18, 1910
M. M. Melanie Lacey	Sept. 13, 1939	M. M. Teresita Vitullo	Jan. 21, 1938
M. M. Mercedes Curtin	May 22, 1890	M. M. Thais Patton	Nov. 12, 1936
M. M. Michael Burke	May 29, 1872	M. M. Theodora Keenan	July 17, 1915
M. M. Mildred Hanahoe	Mar. 7, 1940	M. M. Theodosia Sweeney	May 28, 1944
M. M. Modesta Doyle	Apr. 22, 1933	M. M. Theophane Coleman	May 26, 1945
M. M. Monica McKeown	Feb. 1, 1920	M. M. Thomas Murciani	Jan. 5, 1869
M. M. Monica Creighton	Mar. 31, 1895	M. M. Ursula Murphy	Mar. 23, 1873
M. M. Mount Carmel Magann	Feb. 17, 1913	M. M. Ursula Griffin	June 1, 1901
M. M. Narcisse Lacey	Oct. 30, 1910	M. M. Usula Wallace	June 10, 1905
M. M. Nativity Magann	Aug. 2, 1889	M. M. Veronica Dickson	Dec. 2, 1919
M. M. Nativity Galvin	Oct. 13, 1918	M. M. Victor Carroll	Aug. 7, 1936
M. M. Odella Smith	Oct. 8, 1896	M. M. Victoria Brohman	Jan. 14, 1945
M. M. Othilia Foster	Feb. 21, 1904	M. M. Vincent Hobin	Apr. 28, 1900
M. M. Palladia Conlin	Jan. 26, 1946	M. M. Vincent Dwyer	Nov. 23, 1864
M. M. Patricia O'Dea	Mar. 28, 1897	M. M. Vincent O'Connor	Mar. 31, 1905
M. M. Patricia Hawkins	Jan. 19, 1920	M. M. Vivina Moroney	Feb. 18, 1932
M. M. Paul Creighton	Jan. 31, 1872	M. M. Walburga O'Connor	Jan. 12, 1922
M. M. Paula O'Brien	Mar. 23, 1922	M. M. Waltrude Urlocker	June 6, 1946
M. M. Paula Lynch	Aug. 29, 1874	M. M. Wilfreda Todd	Jan. 26, 1940
M. M. Pauline O'Beirne	Sept. 30, 1886	M. M. Winifred Duggan	Oct. 16, 1924
M. M. Paulina Riordan	June 14, 1929	M. M. Xavier Malone	Jan. 24, 1923
M. M. Perpetua Done	Apr. 17, 1906	M. M. Xaveria Mitchell	Apr. 17, 1940
M. M. Peter Cushing	July 9, 1914	M. M. Zephyrina Creighton	May 10, 1906
M. M. Petronella Kensilla	Dec. 21, 1928	M. M. Zita Monnahan	Feb. 20, 1899
M. M. Philomena Brandon	Mar. 13, 1920		
M. M. Philippa Mahon	Aug. 1, 1925		
M. M. Placida McGrath	Apr. 6, 1932		
M. M. Prisca Quirk	Jan. 29, 1927		
M. M. Priscilla Kavanaugh	Dec. 8, 1910		
M. M. Prudentia O'Brien	Aug. 19, 1890		
M. M. Pulcheria Blake	Sept. 3, 1898		
M. M. Purification Oullahan	Mar. 28, 1914		
M. M. Radegonde O'Gorman	Mar. 4, 1910		
M. M. Raphael Driscoll	July 27, 1932		
M. M. Raymond Lynett	Dec. 2, 1933		
M. M. Regina Dwyer	Dec. 6, 1926		
M. M. Regis Harris	June 19, 1904		
M. M. Rita Doyle	Jan. 8, 1917		
M. M. Rodriguez Conlin	Jan. 4, 1929		
M. M. Rosa Foster	Jan. 14, 1918		
M. M. Rose Scanlon	Feb. 19, 1884		
M. M. Rosaria Dwan	Dec. 3, 1941		
M. M. St. Basil Meagher	Nov. 29, 1920		
M. M. St. Edmund Prendeville	July 25, 1935		
M. M. St. Gabriel Murphy	Apr. 7, 1919		
M. M. St. Hugh Canning	Jan. 12, 1916		
M. M. St. Ignatius Bowen	Sept. 27, 1918		
M. M. St. Jane Murray	May 1, 1930		
M. M. St. Lawrence O'Neill	Oct. 20, 1946		
M. M. St. Matthew Mulroy	Aug. 25, 1943		
M. M. St. Maurus Gorman	June 17, 1929		

May these, our dear Loretto Sisters whose lives have been devoted to instructing others unto salvation, shine as stars, for all Eternity.

Exultate Deo

Many a flower hath perfume for its dower,
And many a bird a song,
And harmless lambs milk-white beside their
dams
Frolic along;
Perfume and song and whiteness offering praise
In humble, peaceful ways.

Man's high degree hath will and memory,
Affection and desire,
By loftier ways he mounts, of prayer and praise;
Fire unto fire,
Deep unto deep responsive, height to height,
Until he walks in light.

—Christina Rossetti, 1830—1894.



Mistresses of Schools—Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, 1917-1947

Catholic Mission

EDITOR'S NOTE—Enlightenment will be found for many in "The Doctrine of Baptismal Union," here explained in a letter written nearly twenty years ago by Rev. William Fraser, when a missionary in China, to his sister, a member of the Good Shepherd Community, Toronto. Father Fraser is now Chaplain at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

LUNGCHUAN, CHINA,
April 10th, 1928.

My Dear Sister,

I am now in this city, called the Dragon's Fountain, beginning the building of a new church for the glory of God. In the midst of my labour I am very pleased to reply to your pious desire of better understanding the Doctrine known as the Baptismal Union. The Baptismal Union with Christ is union with Him as God and Man. It is the permanent indwell-

ing with us of His Sacred Humanity; His glorious Body and Soul. In the words of my learned professor of theology, Father Rossi of saintly memory, the Adorable Flesh of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is assimilated with our flesh, and His Precious Blood really flows in our veins. It is thus we become supernatural, that is, we contain within us both the Divine and Human Nature of the God-Man Jesus Christ. Christ in His Divine Nature, being equal to the Father and the Holy Ghost,

is infinitely perfect and therefore omnipresent, He is in all places. As God the Creator, not only is He present in our souls and bodies, but also in all living beings, whether spiritual or material, that compose His stupendous Creation. As God He inhabits and conserves the universe with its countless myriads of celestial bodies. As God he exists in the souls and the bodies of those who are not baptized. He is in the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and in the fishes of the deep. In a word, as the Creator, he is in every living principle, and in every atom and molecule, He creates and conserves.

But our God of infinite wisdom and love wishes to become still more intimate with us. He assumed our human nature; that is, He has added to His Divine Nature a Body and Soul like ours in everything but sin. His Sacred Body and Soul He has glorified in rising from the dead, after having suffered His most bitter Passion and Death. Through the infinite merits of His Sacred Passion and Death He has acquired a new Kingdom on earth, which is called His Church. His Church on earth is the society of His living members, who are regenerated by the waters of Baptism, and in whom He permanently dwells as God and Man. This permanent indwelling of the Sacred Humanity of God is clearly set forth in the Sacred Scriptures and in the teaching of Holy Mother the Church. It is the Doctrine revered by the Saints in all ages of the Church. The holy Apostle St. Paul, Phil. chap. IV. 20, teaches us how intimate the Sacred Humanity of God is within us, even to the assimilating Himself with our very flesh, thereby rendering us unfounded in the face of error, and filled with holy confidence. "As always," he says, "So now also shall Christ be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." In St. John's Gospel, chap. 15, v. 4 and 5, the God-Man Himself pronounces these words, "Abide in Me, and I in you, etc." Christ speaks here of Himself as God and Man. Again our Blessed Lord prays to His Eternal Father in these words, "As I am in Thee and Thou art in Me, let them be one in Us"—St. John, chap. 17, v. 21-23. On this occasion He was praying for the Kingdom He was about to establish on earth through the merits of His Passion and Death. We, His members, are that Kingdom, We are His royal people. He takes possession of this Kingdom at Baptism, when His glorified Body and Soul, His Sacred Flesh and Blood are merged with our flesh and blood, thus exalting us to a most

sublime and supernatural order. The Kingdom of God within us is His Kingdom of grace, from which we pass to His Kingdom of Glory hereafter. He promised His wonderful reign in souls shortly before suffering His Sacred Passion and Death. "Amen, I say to you, there are some here standing who will not taste death till the Son of Man cometh into His Kingdom"—St. Matt. 16-28, St. Mark 8-39, St. Luke 9-27. That the Kingdom of God is truly within us, we have from the infallible words of our Dear Lord Himself, St. Luke, chap. 17, v. 21: "Behold the Kingdom of God is within you," and the fulness of this Kingdom of God within us is the permanent abiding of His Divinity and Sacred Humanity in our bodies and souls. The Baptismal Union with Christ attained its fulness after His Resurrection, because His Sacred Humanity rose glorified to dwell in His members, the Church. St. Paul expressly teaches this truth in His Epistle to the Galatians, chap. 3, v. 10: "For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ." The teaching of the great Apostle regarding the Baptismal Union is most consoling to us. In Romans, chap. 8, v. 10, he says: "If Christ be in you, the body indeed is dead because of sin, but the spirit liveth because of justification." Christ being in us, we are enabled to deaden the tendencies of the flesh, which is ever prone to draw us into sin. With Christ in us, and we in Christ, we advance in wisdom, holiness and in the blessed hope of our eternal life of Glory to come. For thus we read in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chap 1, v. 30: "But of Him you are in Christ, Who of God is made unto wisdom, and justice, and sanctification, and redemption." To be in the state of grace means that Christ is living and acting in us, and that we are in Him, co-operating with the grace which He is pleased to communicate to soul and body. This is to possess eternal life, and with the Apostle we can exclaim, Cor., chap. 2, v. 20: "And I live now not I; but Christ liveth in me." We see the ardent zeal that consumed the heart of the great Apostle, that Christ should live in souls, by his words to the Corinthians, chap. 4, v. 19: "My little children, of whom I am in labour again, until Christ be formed in you." And again to the Ephesians, chap. 3, v. 17: "That Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts." Having received Christ in Baptism the holy Apostle exhorts us to confidence and hope of our future life of glory. "But Christ as the Son in His own house which house are we, if

we hold fast the confidence and glory of hope unto the end"—Heb. III, 6. And to the Colossians, II, 6: "As therefore you have received Jesus Christ, walk ye in Him." St. Peter in his first Epistle, III, 15, also expressly teaches us that Christ the God-Man is within us, in these words: "Sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts, being ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you." St. John in his first Epistle, V, 11, 12, is also most pronounced in the truth that our Divine Saviour must dwell within us, in order that we should possess eternal life, "And this is the testimony, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life. He that hath not the Son, hath not life." From this inspired text it is evident that not only is the Son meant as God and Creator, present in all His creatures, but also as God and Man; otherwise it could not be said that some have Him, and others have Him not.

Assured of this most intimate Presence of God, we receive in holy Baptism, and seeing Him in our own nature, which we are able to comprehend, we become actuated by love towards Him rather than by fear. We endeavor to return our poor love for His infinite and Fatherly love. We become so enamoured of Him that we begin to speak to Him in the words of the Holy Spirit, in the Canticle of Canticles: "Let Him Kiss me with the Kiss of His mouth; for Thy breasts are better than wine. Show me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the midday lest I begin to wander after the flocks of Thy companions. Behold Thou art fair, O my Love, behold Thou art fair, Thy eyes are as those of doves. Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples; because I languish with love. His left hand is under my head and His right hand shall embrace me. My Beloved is like a roe, or a young hart. Behold He standeth behind our wall looking through the windows, looking through the lattices. My Dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me Thy Face, let Thy voice sound in my ears; for Thy voice is sweet and Thy Face comely." Thus the knowledge of God's Sacred Humanity within us becomes daily more sweet and consoling to us. We also become amazed at the sublimity of our nature, which is akin to the Human Nature of our loving God and Creator. In order to better understand the Baptismal Union with God our Beloved we should try to conceive something

of our majestic nature. Our Divine Lord says: "Did I not tell you that you are gods." We are incipient gods, that is, we are gods that had a beginning, but will never have an end. Thus we are distinguished from our loving Creator, Who had no beginning, and will have no end. He has made us to His image. We are created capable of containing Him Who contains heaven and earth, and all things. In our present state of trial our Creator has ordained that the sublimity of our nature should be, as it were, veiled from us. We see things darkly. When we shall have passed from this scene of trial we hope to see clearly in the Beatific Vision the full meaning of being made to the image of God, and that we are the work of infinite wisdom and skill.

Being aware of the permanent Presence of our Beloved Lord within us, our prayers and meditations increase in holy unction. Our dear Lord being so near to us, we can turn at any moment to His Kingdom within, and in the silence of that sanctuary familiarly commune with our most loving King. He speaks to us in the Divine Office, in our spiritual reading, and in our other spiritual exercises. He consumes our faults and imperfections in the flames of love that radiate from His Sacred Heart.

The Baptismal Union with our Divine Lord produces in us a lively faith and a profound love for Him in the most Holy Eucharist. We missionaries in this pagan land cannot always enjoy the Eucharistic Presence of our Divine Saviour in His tabernacles of love. Our Chapels are often unsafe, or unbecoming for the conservation of the Sacred Host; or we are on mission tours, content if we have the opportunity to say Mass in some dingy hovel, a river boat, or in the open air. Generally it is only for the few moments during or after the Mass that we enjoy the Sacramental Presence of our dear Lord. But these are moments of the sweetest and most intense consolation. At the consecration, when we pronounce the mysterious words, "This is My Body, this is the Chalice of My Blood, etc.," our Beloved Himself is speaking within us: it is the God-Man dwelling in us Who performs the astounding miracle by which we are privileged to hold in our hands His Sacred Humanity. How golden are the moments till we arrive at the Communion, when, for a brief spell, in His Kingdom within us, our Eucharistic King lavishes upon us the caresses of His Sacramental grace. It is then we can truly apply the words of His Holy

Spirit, "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth; His left Hand is under my head, and His right Hand shall embrace me. Stay me up with flowers; compass me about with apples; because I languish with love."

It is by means of the Baptismal Union with our Beloved Lord that we become His brethren, and Mary, His Immaculate Mother, becomes our Mother. Christ our Head and we His members have one and the same Mother. This doctrine is admirably treated by St. Grignon de Montfort in his "True Devotion to Mary." Mary is the singular abode of the Blessed Trinity. She is the mystical Kingdom where the Triune God is enthroned. She is His delightful Eden, His Paradise where the flowers of all the virtues bloom. Beautiful as was the terrestrial Paradise, yet it was but a faint figure of the Mother whom God fashioned for Himself with infinite wisdom. Mary, Eden most fair, in whom the God-Man was conceived, is now become His glorious Universe, wherein He continues to dwell with His elect. How passing strange the thought that in Mary and through Mary we can hold sweet conversation with our Beloved Lord and Brother. We may turn away easily from the annoying distractions of this world to the Kingdom of exquisite beauty within us. There is the hallowed company of Jesus, our Head, and the Immaculate Mother He gave us before He expired on the Cross. We revive fond memories of the days They laboured together for our redemption in this valley of tears. The Holy Rosary aids us wonderfully in conversing with our Blessed Mother, and with God our Brother. In union with Jesus we offer our praises to our spotless Virgin Mother, repeating the very message delivered by the Archangel: "Hail full of Grace, the Lord is with Thee." We recall the joy of our Blessed Lady, the Ark of the Covenant, as She tripped in haste across the mountains of Judea; saying to Her: "How beautiful are thy steps in shoes, O Prince's Daughter: Flee away, O my beloved, and be like to the roe, and to the young hart upon the mountains of aromatical spices." With the inspired words of St. Elizabeth we exclaim: "Blessed art thou among women," and the kingdom of God within us resounds anew with the lofty tones of Mary's sublime Magnificat. How pleased is our God and Brother when we recall the joys that attended His miraculous Birth in the Cave of Bethlehem. How glad we are to let our most tender Mother entwine us gently with Her chains of slavery, as She entwined Her

Infant God with swaddling bands. We seem to hear our Divine Spouse within us repeating the words of the Holy Ghost: "We will make thee chains of gold, inlaid with silver; I have found Him whom my Soul loveth: I held Him: and I will not let Him go, till I bring Him into My Mother's house, and into the chamber of Her that bore Me." We beseech our Immaculate Mother to present us in the Temples of the Holy Ghost within us and, to offer us to Her Beloved Son as Her loyal slaves of love. We are with our tender Mother again in her anxious search for Her Beloved, and describing Him to the daughters of Jerusalem in the beautiful metaphors of the Holy Spirit of Love: "I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, that you tell Him that I languish with love. What manner of One is thy Beloved of the Beloved, O thou most beautiful among women? What manner of One is thy Beloved of the Beloved, that thou hast so adjured us?" My Beloved is white and ruddy, chosen out of thousands. His head is as the finest gold: His locks as the branches of palm trees, black as a raven. His eyes as doves upon brooks of waters, which are washed with milk, and sit beside the plentiful streams. His cheeks are as beds of aromatical spices set by the perfumers. His lips are as lilies dropping choice myrrh. His form as of Libanus, excellent as the cedars. His throat most sweet, and He is all lovely: such is my Beloved, and He is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

We dwell again on the Sorrows of our Mother, and the Passion and Death of her Divine Child, which was the price paid for our redemption, and procured for us eternal life. We renew the triumphant Resurrection, and the glorious coming of our King into His mystical Kingdom in the hearts of His elect. United with Jesus and Mary in the sanctuary of the soul, what sweet memories are revived of the great Day of Pentecost, when the Queen of Heaven and the Apostles were filled with the Holy Spirit. In Mary the delightful Eden, Her August Spouse, the Holy Ghost, is with us and fills our hearts He created with His supernatural grace and heavenly unction. We need but whisper the words of Holy Church:

"Veni Creator Spiritus
Mentes tuorum visita:
Imple superna gratia,
Quae Tu creasti pectora."

and forthwith we are replenished with love at the living Fountain of flaming Charity. With

Jesus we rejoice in the glorious rising of our Lady from the tomb, and with the Blessed Trinity and the astonished Heavenly Court, we exclaim: "Who is She that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" We are present again at the Crowning of our most fair Queen by the Hands of Her Beloved Son. We join with the Triune God in extolling our Virgin Mother and Queen, the fairest work of His Hand, with His inspired words: "Return, return, O Sulamitess: return, return that He may behold thee. Thou art all fair, O my Love, and there is not a spot in thee. Come from Libanus, my Spouse, come from Libanus, come: thou shalt be crowned from the top of Amana, from the top of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards."

In the entrancing Union with Jesus, how copious, dear Sister, the blessings and heavenly light we obtain from His Immaculate Mother, the seat of Wisdom, the treasure house of God's saving grace, and the Dispensatrix of His choicest gifts to those in whom She sees Her Adorable Child?

You will realize how consoling must be the Doctrine of the Baptismal Union with Christ to us, especially, in this unhappy land, reeking with idolatry, and where the demon holds well-nigh supreme sway over souls without Christ, and therefore without hope of eternal life. As we mingle with these unbaptized multitudes, and witness on every hand their dismal temples and hideous idols erected to Satan, and their slavish worshipping of the archfiend, what a terribly dreary place this would be if the God-Man were not within us to strengthen and comfort us?

You will understand why this Doctrine imparts burning zeal to Apostles in making place for our Divine Saviour in souls that are His by right of creation and Redemption, for whom He shed His most Precious Blood. It is by the Gate of Holy Baptism that He has ordained to enter into His Kingdom in the souls of men, and He would have us to be like the breath of the Holy Ghost in extending His Kingdom, and drawing to Him the immortal souls for whom His Sacred Heart is ever craving.

By meditating on the Baptismal Union, dear Sister, your heart becomes daily more and more inflamed with holy Charity, and your prayers and pious exercises more fervent and fruitful in helping extend the reign of Christ in souls. Blessed are they who understand and value

this Doctrine. "Qui potest capere, capiat." "He who can take let him take," says our Beloved Saviour. Besides increasing our zeal for the reign of Christ in the souls of these benighted multitudes sitting in the shadow of eternal death, the Baptismal Union promotes ardent Charity towards our brethren in the faith. This results from seeing Christ in others as He is in ourselves. Our obedience becomes simple and childlike, for the will of our superiors becomes the Will of our Divine Master within them, and speaking by them. Impressed with this Doctrine holy Purity, as may be understood, becomes angelic. Our intimate union with Christ our Beloved, does not, of course, insure us against trials and adversities. We indeed have our periods of deep consolation and unction of soul: but we also have our periods of dryness, vexation and discouragement, and even our periods of desolation. Our trials, temptations, and adversities at times may seem burdensome, but with the knowledge of Him within us, Who suffered so much for us, even to the shedding of the last drops of His Precious Blood, our crosses become light and even desirable, we learn to look for and welcome trial and adversity. In Christ the Divine Model of adversity, we are to be moulded and finished in this our state of trial, if we are to be crowned by Him in His Kingdom of perfect and eternal bliss hereafter.

In the Baptismal Union we hold the secret of the sure and easy way to that perfection enjoined upon us by our Divine Master in these words, "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." This we see strikingly exemplified in the life of the Little Flower, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. These luminous Heralds of the sure and easy way to perfection tell us candidly of the abiding Presence of their Divine Spouse within them, and of how rapidly and well He formed them, not only for His Kingdom of eternal glory, but also for the benefit of His Kingdom in the hearts of men on earth. They bring to us the sweet-scented aroma from the flower-clad vales of the heavenly Eden. They soothe us with their soft-falling petals of the rose. How many souls, weary of the false and short-lived pleasures of this world, are being revived by these heavenly roses. Blessed hope in them is being renewed, and they begin to sigh for the World of unfading beauty and never-ending joys. What a heaven this earth would be if the God-Man were more generally known and loved. But, alas, how numerous are those who have never

even heard of our Incarnate God: And how many are they that know of Him, but will not hear of Him being so intimate with them: They would have no communication with Him. They would have Him banished not only from His Church on earth but also beyond the bounds of His material universe. These are proud souls that would be cramped in their own narrow world. The Divine Monitor within them is undesirable, because they have set up in their hearts the empty fetish of worldly pleasure and sensual gratification. Actuated by self-love alone, they fear our most benign King as their Judge, and, like the Jewish rabble, they cry out: "Away with Him: He is not our King: we have no King but Caesar: our unbridled passions." At times we may have to suffer adversity from such deluded and wayward souls, but by imitating the silence of our Divine Saviour while in the hands of His enemies, we nestle cosily in the serene depths of His Sacred Heart.

My poor words, dear Sister, are utterly inadequate to explain the fascinating Doctrine of our Baptismal Union with Christ our Head. The Divine Spouse Himself must teach you the richness and sweetness of His amiable Presence within us. May He daily increase your fervour, and grant you greater unction and consolation in your pious prayers and sacrifices, and in your Sacramental and spiritual Communions with Him.

During our brief span in this state of trial, let us endeavour always to do His Holy Will. Let us drink deeply of the Fountain of grace within us, consumed with love in His Adorable Presence, and ever repeating with the holy Apostle. "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Before long, the veil which screens us from His overcoming brightness will be lifted, and we shall be able to see Him face to face. The shadows that surround us in our present state will vanish, and His Kingdom of grace within us will make place for His Kingdom of everlasting Glory; His promised Land of never ending beauty, harmony and peace. I continue to remember you, and all those dear to you, in the most Holy and August Sacrifice; that you may advance in the perfect life, "Till the day break and the shadows retire:" when no longer will our Beloved be "standing behind our wall, looking through the windows, looking through the lattices" but will be seen by you in His full brightness, speaking to you in the words of His Holy Spirit: "Arise, make haste, My love, My dove, My beautiful one,

and come. For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our Land; The fig tree hath put forth her green figs: the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. The time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle is heard in our Land. Arise, My love, My dove, My beautiful one and come."

Your affectionate brother in permanent Union with Jesus, and in the sweet slavery of Mary His Immaculate Mother.

William.

P.S.—The doctrine of the Baptismal Union is to be found clearly expounded and proved in the strict terms of theology, in Vol. 9 of Father Peter Rossi's works. This volume in particular is prefaced with a letter of the late Cardinal Capocelatro, extolling the doctrine contained therein and highly recommending it to the clergy. He says it will be the means of raising the Priesthood to a level still more sublime. Father Coyle of Holy Family Church has the works of my saintly professor. They are in Italian.

I am enclosing a picture of the corner-stone laying of the new Lungehuan Church. I think you will recognize the faces of the priests. Father Serra has a beard. I will return to Sungyang after our retreat. Address your letters to Chuchow.

William.

Loretto Centenary

All the guerdon of the harvest
Will enrich this festive year,
As the story of Loretto
Is recalled afar, and near.

All the loving thought and effort
That have been so nobly spent
For the cause of God and country
Now will bear full increment.

M.R.A.—The Queen of Angels—
Smiles on those who love her Son.
She has trod, like us, life's pathway
And our sorrows known, each one.

She with tender arms uplifts us
To the Vision on the Height
Where, in glory unsurpassed,
Dwells the Godhead, Infinite.

Margaret Mary Pigott,
Loretto-Guelph Alumna.

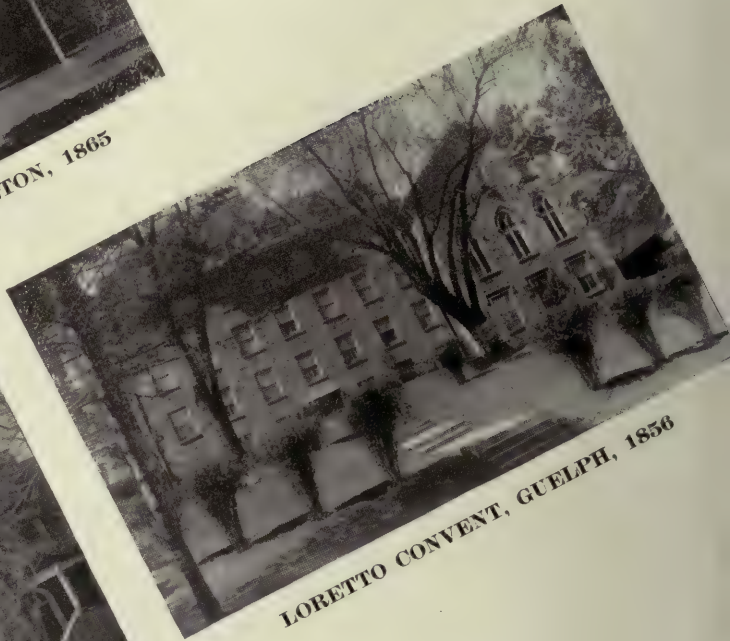


LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO—FOUNDED 1847, CONSTRUCTED, 1930
Mother House of the I.B.V.M. in America

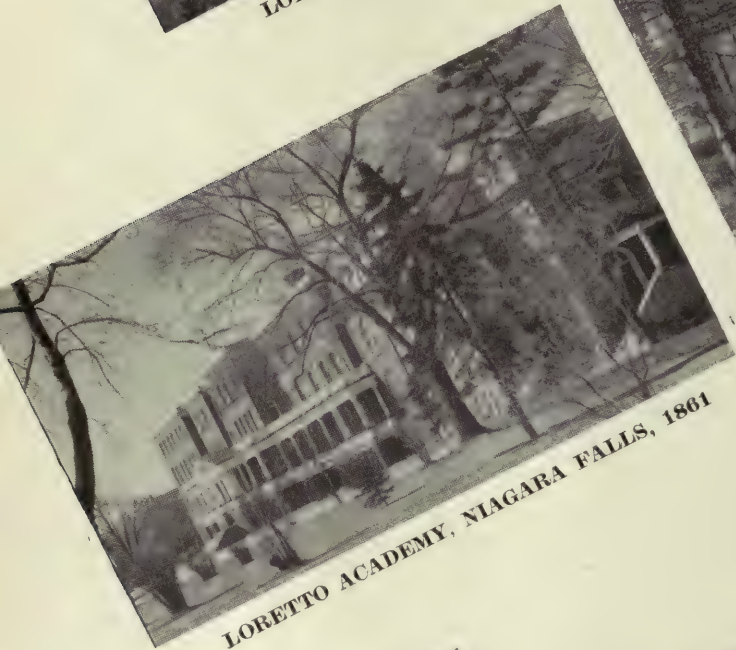
Five of the Oldest Academies in Ontario



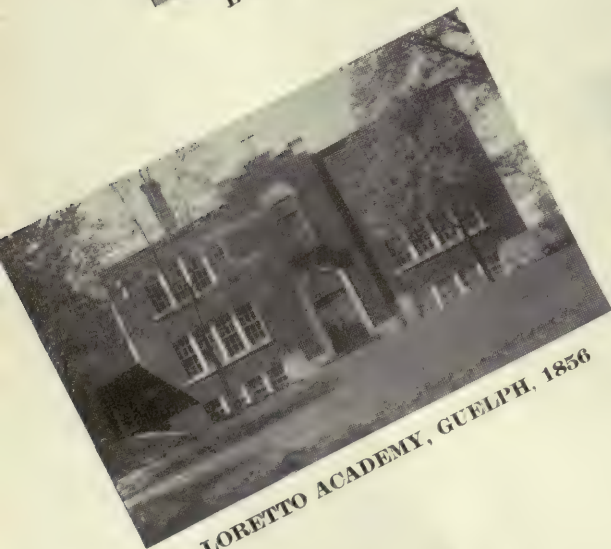
LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, 1865



LORETTO CONVENT, GUELPH, 1856



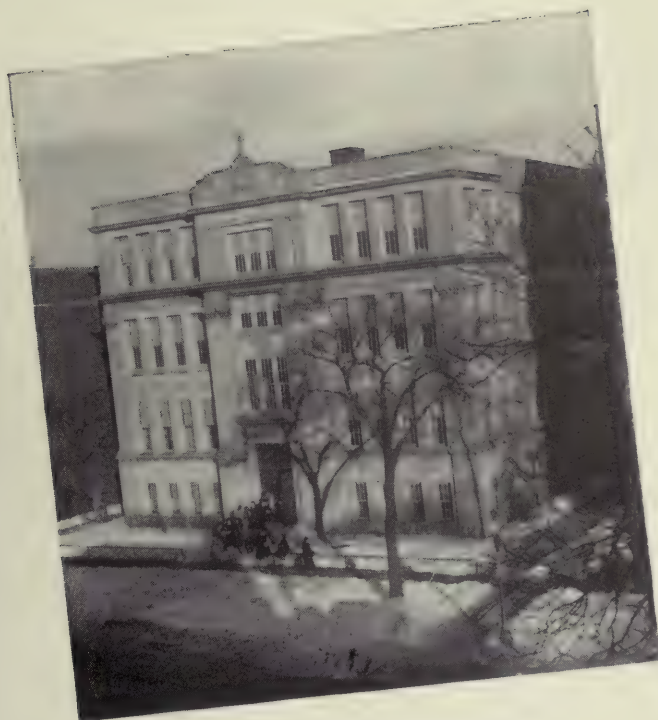
LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, 1861



LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, 1856



LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD, 1878



LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL
 (Our Lady of Good Counsel)



Founded 1892



**ENGLEWOOD
 CHICAGO
 ILLINOIS**



LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL
 (Our Lady of Victory)
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN
Founded 1896



ST. CECILIA'S CONVENT
(Our Lady of Perpetual Help)



Founded 1920



**TORONTO
CANADA**



ST. BRIDE'S CONVENT
(Our Lady of Peace)
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Founded 1920

**ST. THERESA'S
CONVENT**
(Our Lady of the
Cenacle)



Founded 1937



**PORT COLBORNE
ONTARIO**



LORETTO COLLEGE
(Our Lady of Light)
Founded 1937
TORONTO, CANADA



LORETTO CONVENT
 (Immaculate Heart of Mary)
 Founded 1945
 ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN



LORETTO CONVENT
 Branch Novitiate
 (Our Lady of the Rosary)
 Founded 1946
 WHEATON, ILLINOIS

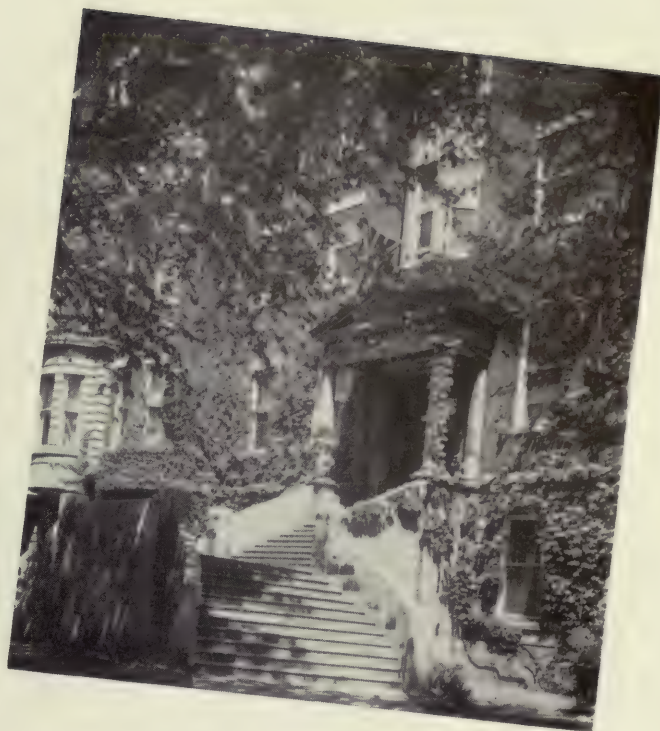
**LORETTO COLLEGE
SCHOOL**
(Holy Angels)



Founded 1915



**TORONTO
CANADA**



WOODLAWN HIGH SCHOOL
(Immaculate Conception)
WOODLAWN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Founded 1905

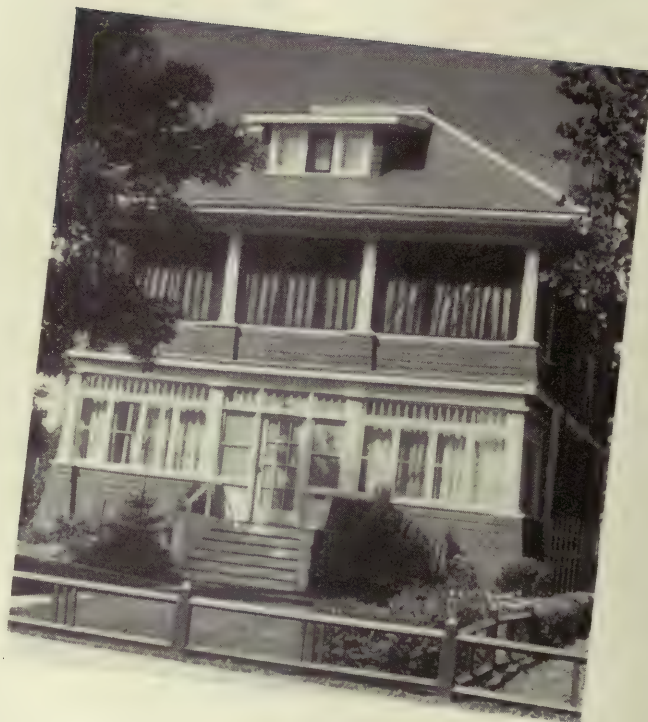
LORETTO CONVENT
(Regina Angelorum)



Founded 1932



**REGINA
SASKATCHEWAN**



LORETTO ACADEMY
(Our Lady of Mount Carmel)
SEDLEY, SASKATCHEWAN
Founded 1921



**LORETTO
CONVENT**
(Our Lady of Loretto)
Founded 1944



FORT ERIE



ONTARIO



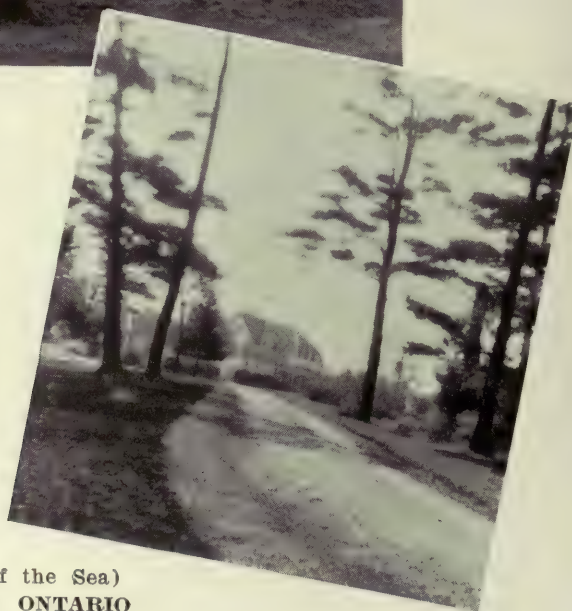
LORETTO CONVENT
(Immaculate Heart of Mary)
Founded 1945
FLEMINGTON, NEW JERSEY



LORETTO CONVENT, MARYSFIELD
 (Our Lady, Help of Christians)
 Founded 1946, R.R. No. 5, BOLTON, ONTARIO



THE SUMMER RESIDENCE
"MARYHOLME"



A VIEW OF MARYHOLME
FROM THE DRIVEWAY

MARYHOLME (Our Lady, Star of the Sea)
Founded 1946—ROCHES POINT, ONTARIO

Felicitations

To His Excellency Bishop Thomas L. Noa, formerly Coadjutor Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa, our heartfelt felicitations are extended on his appointment to the Bishopric of Marquette, Michigan, as successor to the late lamented Bishop Wagner. An enthusiastic welcome awaited the new incumbent, who has now returned to his native State, having been born in Iron Mountain, Michigan, December 18, 1892.

The Community and students of Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, look happily forward to the pastoral visits of His Excellency to the "Soo." *Ad multos annos.*

* * *

Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan

To Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, director of St. Michael's Cathedral Schola Cantorum, on having happily completed a quarter of a century in the priesthood, we offer our best wishes and congratulations.

Dr. Ronan's long training and wide experience in music, especially in Gregorian Chant, have enabled him to produce the superlatively fine chancel choir which St. Michael's Cathedral possesses. As a choral director Dr. Ronan is unsurpassed.

His courses, given at various times at Loretto Abbey, have been appreciatively attended, not only by the music teachers and music lovers of Loretto Abbey Community and Novitiate, but also by the music teachers from the other Loretto houses of the city.

Annually Dr. Ronan's presentation of his choir's programme in Loretto College School Auditorium has occasioned great delight to the Community and the musicians from Loretto Abbey, Loretto College and St. Cecilia's, as also to the L.C.S. Secretarial students in residence.

The announcement that Dr. Ronan is to be adjudicator at Loretto Music Festival never fails to occasion delight amongst the music teachers and pupils.

In offering congratulations on his Silver Jubilee we wish also to express to dear Reverend Dr. Ronan our heartfelt thanks for unfailing helpfulness and inspiration through the years. May he long be spared to carry on his magnificent work in connection with the Schola Cantorum which he founded and has since conducted so successfully.

Very Rev. Dean McQuillen

With the many hundreds who have offered congratulations to Very Rev. A. E. McQuillen, pastor St. Catherine's Church, St. Catharines and Dean of Niagara, we unite in extending our felicitations on the joyous occasion of his Silver Jubilee.

Pleasant recollections remain of Father McQuillen's graciousness as Chaplain of Newman Club and later as rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. May the next quarter of a century find the Dean, while still engaged with the manifold cares of his new and more extensive field of action, characteristically radiating the peace and joy that will draw to God the souls he is daily seeking.

* * *

Rev. Cyril A. Lambertus

Our heartfelt felicitations are extended to Rev. Cyril Alexander Lambertus, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, on his ordination by His Excellency Most Rev. Bishop Murray, Archbishop of Winnipeg, on Sunday, June 8th, in St. Joseph's Church, Moose Jaw.

Father Lambertus, the son of Mr. Maurice Lambertus and the late Mrs. Lambertus (Helen Agnes Murray, N. Dakota), is the youngest member of a family of seven children. He received his education in several well-known schools—St. Agnes Separate School, Moose Jaw; St. Joseph's College, Yorkton; Campion College, Regina; St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ontario; St. Joseph's Seminary, Regina, and the Regina Cleri Seminary, Regina, where he followed the seven-year course in philosophy and theology. May he be spared many years to carry on his glorious work in the Church.

To his father, Mr. Lambertus, and to all in the family, especially to his sister, M. M. Margaret, I.B.V.M., Toronto, Ontario, we offer sincere congratulations on this happy occasion of Father Lambertus' ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

* * *

Felicitations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Markle on the celebration of their Diamond Wedding; also to their devoted family—their five sons, especially Rt. Rev. Msgr. Basil Markle of Ottawa, and Rev. Dr. L. Markle, P.P., St. Leo's, Mimico, and their daughter, Miss Gladys Markle.

To St. Michael's College Majors, Memorial Cup Champions, go our sincere congratulations on their 1947 championship in hockey. Best wishes for 1948!

* * *

Congratulations to Miss Ruth Doherty, Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, on winning the Pope Pius XII Grand Prize (\$25) for the best paper in Grade XII, Archdiocesan Christian Doctrine Examinations; to Miss Suzanne McGrath and Teresa Garneau, Loretto College School, and Miss Dolores Potella, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, for Honorable Mention; in Grade VII to Miss Geraldine De Leo, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, for Honorable Mention.

* * *

To Miss Joanne McWilliams, graduate of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on winning the Mother Estelle Nolan Scholarship for Latin and French at the University of Toronto, congratulations.

* * *

Congratulations to Miss Suzanne McGrath, Loretto College School graduate, on being awarded the Scholarship for English and History, donated by the University Chapter of Loretto Alumnae.

* * *

To Miss Margaret Kearns, graduate of Loretto Abbey, congratulations on winning the Loretto Alumnae Scholarship for study at the University of Toronto.

* * *

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

The following pupils of Loretto Abbey and College School were successful in passing the 1947 examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music:

Piano

Grade X—Mary Frances Barry, honours; Lois Walker and Loretto Enright, pass.

Grade IX—Monica Wilson and Joan Kerr, first class honours; Audrey Owen and Pauline McDonough, honours; Irene Templeton, pass.

Grade VIII—Betty Rosar, first class honours; Bob Jarman, Jean Brickley, Joan Malloy, Mary Culliton, Joan Brown, Lorraine Menard, Mary Lonergan and Mollie Fitzpatrick, honours; Joan Hickey and Catherine Hoare, pass.

Grade VII—Ann Hamilton, honours; Arden Spence, Carole Broadhurst and Colombe Cousineau, pass.

Grade VI—Joan Walsh, Barbara Heenan, Anne Gonsalves and Rosemary Kennedy, first class honours; Mary Mahon, Joanne Campbell,

Adele Knowlton, Joyce Bondi, Angela Monahan; Patricia McDonough and Elizabeth Magladery, honours; Margaret Davis, pass.

Grade V—Johanna Pryal, Mary Claire Smith and Nicole Coupar, first class honours; Patricia Fraser, June Marie Andrews, Mary Jean Robertson, Justine O'Brien, Joyce Bondi, Frances Brudar, Robin Mahon and Barbara Ann Rosar, honours.

Grade IV—Nicole Coupar and Patricia Frazer, first class honours; Mary Claire Smith, Robin Mahon and Ann Gamble, honours; Dolores Xavier, pass.

Grade III—Anne Bollard, Anne Garramone, Frances Leone, Jeanne Smith, Anne Burns and Linda Cibbin, honours.

Grade II—Valerie Sleeman and Frances Leone, first class honours; Eleanor Anne Crothers, Joanne Tucker and Helen Samuels, honours.

Grade I—Anne Garramone, first class honours.

Singing

Grade VIII—Catherine Stinson and Bridget Kelly, honours; Marie Gonzalez and Margaret Pherigo, pass.

Grade VI—Bridget Kelly and Jean Xavier, honours; Jacqueline Wight, pass.

Grade I—Sheila Hope Ross and Jean Clancy, first class honours.

Violin

Grade VIII—Cecilia LaTour, honours.

Grade I—Mary Jean Robertson and Patricia Manning, first class honours; Una Magner, pass.

Theory

Grade V—History—Loretto Enright, honours; Jane Timmins, Victoria Douglas and Pamela White, pass.

Grade V—Form—Victoria Douglas, pass.

Grade IV—Counterpoint—Teresa Lamberti, honours.

Grade III—Harmony—Betty Rosar, first class honours; Loretto Enright, Pamela White, Patricia Heenan, Jane Timmins and Audrey Owen, honours.

Grade III—History—Joan Kerr, pass.

Grade II—Theory—Carole Broadhurst, Cecilia LaTour, Mary Mahon, Marie E. Gonzalez, Theresa Martin, Anne Hamilton and Arden Spence, first class honours; Mary Lonergan, Patricia Heenan, Marion Hoarse, Joan Brown, Colombe Cousineau and Irene Gosco, honours; Anne Gonsalves, Frances Bruder and Irene Templeton, pass.

Congratulations to these earnest music pupils and to their teachers.

In Memoriam

Mother M. Alacoque, I.B.V.M. (Toronto)

Mother Alacoque Stafford, daughter of Tobias Stafford and Elizabeth Ryan, late of Renfrew, Ont., and the niece of the great educator, Rev. Michael Stafford, who was one of the early pastors of Lindsay, Ont., died in Toronto recently. The deceased entered Loretto Abbey over 56 years ago, and after novitiate years taught at Stratford, at Niagara Falls, and for over 17 unbroken years at St. Anthony's School, Toronto. Former pupils, now grown to manhood and womanhood, look upon her as one of their best teachers. She spent her last years at the Abbey in failing health but supported by the same quick mind and faith. She died as she lived, counting courageously on the prayers of her friends and of the Church. Her sister, Mother Mary Irene Stafford, also of the Loretto Community, predeceased her in 1930, and Mother Mary Alacoque was the last of her immediate family.

She is survived by three families of nieces and nephews, Miss Celestine Stafford of New York, and Mrs. A. Shaughnessy (Irene) of Toronto; the latter with her husband and daughter and her brother, Tobias Stafford of Niagara Falls, also attended the funeral Mass and interment at Mount Hope Cemetery.

Requiem Mass was sung on Wednesday, April 16, by Right Rev. J. J. McGrand. In the Sanctuary were Rev. H. Callaghan who had been Curate at St. Anthony's during Mother Alacoque's teaching days there; Rev. W. F. Carvill, a former pupil of St. Anthony's, and Rev. Wm. Fraser and Rev. L. Kelley. The novices' choir sang the Mass which was attended by the pupils as well as by the community and by many relatives and friends. R.I.P.

* * *

MOTHER M. DOLORES, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Dolores, who for some years had suffered from impaired health, died at Loretto College School, Toronto, on May 18th.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Hara (Catherine Carey), she was born at McGillvary, Ontario. In 1902, she entered the novitiate of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Through the years she taught in the various Ontario schools of the

community, and had exceptional success in her special field of labour, preparing Seventh and Eighth Grade pupils for High School Entrance. Hundreds of pupils in Guelph, Stratford, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, and Loretto College School, Toronto, hold her memory in reverence and gratitude. She instilled, by word and example, a deep appreciation of our holy Faith. All Liturgical Feasts and Patronal days were prayerfully and lovingly prepared for by this zealous, methodical teacher who always placed "first things first."

During the last few years, Mother Dolores, although in failing health, found much consolation in praying, for and supplying, her "boys"—her dear former pupils—in the Armed Forces, with her special brand of religious "kits," that must have inspired many a grateful old pupil with thoughts that helped him "carry on—over there." The number of Mass offerings from former pupils was eloquent evidence of the sacred regard in which her memory is held by her many old pupils.

The Funeral Mass was sung in Loretto College School Chapel by Very Rev. H. Fleming, C.Ss.R., a cousin of Mother Dolores. It was attended by a number of the clergy: Rt. Rev. J. J. McGrand, Rev. W. K. Hingston, S.J., Rev. H. Cormier, S.J., Rev. F. J. McCaffrey, S.J., Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J., Rev. A. Sweeney, and Rev. J. B. Finn, C.R. (Kitchener). There were also present relatives from Detroit, Guelph and Toronto. Interment was in the Loretto plot, Mount Hope Cemetery, Toronto. May she rest in peace.

* * *

MOTHER M. EVARISTA, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Evarista, who had recently celebrated her Diamond Jubilee of religious life, died June 17th at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, where she had been in residence since her retirement from teaching.

Deceased, the former Mary Page, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Page (Eloise Bayeur) of Quebec. She was born in Prince Edward County, Ontario, and educated at Loretto Convent, Belleville. At the age of 18 she entered religion at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Two months ago she completed 60 years in the Community. She was a gifted teacher, especially in studio work and in the French language, and

was stationed in Chicago for some years, as well as in Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Stratford, and Toronto, Ontario.

The Funeral Mass on Thursday, June 19th, was sung by Rev. Father Horner, C.P. Other priests present in the sanctuary were Rev. H. Cormier, S.J., Rev. J. I. Bergin, S.J., and the Chaplain, Rev. Wm. Fraser. A niece, Mrs. Richard of Montreal, and a nephew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Crevier, also of Montreal, with other friends from Toronto, were present at the Mass and at the Mount Hope Cemetery. Interment in Mount Hope Cemetery. Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord.

* * *

MOTHER M. GERALDINE, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Geraldine Kilgour, who died on July 9th, was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Kilgour (Mary McCarthy), of Renfrew. She was born in Renfrew and, well equipped for teaching, she entered the religious

life fifty years ago. She was known as a successful, kind and devoted teacher in the Separate Schools in Ontario, as also in Joliet, Illinois, for many years.

More recently she lived at the Mother House, Armour Heights, spending generously her remaining strength. During the last few months, as a confirmed invalid, she made admirable preparation for her summons Home.

The funeral Mass at the Abbey on Saturday, July 12th, was sung by Rev. A. Horner, C.P. Mother Geraldine is survived by two members of her immediate family, Mother M. Regis, I.B.V.M., of Loretto College School, and Mr. Dan Kilgour of Eganville, and by nephews and nieces: Mr. R. Kilgour of Toronto; D. Kilgour of Eganville; P. O'Gorman and Mrs. L. Devine of Cobden; Mrs. D. Lynch, Douglas; Miss Geraldine Kilgour, Ottawa; Mr. W. Kilgour, Detroit; Mrs. J. Murray and J. Kilgour, Alberta; and L. Kilgour of Saskatchewan. May she rest in peace.

Summer School at Montreal

Monday, June 30th, was a big day for some fifteen hundred persons. It was the opening day of Father Lord's Summer School of Catholic Action.

Father Lord delivered the opening sessions, at which all were present. The general theme for the 1947 school was Mary, Marriage, the Home and the Family, and your Life's Work. The lectures concentrated on demonstrating this theme in its various aspects.

The Summer School classes are run in such a way that all attend the principal ones but there are three electives at which you choose the one you will find the most useful. Father Walker's "Parliamentary Law," and Father Wobido's course on "Radio" were two very popular electives, while Father Hatrel's instruction on "Picking a Successful Career" gave light on a very important topic. These are just a fraction of the electives.

Lunch period is a gay time for all, and it gives an excellent opportunity for collecting autographs. Rare indeed is a Summer Schooler who traverses the campus without an autograph book. Many an important visitor's, as well as visiting Jesuits' signatures, are obtained at this time. Many of the scholars are from out of town and a neighbourly comment such as, "May I have your autograph?" leads to a

correspondence and a friendship. Perhaps a Loretto girl from Niagara would meet one from Toronto and discover they have more in common than just teachers. Indeed, the Summer Schoolers are not limited to Canada and the States, but the West Indies and Newfoundland also send their delegates.

This luncheon time also gives camera fiends opportunity to photograph whatever strikes their fancy. The Loretto girls from Niagara were fortunate enough to have Father Lord himself pose for a picture with them.

The afternoon classes then commence and a passer-by might stop for a moment to watch eager students, nuns and clergy hurriedly consult a schedule, and then hasten across the campus to the next session.

When the classes end, all disperse and meet again in the evening, where there is dancing one night, a radio script another. Amateur night is eagerly anticipated and the talent displayed is varied and entertaining.

At Loyola grounds in Montreal this year, the visiting Americans celebrated their great holiday on July the fourth. Although away from their own country, they gathered and paraded the "Stars and Stripes" around the campus, singing their national anthem. Stopping to salute their flag, they recited their "Pledge of

All" and patriotic songs followed. Later, these were changed to "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and a rollicking softball game followed. Although the Americans put up a good team, the score read 14 to 8 for the Canadians. After the evening social, a fireworks display was exhibited. All went home healthily tired that night.

Then, so quickly it seemed, the Summer

School was leaving. It ended as all good things must. Newly-made friends were saying good-bye until next year. For rector, Father Brown, had eagerly invited Father Lord and his group to return to the college campus next year. Another year's session had come to a close but they will remain "Six days you will never forget."

Marilyn Madden.

Sketches

MY GARDEN

Fall with her burnished, coppery brown,
With scarlet leaves a-fluttering down;
The cottage buried in Heavenly Blue,
Showing what morning glories do;
Cosmos slender in feathery fern,
Starry phlox at the garden's turn;
Nasturtium and muskrose a carpet spread,
Yellow doubloons, climbing o'erhead;
Alyssum, carnation and late summer rose
Flashing farewell to the garden close.

Lola A. Beers, Loretto Alumna,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

* * *

PARENTHESIS*

By ALINE MICHAELIS

When autumn wears its hue of gold,
Its mellow veils of haze and mist,
Who could regret a year grown old,
And winter's swiftly-nearing tryst?

When fallen leaves upon the ground
Start, crumbling on their round anew,
Who could forget, by strict laws bound,
They will return to sun and dew?

The autumn's messages are seen
In bare dark boughs against the sky,
In haziness that makes a screen
For wild-geese legions sailing high.

It boldly writes its signature
Across the earth in days of bliss;
Knowing it can not long endure,
It scrawls a gay parenthesis.

—Houston Chronicle. *

THANKSGIVING

I am thankful for—

Sunshine and blue, blue sky,
Song of birds winging by;
Needful work and earned repose,
Wondrous beauty of a rose;

Trees in Autumn, trees in Spring.
Brilliant flash of cardinal's wing;
Daily proofs of God's own care
Strewn about us everywhere.

Rapture of a baby's smile,
Friends to cherish all the while;
Strength to carry our tasks through—
Dainty, wee girls dressed in blue;

Faith to know that sorrow passes,
Tender green of early grasses;
Understanding of a friend,
Time with a good book to spend;

Restful peace of little chapels,
Rosy blush on cheeks of apples;
Fields asway with golden grain,
Man and earth refreshed by rain;

Rainbow arched across the Heaven,
Weary sinners are forgiven;
Joyous laugh of tots at play,
Love and hope to kneel and pray;

These, O Lord! and countless more
Blessings from your endless store
You give to enrich our daily living—
Should but one day be Thanksgiving?

—Iris Sullivan, Loretto Alumna.

JUST LIFE

Just life, the starry gleam of it;
 Just life, the splendid dream of it,
 Is sweet, so sweet.
 Who cares if we have missed sometimes
 The goal to which our longing clings,
 The rapture full, complete?

There still is such a joy in it,
 For all the faint alloy in it,
 That none would change,
 That none would ask a brighter day,
 And none would seek a fairer way,
 For fear the world grow strange.

Down all the changing ways of it,
 Through all the hidden maze of it,
 The wonder holds;
 While daily to our hungry eyes,
 As bright as blooms of Paradise,
 The flower, called life, unfolds!

Just life, despite the pain of it,
 The loss, the hurt, the stain of it,
 Is fair, so fair
 That man is strangely stirred and thrilled,
 His very soul with rapture filled,
 To glimpse the beauty there.

—Aline Michaelis.

* * *

SUMMER IN WINTER

Darkness falls early, as the year is waning.
 The late flowers wither in November's chill.
 Lashed by bleak gusts, the wild woods rock,
 complaining;
 The first light snow-wreath girdles vale and
 hill.

True friendship grows not cold, but keeps its
 summer,
 Wafting its fragrance over life's wide heath.
 Kindness on Mercy's mission will not slumber—
 Soothing with solace of its healing breath.

As sunlight pierces darkest clouds, and often
 The cold and sullen day turns temperate,
 So, too, habitual cheerfulness will soften
 The ironies that hedge our mortal state.

Pilgrims on life-long journey, pressing forward,
 Let us, while moving through the vale of Time,
 Pass on Faith's torch to others—struggling
 onward
 Through mist and shadow, seeking Truth
 sublime.

Frederick B. Fenton.

THE TOILER

She had so much to do she couldn't wait
 To test the sweetness of a garden rose,
 Where in her path grew blooms in rows on rows,
 Or clambered over some white cottage gate.
 To have no leisure-moment was her fate,
 For toil can drive with strong persistent blows,
 (As one who owns it master truly knows),
 From crowded dawn to hours dark and late.

And yet the pressure could not take the zest
 For joy from out her heart; she smiled and sang
 At every task, nor knew what cheer she cast
 On weary souls. Perhaps where dwell the Blessed
 In gardens fair, that know not hardship's pang,
 She scents the roses she has there amassed!

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

* * *

THE MOON

When first the moon, her slender scythe portrays
 At evening on a starry summer's night,
 A slender beam she throws, an eerie light,
 On castle walls, on streams, on fields, and bays,
 On temple towers and on lone ships at sea,
 Ethereal rays, celestial and serene.
 What heav'nly body ever has been seen,
 What planet, star, what light more fair could be?

The harvest moon, the moon of love, on high,
 The full, the round, the yellow guide of night,
 She sails through clouds, a lantern in the sky;
 Past great Orion and past stars bedight
 With jewels all dazzling bright in majesty—
 And leaves a touch of sadness in her flight.

Helen Craven, XI,
 Loretto Academy, Guelph.

The Centenary

I am the Vine, and thou the branch,
 Entwined with golden glory of
 A hundred years—
 Thou, once a slight and tender twig
 Of shyest bloom;
 But I have ever nourished thee,
 Protected too,
 Lest all too soon a sudden gale
 Bend thee, or break thy slender stalk.
 And jealous have I been
 Lest other hands than mine
 Should reap the golden glory
 Of the harvest yield.

'Tis come at last—
 And I have come to claim fruition,
 And claiming, bring anew
 A lavishing of love on thee,
 My branch—I am the Vine.

Sister M. St. René, I.B.V.M.

AN EARLY SWIM

The sun had not yet risen when we awoke, my sister and I, and silently and swiftly donned our swim suits and sped to the inviting waters. The race of two hundred yards left us breathless, and we rested on a huge grey rock near the shore, drinking in the peace and quiet about us. Not a breeze moved the water; the lake lay, a huge mirror, reflecting all the beauty of the summer dawn.

As the sky grew brighter and bluer, the first rays of the sun appeared on the horizon. Fascinated, we watched them mount until gold replaced the rosy hue. Soon the sun itself appeared, and the whole lake became a shining pool of gold.

If a fish had not jumped just then, and broken the magic spell, I doubt that we would have remembered our prospective swim. But jump it did; then, we did, too, into the inviting water.

Later, when we spoke of that morning, we realized that memory had linked forever the exhilaration of that early morning swim with quiet awe before the splendors of the dawn.

Marie Lavieille,

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

JOCK

Although the recollection of Jock's death is a sad one, I harbour only fond memories of his brief but happy canine life. In spite of the fact that he was merely a collie dog, I have often thought that even humans might have learned a lesson from him. How full of joy and understanding, were those days that Jock and I spent together! Only I, perhaps, knew how wholeheartedly he loved his home and his few human friends. Everything Jock did was performed to please his immediate companions, whether they were young or old.

Nothing delighted him more than the prospect of a ride with me in the car. Let any person rest a hand on the door and Jock would spring forward with a warning growl in his throat. Every morning the collie would wait patiently outside my room door. If I should sleep one minute past seven o'clock, a demanding bark would rouse my slumbers. How could he have timed it so perfectly?

Jock had excellent parentage. Even now, a vivid picture of his delicately-carved head, set against a background of profuse collar fur, flits elusively through my mind. All these memories

are as real as if, but yesterday, Jock had been playing with me on the lawn.

Alas, all good things are short-lived, and thus it was that collie's gay, perfect life was cut short. That relentless germ, "distemper" that hounds the best of dogs, snuffed out the throbbing life that was Jock's and robbed me of this most loyal, loving "doggie." But nothing can rob me of my pleasant memories of him.

Joan Lanthier,

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MY PERFECT HOLIDAY

It is just a year now since we returned from that never-to-be-forgotten Irish holiday.

This is the way it all came about: Mother had not been back to the land of her birth for twenty-five years and she wanted to see her old home and her dear mother. She decided to take me, her youngest daughter, with her. The date was finally set for June 10th, when we were to fly. Imagine my joy!

The day came at last. Mom and I boarded the train for New York. I was, of course, sorry to say good-bye to my friends and relations, for it seemed the summer ahead would be long indeed without seeing them. After arriving in New York, we had to wait for two whole days before the plane reservations came to us. It was at La Guardia Field that we took the grand Pan American "Constellation." The stewardess took charge of us, gave us gum to prevent air-sickness while ascending and told us to be sure that our belts were fastened.

Getting into the air I felt all right except for the constant whirl of the engine. The plane soared into the sky and it seemed no time until we landed in Gander, Newfoundland. It had taken just three and one-half hours from New York, but the temperature was 65 degrees, and it felt like the middle of winter. We delayed eight hours in Newfoundland and then were on our way again.

Through the windows of the plane I could see the deep blue of the ocean and view some icebergs. Soon we were flying above the snowy clouds and it was not more than ten hours until land was in sight. Yes, land once again, but this land looked different from America. Below was what looked like a patchwork quilt of every possible shade of green.

We landed at the Aineana Airport, not far from Limerick, at 11 p.m. I was amazed that it was twilight but soon learned that Ireland

is six hours ahead of American time. Alighting from the plane I had a sensation of awe; it was all so strange. No one was there to meet us because my grandmother had expected the plane a day later, so we took a hackney to Limerick City, where we remained at a hotel for the night.

Next day we went to visit one of my mother's old friends, and there we met Aunt Delia and my little cousins, Mary Kay and Anna. There were hand-shakings and kisses for the "welcome Yankees." Then we went to my grandmother's home. There were many friends and relations to meet us at the garden gate. I was new and strange to them as they were also to me. I noticed their brogue immediately. Later, I was interested to see the kitchen floor of stone. The hearth had a warm greeting-fire which was like the fire of love and welcome in all the hearts of the Irish people. It was nearly midnight when we went to bed, after they had sung many beautiful Irish songs, and I had sung for them. As I went upstairs with my cousin, I thought how wonderful it all was.

Mantel Hill, where my mother's uncle lived, was our next visit. It is a two-storey house on the shore of the beautiful River Shannon. We spent most of the summer here, but visited friends in other places. It was good to hear my Irish relations say "frock" for "dress" and "clips" for "bobby-pins" and talk about pounds, shillings, pence and hae-pennies.

While on Mantel Hill we drove to Killarney to see the wondrous lakes. It was rainy, but we spent the day horseback riding through the mountains. Returning, we came to an old castle and stopped to climb to the top of the tower. I liked the old Roman roads with stone walls on either side.

For two weeks I visited Kilkee, County Clare, and there we went swimming in the Atlantic Ocean although I was far, far from our own Atlantic seaboard. Then we went to Mayo and stayed with my mother's aunt, her home is on the side of a mountain. At times we expected to be blown away. The trip down that mountain in a jaunting car was the most rocky ride I had ever experienced in my life.

Of Dublin, I remember only O'Connell Street, because we were there but one day. The city looked just like an American one.

Summer was now flying, and everybody was having parties to entertain "the Yankees." It was also time for the hay and corn to be cut. Each morning I used to ride one of the big farm horses to the meadow, and there my cousin and I would sit and sing Irish folk songs. When

it was time to return home, we would sit on the hay for a ride back to the barn.

And so the end of the holiday came. While we were shopping in Limerick we learned that the plane reservations had come. The next day was Sunday and I drove my little cousins in the pony-cart to St. Mary's Church for Mass. While there I noticed especially the reverence of the Irish people. No matter what they might be doing when the Angelus bell would ring, all would stop, bow their heads and say the Angelus. Also on buses or passing a church all bowed their heads or blessed themselves.

As we packed our bags we were sad at the thought of leaving Ireland. I now had come to think of it as my native land. My mother said it was for her the last time, but I would come back in later years. We said a long good-bye to everybody, especially the lads and lassies I had come to know and love.

It was Sunday afternoon when we came to the airport, with real sorrow in our hearts. We said good-bye to everybody from the plane. From the windows I never took my eyes off Ireland until I could see her no more. Then I said: "Good-bye, Ireland, dear, I love you!"

Josephine Reilly, '49,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

RHYMING COUPLETS

By Loretto—Guelph Students

Spring passed here; oh, I can tell
Where her little bare feet fell,
And flowers blossomed where she stepped
And grass grew greener where she wept.

Rita Dupuis, IX.

The beauty of the morning dawn
Brings out the sparkle on the lawn,
The sparkle, of course, is the dew,
God's lovely gift to me and you.

Arlene Tocher, IX.

Here's to the world that rolls upon wheels;
Death is a thing that every man feels;
If death were a thing that money could buy,
The rich man would live and the poor man would die.

Mary Jewell, IX.

Gently falls the summer rain,
Gently falls on field and plain;
The river overflows its banks,
Parched lower lands offer up their thanks.

Audrey Rinehart, IX

Our home is such a happy place,
As when a player makes home base.
We have our scraps and quarrels, too!
But such things never make us blue!

Joan Lorhan, IX.

BEWITCHED

"Good-morning," beamed the smiling salesman, as he gently but firmly pushed the front door open and walked directly into the living-room.

"You look worn-out, madame! What you should have is something to relieve you of all this housework. I have here just what you need. The new 'Less-Toil' vacuum cleaner will make you look happier, brighter and healthier in just ten days. All you have to do is plug it in the wall, and it does the rest. Watch me closely."

He removed his overcoat and hat and, before I knew it, he began to clean the chesterfield. When he had finished, it looked amazingly new, but I wasn't going to be satisfied so soon. "What else does it do?" I asked.

"You'll see in a moment, madame. This brush is used for the walls and ceilings. You will hardly recognize your walls when I am through."

An expressionless, "Oh," was all he heard from me. Maybe if I retain this unconvinced attitude long enough he will have most of my housecleaning done for me. So, I watched him interestedly and listened to his sales-talk.

"Why," I thought, "my house chores would become a blessing. I'd certainly have more time to myself. The end of the day would find me cheerful and fresh. No more cross days! No more weary days! All the wonderful advantages of a new vacuum cleaner flashed through my mind as I watched the salesman do my chores. But where would I ever get the money to pay for it? Then the words of the salesman seemed to brush away all my worries, . . . and you can purchase it on the instalment plan. All you have to do is put down a thirty-dollar deposit now, and the rest is paid weekly."

And now he was going to show me how to wax and polish the floors—all in one step. Marvelous! Incredible! Amazing! How beautifully clean the room looked. The walls were as if newly papered; the chesterfield was spotless, and the floors shone like crystal. Even if it might be necessary to break the children's piggy bank, I was determined to buy the "Less-Toil" vacuum, and that was exactly what I did.

As I handed the salesman the hard-earned money, he reassured me for the third time that my vacuum cleaner would be delivered tomorrow.

Tomorrow arrived, but no vacuum cleaner! A week passed, two weeks, then three, but still no vacuum, not even a brush. He had looked so honest, so trustworthy, surely it must be because

he is so busy that he has not yet returned. Looks are deceiving. But I had to learn the hard way, for I never saw him again.

Nella Rinzetti, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE NEWCOMERS

It was July, and I was visiting my Aunt Clare's cottage in Muskoka. It was a holiday which I was never to forget, not only because of the beauty of my surroundings, for truly, Muskoka was a picture with its clear, blue skies, its shimmering rocks, and its shining waters, but because of an experience which might have ended in tragedy, and because of a girl whom I never saw again.

The girl of whom I speak moved into "The Evergreens," a cottage neighbouring my aunt's, about a week after our arrival. She was accompanied by a woman whom we guessed to be her mother because of the striking resemblance between the two which could be detected even at a distance; and another woman who seemed to act in the capacity of a housekeeper. There was an air of mystery about this trio, at least so I affirmed. My sister, Anita, attributed it to my vivid imagination and thought that I was rather foolish.

The cottages were situated at some little distance from each other, and so we very seldom encountered our neighbours. "The Evergreens" especially was in a secluded section of the beach. Only the housekeeper went down to the village to shop. The other two kept entirely to themselves. Anita and I had only fleeting glimpses of the girl. She was of medium height and build, about twenty years of age; her hair and eyes were very dark, and her skin appeared to have an olive tone. There were many rumours in the village about "the mysterious three," but no one really seemed to know anything about them. However, it was agreed that the housekeeper spoke with a slight foreign accent.

Anita and I took great delight in going out on the lake in my aunt's row-boat. You could find us there at almost any hour of the day. Sometimes we would see "The Evergreens" launch and concluded that our mysterious neighbour must be an able boat woman. Yet, I never met her until that dreadful afternoon.

It was a cloudless summer day when we left

the shore for our usual afternoon on the lake. We ventured out farther than we had ever gone before. There was no breeze; the water was calm, too calm! It was not until I had heard the distinct rumble of thunder in the east that I sensed about us that rather deathly stillness which precedes a storm. We turned our boat quickly about, and headed for the shore, but before we had rowed far the storm was upon us with its full fury. It was impossible to row against the strong wind and the huge white capped waves which lashed our boat. Then it happened—suddenly a huge wave capsized the boat and I found myself struggling in the water. I saw Anita disappear and in those few breathless seconds before she reappeared I prayed with all my heart. Then, in answer to my prayer, I saw her head come above water just to my right. I quickly caught hold of her and swam to the capsized boat. I held on to it with all my might, but Anita's weight drew me down, and I knew that I was going to let go of the boat at any moment. Then I heard a voice, a girl's, calling above the thunder and the lashing of the water.

"Catch hold of the line!"

I saw a line thrown to me; I took hold of it; Anita and I were pulled toward a launch. Once on board I recognized our rescuer as none other than the girl from "The Evergreens."

She told me to hold the wheel while she administered artificial respiration to Anita, who lay limp and lifeless on the bottom of the boat. The storm was at the height of its vehemence; the rain fell in torrents. After some minutes the girl took her place at the wheel again, and I worked over Anita. She was breathing now and showed more signs of life. Our rescuer nodded encouragingly, and I heard her say above the storm that Anita would be all right now. What happened after that I remember only faintly. The storm seemed to subside somewhat. I felt dazed and weak; somehow we reached the shore. There were many people on the beach. I remember vaguely thinking that my aunt must have missed us and become worried. I was being carried off the boat, and then, I became unconscious.

The next afternoon I awoke to find myself safe in a hospital with my aunt by my side and Anita in the next bed. We were both rather weak after our terrible experience, but would be all right in a few days. Naturally, one of the first things I thought about after I returned to consciousness was our rescuer. Aunt Clare said that she was all right when she left the launch, but, that she had lost sight of her in the confusion on the beach. I was relieved to learn that she was all right, but was anxious to see her and try to express my gratitude. As was Anita, when I told her what had happened.

My aunt went to "The Evergreens" early that evening, but received no reply to her knocking. She went again the next morning; the cottage seemed to be deserted. Inquiring in the village, she learned from the owner of "The Evergreens" that early the morning after the storm, while both Anita and I were still unconscious in the hospital, the housekeeper had come to his home, given him the key to "The Evergreens" and thanked him for his kindness. She had said that they were obliged to leave unexpectedly, but had volunteered no explanation for their sudden departure.

I tried to find some trace of those mysterious three, but all was in vain. They seemed to have disappeared as quickly and as mysteriously as they had come. The only way I can thank the girl who saved my sister's life and my own is by remembering her in my prayers. Perhaps, some day we shall meet again by chance.

Ruth Doherty, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue

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THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

It was really the water around Boucher's Dock that we called the swimming hole. It was enclosed on three sides by large rocks and the wharf. The water was always clear and you could see the bottom from the end of the wharf. On summer days, the sky-blue water made a pleasing contrast with the red and white boats which floated lazily around it.

At night the water lay still and deep, and it reflected the moon on its glass-like surface. In the distance the look-out tower rose above the high trees and gazed down at the water. It was really a lovely spot and the name, "Swimming hole," did not suit its charming dignity.

Jean Wightman, XI,
Loretto College College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

A FISHING TRIP

The golden summer-time was just in its prime when I was spending my camping and fishing trip along the silver waters of Rice Lake with my cousin, "Bill."

The great outdoors had its strong arm around us both, and never once did it relax its hold. Bill was a jolly good fellow who always looked on the bright side of anything that might turn up—even to losing the best day's catch.

Our trip was full of thrills and adventures that are two numerous to relate.

The best and most thrilling part was fishing.

About the fifth day of our trip, we arose bright and early, just as the golden sun was climbing into the heavens. I got our canoe and fishing equipment in readiness, while Bill prepared breakfast for two!

After breakfast, we paddled up the shores of the lake for about two miles and cast our lines for action. About ten minutes after landing at our fishing grounds, Bill was successful in landing a two-pound whitefish. All luck was against me, for Bill caught two more whitefish and a lake trout—all being about two pounds apiece—while I was left without even a nibble!

We fished all morning until about 11 a.m., then paddled back to camp, as the sun was too hot to fish in an open canoe.

The next day we got up early, as usual, and went to the same place. Today, luck was certainly with me, for my line was in the water

not more than five minutes when I got a nibble. It was an eleven or twelve pound pike, which was certainly a prize.

While I was rejoicing over my luck Bill got a bite and, in his excitement, stood up in the canoe, upsetting us into the lake. Both being good swimmers, with some effort, we succeeded in landing ourselves and the canoe, but found that my fishing rod and eleven pound pike were at the bottom of the lake! Thus ended our day at fishing. Bill, of course, found a bright side of the matter to look upon, but for myself, I never did find the sunny side, especially when it came to losing an eleven pound pike.

With all our trip's faults, Bill and I have never regretted the vacation to that part of the country.

Two weeks later we broke camp, and bidding farewell to the place we thought best of all, we returned home with hopes in our hearts of having another holiday next summer at the same spot.

Lucille Leo, XI,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

MAN MARCHES ON

Along the corridors of time,
Down devious paths of life,
Making strange pages of history,
Through triumph and through strife,
Man marches on.

Following paths of virtue,
Following paths of sin,
Through times of peace and quiet,
Through battles' dreadful din,
Man marches on.

Learning the ways of goodness,
Learning the ways of vice,
Handing down from man to man
Each newly learned device,
Man marches on.

Through suffering, in life and death,
Through poverty, gain and loss,
Helping others along the way,
Bearing up beneath the cross,
Let us march on!

Mary Catherine O'Brien,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

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OUR THRILLING ADVENTURE

The sun was just sinking behind the trees when we realized that we were lost—Lost in the woods!

My sister, Carol, and I had decided, earlier that afternoon, to take a walk in the woodland nearby our Aunt's farm, where we were visiting and gather wild flowers. However, we failed to note the paths we took and consequently chose the wrong one when we turned back.

"Here's another path, Pat," Carol exclaimed. "Let's try it!"

We set off once more, but the path, instead of leading us out of the woods, seemed to lead us farther in. We were just going to give up in despair when Carol cried out.

"Look, Pat! Isn't that a house over there?"

And surely enough, through the trees and across the fields, we could plainly see the outline of a house.

"Let's go over and ask the people the way home," I suggested.

"Well, I don't know if we'd better," Carol hesitated, looking at the house once more. "There don't seem to be any lights on."

"Perhaps the people are in the back," I urged. "Come on, Carol!"

She finally consented and together we set out. A few minutes later we were close enough to see it. And what a sight we beheld!

There it stood, against the darkening sky. It was easily a hundred years old. The shutters were torn down, the steps broken, the veranda sagging and in some places there were gaping holes in the wall. We then went around to the back and only there did we discover that the house was situated on the edge of a cliff. Down, down, hundreds of feet, a narrow river flowed.

"It looks as if the house would be blown down the cliff in the first big storm that came," I said, and Carol agreed.

"Let's get away from here," she said a moment later. "It's too eerie."

"No, let's go inside and see what it is like," I suggested.

We argued for a few minutes, but I won and pulled my trembling, protesting sister up the steps after me.

Perhaps if I had known the story attached to this house I would not have been so brave; we did not hear the story until later.

Inside we found things in an even worse condition than outside. I would have stepped into

a yawning hole in the floor had not Carol pulled me back. There was no furniture, just the bare walls.

"Let's go upstairs," I proposed boldly.

"No-----eek!" Carol screamed as she brushed against a cobweb.

Just then a little mouse scampered across the floor.

"I'm going upstairs," I announced, and rather than be left alone, Carol followed me up the rickety structure.

Upstairs there were five bedrooms and a library—I knew it must have been one for the walls were lined with old decaying bookshelves.

We entered the first bedroom and were just crossing the floor when there came the queerest sound from somewhere within.

"Ghosts!" Carol cried. "Oh, let's go!"

But I was determined to discover the origin of the sound. It came once more and this time it seemed to come from the stove. I crossed over and looked in. There were the dearest little baby mice!

"Oh Carol, look how cute they are!" I said, but she refused to go near them.

A minute later we went in to the next room. We were just crossing the floor when there came a terrible, squeaking sound from downstairs.

"This time it is ghosts," Carol said, almost crying.

And truly, I had a hard time convincing myself this time.

"Don't be silly. You know there are no such things as ghosts," I said, although I don't imagine I sounded very convincing.

However, I led the way downstairs. The squeaking grew louder.

"Oh Pat, I'm frightened," Carol sobbed. "Let's go home!"

We went outside. In the last few minutes a terrific wind had come up and now it howled around the corners of the old house. We could hear the river down below the cliff, rushing along its way, dashing on the rocks as it went.

"I think there's a hurricane coming up," I said, gazing up into the sky.

"Then let's get away from here!" Carol said fearfully.

"But we don't want to go back into the woods if there's going to be a storm," I objected. "And we don't know in which direction to go."

However, we set out to the west (we knew

it was the west because the sun had set there), hoping that it was the right direction.

We ran across the fields, the wind whistling through the trees behind us. We began to shiver in our light summer dresses, but we ran on for about twenty minutes. At last we saw the farm in the distance. The bright lights shining through the windows seemed to welcome us. We reached the veranda, thoroughly drenched—it had started to rain about ten minutes back—but were thankful that we were not harmed otherwise.

Mother, dad, aunt and uncle greeted us joyfully at the door.

"Darlings!" Mum exclaimed, hugging us—"Where have you been?"

Whereupon we told our story.

"Why, children, you must have been in the old Jader house," aunty said, after we had finished it.

"Yes, no wonder you were scared, Carol," uncle added. "There is a story connected with that house."

"Tell it to us, please, uncle," we begged.

So, after we were wrapped in woolly blankets and seated on the rug before the fire, he began.

"Back in 1943, when this country was still bush and forests, old Silas Jader decided that he was tired of city life and so he came out here and cleared the trees away and built himself a cabin. It seems that just about that time he acquired some money and right away decided to build a new and larger home for himself. About a year later he completed it, right where it stands now, overlooking the cliff. Oh, but it was a beautiful place in those days with libraries, grand furniture, and so on.

"About a year after this, Silas met and married—a young girl—Eloise Berrington, I think her name was. In 1847, when Silas was about forty, a baby girl was born to them, she was called Eloise, after her mother. Then, about five years later, Silas' wife died and left behind a very sad and dispirited man. He tried his hardest to bring Eloise up right. He sent her to a boarding school, but she gave trouble and was sent home. She was barely seventeen and a very beautiful girl when she fell in love with young Thomas Henner. He was a fine lad but only twenty-one and too young to support Eloise. Well, they wanted to get married right away, but old Silas wouldn't allow them to.

"It seems that that night Eloise went to bed early with a headache. About midnight a

terrible storm broke out. The wind howled; the thunder crashed, and a great fog settled over the countryside. That was on July 26.

"The next morning Eloise didn't appear for breakfast so Silas went up to her room to get her. Her bedroom was empty and her bed hadn't been slept in! Right off he thought of Thomas and in five minutes he had his horse and buggy out and was on his way to the Henners. On arriving there he found a very worried young man. Then the story came out.

"Tom and Eloise had planned to run away the night before and get married. Eloise was to meet Tom $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile away from her home. But for some unknown reason she had not been there. They both thought of the cliff and when they reached the Jader home they went there immediately. There was Eloise's veil, caught on a rock and torn in several places. Obviously in the fog, she had lost her direction and fallen over the cliff. Both Thomas and Silas were heartbroken and soon after Silas died and no one has lived in his home since. But Tom, the young scamp met another girl and up and married her!

"It is a known—and widely believed fact—that Eloise comes back every July 26, and wanders around the house, looking for Tom and her father." And so, uncle concluded his story.

"Why, - - why today is the 26th," Carol exclaimed.

"Yes, it is!" Mums said.

And that night, while we slept soundly in bed,

the beautiful Eloise roamed the house for the last time—for the once-beautiful Jader home was destroyed by the wind and hurled down the cliff.

Still, we never return to aunty's farm without thinking of Thomas Henner and his beautiful love, Eloise Jader.

Patricia Tats X-B,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue

HOW GOOD TO BE

How good to be a river
Flowing quietly by,
Beneath the whispering willows,
Beneath the pine tree's sigh.

How good to be a river
Where sportive fishes play,
And fishermen are dozing
The idle hours away.

How good to be a river
Beneath a starry sky,
Where restless man finds comfort,
And dreaming maidens sigh.

How good to be a river
Where every child finds joy,
Where happily has waded
How many a barefoot boy.

How good to be a river
A gentle, peaceful stream,
Where youth can find such pleasure,
Where age may pause and dream.

Mary Catherine O'Brien, X-B,
Loretto College School, Toronto.

The Sower

The sower plants his seed,
What matters wind or rain?
Such hindrances precede
Rich yield of ripened grain.

With courage, and a smile,
He works the long day through,
Envisioning the whole
A dream he must pursue.

We, too, as sowers go
Across the field of life;
Small, fertile seeds we sow
Through rains of care and strife.

But, if we keep Faith's dream,
As daily on we plod,
We'll know a joy supreme—
The garnered wheat of God.

—Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Mary's Recompense

If in your heart you can truly say
"I love you, Mary, more each day."
Be very sure, in her Mother way
She'll claim your soul on judgment day.
Iris Sullivan.

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Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary.	MRS. J. GOODMAN
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. ARUNDEL
Loretto, Montreal Circle	MRS. J. COFFEY, 1950 Tupper St., Apt. 2, Montreal, P.Q.

ALUMNAE GROUPS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY WHO HAVE
CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS
OF THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION

Loretto Alumnae, Toronto, Ont.
Loretto Alumnae, Guelph, Ont.
Loretto Alumnae, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto Alumnae, Hamilton, Ont.
Loretto Alumnae, Stratford, Ont.
Loretto Alumnae, Joliet, Ill.
Loretto Alumnae, Englewood, Chicago
Loretto Alumnae, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Loretto Alumnae, Woodlawn, Chicago
Loretto Alumnae, Sedley, Sask.
Loretto Alumnae, Regina, Sask.
Loretto Alumnae, Detroit-Windsor
Loretto Alumnae, New York
Loretto Alumnae, Winnipeg, Man.
Loretto Alumnae, Montreal, P.Q.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO
ALUMNAE

Eighteen members of the Detroit Loretto Alumnae Circle were privileged to be present at the Centennial Home-Coming at Loretto Abbey in September. All wish to thank the Loretto Nuns and the Toronto Loretto Alumnae for providing such an interesting and worthwhile week-end at our beloved Alma Mater. On September 13th, Zoe Case McCormick was hostess to our first meeting of the year at her home at 13995 Longacre Avenue, Detroit, and our President, Miss Mary Woods, called on each one present to report on one feature of the Centennial programme. Those who attended the Home-Coming at the Abbey were: Mesdames Mary Dolan Stanton (Stratford), Marguerite Gilpin Gage (Woodlawn), Gladys O'Rourke Glenn (Abbey), Anna Bickers Hurd (Guelph), Colomba Paris Milne (Sault), Beatrice McKeown Normann (Stratford), Kathleen McEvenney Markle (Sault), Zoe Case McCormick (Abbey), Inamae Dupuis Priebe (Sault), Emma Seiferle Roe (Stratford), Margaret Hassett Scherzer (Sault), Madeline Racette Widman (Abbey), Lenore Sullivan Smith (Sault), Lillian Franklin Dietrich (Guelph), and the Misses Margaret Moriarity (Stratford), Iris Sullivan (Sault), Vera Reaume (Abbey), and Mary Woods (Stratford).

September also held for us the sad event of the death of one of our most valued members and a Past President, Mrs. Catherine Mahoney Babcock. The Detroit-Windsor Circle attended the Solemn Mass of Requiem at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, Detroit, September 22nd. Rt. Reverend Allen Babcock, brother-in-law of Catherine, was the celebrant at the impressive ceremonies. R.I.P.
I. D. P.

LORETTO ALUMNAE OF MONTREAL

On June 26th, a delightful tea was held at the home of Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevelin, Abbey), in Montreal West, to welcome Mother M. Isobel and Mother M. Eva, who came to Montreal to attend University courses. Mrs. O'Dea's garden, with its profusion of peonies and other lovely blooms, was much admired by the guests. Our hostess was thanked for her hospitality by Mrs. G. Macklin Marshall (Joan Hodgson, Abbey), and Mrs. O'Dea in her reply quoted from "Ave Maria Loretto"—our beautiful hymn, which some of us had not heard since school days. About thirty-five members were present.

Fifteen members from Montreal attended the Centennial celebrations at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, over the week-end of September 5th. Those of us who had the privilege of being there are enthusiastic over the splendid programme pro-

vided, and the unexcelled hospitality shown us by Mother-General M. Victorine and the entire Loretto Community. Those three days will be a memory long cherished by us.

* * *

We offer our very best wishes for future happiness to Miss Julia Joan Allison (Niagara) of Montreal, on her marriage to Mr. Alphonse De Rosso, Washington, D.C. Joan was treasurer of our Montreal unit for the past three years.

LORETTO-WINNIPEG

The Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae extends greetings, congratulations, and good wishes to the Ladies of Loretto on their Centenary in America.

Our post-season activities commenced with a dinner, having as our guest the newly-elected President of the C.F.C.A., Mrs. Arthur W. Hogg, O.B.E. We were honoured in having Mrs. Hogg with us, and enjoyed hearing her report on the C.F.C.A. Convention, held in August, 1946.

The annual meeting was held in January. Favourable reports were heard from all officers and committees. The same officers were re-elected for a second term.

At the kind invitation of the St. Mary's Academy Alumnae we were invited to join with them on Mary's Day by attending Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Father E. Carter, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, delivered an inspiring sermon.

The Alumnae mourns the death of one of its members, Mrs. J. D. O'Donnel, (Belleville).

The closing meeting of the year was held on June 5th at the Business and Professional Women's Club. At this meeting it was decided that we would endeavour to increase our membership. Any Alumna living in Winnipeg who has not yet joined the organization is respectfully urged to do so by contacting our President, Mrs. H. Arundel, at 227 Cordova Street.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lawlor (Betty Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of their son, Patrick John, on July 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hallett (Lorne Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Marianne, on August 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Armand Castellani (Eleanor Romano, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Carla Anne, on August 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marlborough (Rosary Kerr, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Loretto Anne, on August 7th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hatch (Irene McLaughlin, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their son, Harry Clifford, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leandre Vachon (Joyce Storey, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, Lea Alexandre Vachon, in September.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Burke (Helen Adams, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Gerard, on August 13th.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Edwards (Doreen Livingstone, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Angus, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lefebvre (Mary Zeagman, Loretto-Hamilton Alumnae) on the birth of their son, Lawrence Joseph, on September 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Nolan (Kathleen Hunt, Loretto-Hamilton) on the birth of their son, Dermot, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Quinn on the birth of their son, David Paul, nephew of Sr. M. Corona, I.B.V.M., on June 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Cole on the birth of their son, Lawrence Albert, nephew of M. M. Priscilla, I.B.V.M., on September 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Polder (Susanne Simpkin, Loretto-Sault Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Susanne, niece of M. M. Susanne, I.B.V.M., on March 23rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wilson (Victoria Andary, Loretto-Sault Alumna) on the birth of their son, William Leo, on June 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilroy (Bernardine Quinlan, Loretto-Sault Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Patricia, on May 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy (Adele Broesco, Loretto-Sault Alumna) on the birth of their son, Patrick, on May 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Francis Byron (Anne Lynch, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Barbara Ann Byron, on May 15th. Barbara Ann is a niece of Sr. M. Marita, I.B.V.M.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Enright (Marie Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a daughter, Mary Clare.

To the Hon. and Mrs. J. J. Bench (Callie Dunn, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter on July 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young (Catherine McGrath, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Burger (Helen Brohman, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, James William, on July 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Olivella (Mary Brohman, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, Barry James, on August 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burns (Margaret Byrne, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their son, Jimmy, in August. Jimmy is a nephew of M. M. St. Bernadette, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ross Rylie (Ruth Arkell, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter on July 22nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walsh (Joan McLaughlin, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of their son, Ian Frederick, on June 21st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Latchford (Cecilia Harris) on the birth of their son, William Joseph, on July 22nd.

To Dr. Joseph D. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy (Geraldine Wilson, Loretto-Hamilton and Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Marie Therese, on May 10th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Nicholson (Dolores DuCharme, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Chéri Lee.

To Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Brock (Margaret Gauhan, Abbey) of Montreal, on the birth of a son, May 8, 1947.

MARRIAGES

Miss Margaret Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, and sister of Mother M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M., was married on June 14th to Mr. Dan McNamara.

Miss Agnes O'Sullivan, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mr. Geoffrey O'Sullivan and the late Agnes Walsh O'Sullivan, Loretto Alumna, was married September 13th to Mr. William Ross Cruickshank.

Miss Louise Grightmire, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Grightmire (Marie Dowd), was married on June 21st to Mr. Raymond Dubois.

Miss Eleanor Burns, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burns, was married on June 14th to Mr. Robert Gruender.

Miss Helen Sullivan, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Sullivan, was married on June 11th to Mr. Charles Elliott.

Miss Margaret Murray, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Murray, was married on September 6th to Mr. Charles Scott Wylie.

Miss Janet Boucher, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boucher, was married on August 30th to Mr. John Harris.

Miss Noel Dagenais, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Dagenais, was married on July 15th to Mr. Donald Hallery.

Miss Alice Catherine O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Brien, and sister of Sr. M. Angelina, I.B.V.M., was married on August 30th to Mr. William McCubbin.

Miss Inez Whaling, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whaling, and niece of M. M. Inez, I.B.V.M., was married to Mr. Norman Haid on September 27th.

Miss Gloria Olivieri, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donato Oliveri, was recently married to Mr. Carlo John Spaziani.

Miss Patricia Allen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, sister of M. M. Edwards, I.B.V.M., was married on September 6th to Mr. Edward Leslie Johnson.

Miss Eleanor Hatch, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hatch, was married on June 7th to Mr. Claire McDermott.

Miss Dorothy Hatch, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hatch, was married on September 6th to Mr. John Haller.

Miss Harriet McMahon, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. McMahon and the late Mr. Maurice McMahon, was married on August 5th to Mr. Paul Lancelot.

Miss Marion May, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward May, was married on August 3rd to Mr. James Arthur Marlow.

Miss Margaret McKinley, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McKinley, was married on July 19th to Mr. Thomas Newman.

Miss Lorna Pettipas, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Pettipas, was married on June 28th to Mr. Edward Mylchrest.

Miss Jacqueline Doiron (Loretto College Alumna) was married to Mr. John Bernard (Jack Gaetz) on August 2nd.

Miss Margaret Leahey, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Leahey, was married on September 12th to Mr. Joseph Magamity.

Miss Millicent Claire Schmitz, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Schmitz (Eileen McCool, Loretto

Abbey Alumna), was married on April 18th to Mr. Martin Sattler.

Miss Marjorie Cunningham, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. Paul Cunningham, was married to Mr. Robert O'Neill on June 14th.

Miss Agnes Kumis, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Anne Kumis, was married on April 26th to Mr. James George Dwyer, brother of M. M. Ancilla, I.B.V.M. Rev. Edward T. Boyle, cousin of the groom, officiated.

Miss Mary Augustus, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Augustus, was married on September 20th to Mr. Walter Boettger in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago.

Miss Patricia Cooney, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooney, was married on August 30th to Mr. William Bryers.

Miss Loretto Rebecca Staley, Loretto College School Alumna, was married on June 14th to Mr. Stanley James Trowhill. The bride is a niece of M. M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M.

Miss Rita Colgan, Loretto College School and Secretarial Alumna, was married June 28th to Mr. Frank Russell, in Holy Family Church, with Rev. B. Courtemanche, cousin of the bride, officiating. The bride is a niece of M. M. Isabel, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Bench on the death of her husband, Mr. Francis James Bench, on September 18th, and to Mr. Bench's bereaved brother, Rev. P. J. Bench, and sisters, Mrs. Mary Hearn and Miss Teresa Bench.

To the Jesuit Fathers on the death of Rev. W. X. Bryan, S.J., in August, and of Rev. Willard Kelly, S.J., in September.

To Mr. John Babcock on the death of his wife, Catherine Mahoney Babcock, on September 18th, and to the bereaved children; also to Mrs. Babcock's mother, Mrs. Mahoney; her sister, Mrs. Vivian Schulte, and brother, Mr. Raymond Mahoney.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sarvie on the sudden death of their dear son, Claude, a high school Junior, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, on August 22nd, and to the bereaved family; also to his cousin, M. M. Magdalena, I.B.V.M.

To Rev. Paul Dwyer, D.D., Mother M. Gratia, I.B.V.M., Mrs. F. C. Annett, Mrs. M. J. Moran, and the Misses Ethel and Rita Dwyer on the death of their dear father, Mr. Patrick Joseph Dwyer, on July 9th.

To Mother M. Amila, I.B.V.M., and Miss Mary Galley on the death of their mother, Mrs. Galley, on July 11th.

To Mrs. Ripley (Mary McKenna, Loretto-Sault Alumna), on the death of her husband, Mr. Chester Ripley, on July 12th, and to the bereaved family, Mr. James, Mr. John, Mr. David and Mr. Paul Ripley, and Mrs. Woodall (Ann Jean).

To Mother M. Inez, I.B.V.M., on the recent death of her uncle, Mr. Joseph Malloy.

To Rev. Father Toomey and to Mrs. Harold Sullivan on the death of their uncle, Mr. Daniel Toomey (Niagara Falls), on June 26th.

To Rev. Father Wilfrid Smith, O. Carm., on the recent death of his mother, Mrs. Smith.

To Miss Mary Fioravanti and Mrs. Ivo (Vera), Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Gemma Fioravanti, on July 10th.

To Mr. Vincent Sparacio on the death of his wife, Ann Sparacio, on May 29th, and to their bereaved daughter, Vincenetti, Loretto-Niagara.

To Mrs. Langmuir on the death on July 19th of her husband, Mr. Briant Langmuir, and to the bereaved children, Alice, Mary, Nonie (Loretto-Niagara pupils); also to his mother, Mrs. Langmuir, and sister, Mrs. Deuel (Helen).

To Sr. M. St. Catherine, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Questler (Nancy Lowe), Mrs. Mackey (Eileen Lowe), and Mrs. Dvorak (Constance Lowe), on the death of their father, Mr. Patrick Lowe, on July 13th.

To Mrs. McHugh (Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on

the death of her husband, Mr. Hugh McHugh, and to the bereaved sons, Mr. Hugh, Mr. Gerald, and Mr. Terence McHugh.

To Rt. Rev. W. T. Davis, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and to Miss Mary Davis on the death of their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, in July.

To Mrs. O'Shea on the death of her husband, Mr. E. T. O'Shea, Ottawa, on August 31st, and to Mr. O'Shea's bereaved sisters, M. M. Bertha, I.B.V.M., Mrs. La Tour, and Mrs. Forget. Mr. O'Shea was a former Loretto pupil at St. Michael's School.

To M. M. St. Charles, I.B.V.M., M. M. Borromeo, I.B.V.M., and Mrs. Angela Farrell, on the recent death of their sister, Mrs. John J. McDonald (Isabel McGillicuddy).

School Chronicles

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Sept. 2—Back to school after happy carefree holidays; back to busy days and hard thinking for all of us. Of course, there are the joyous moments too; meeting school pals and teachers, new girls meeting new friends. We have a full house this year, one hundred and thirty students so far.

Sept. 3—Mass in our chapel in honour of the Holy Ghost, offered by Rev. W. A. Dunne, S.J.

Sept. 5—Class executives elected: President, Secretary and Treasurer respectively, Grade XII: Helen Craven, Barbara Porter, Geraldine Daly; Grade VI: Anne Hauser, Shirley Doyle, Patricia Wright; Grade X: Barbara La Fontaine, Rita Dupius, Joan Keating; Grade IX: Eleanor Valeriote, Julie Meyers, Patricia Cartledge.

Sept. 12—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Mass in the chapel, with Rev. Father Killoran, S.J., as celebrant, for the success of the school year.

Sept. 16, '47—The most important date in history, for us, Loretto girls—Centennial of the arrival of Loretto Nuns in America. By way of celebration we held our "get acquainted" (in other words, "break the ice") picnic for Grade IX at Riverside Park. Events included a scavenger hunt, baseball and races—for those who had not eaten too much. The outing was enjoyed by all.

Sept. 23—An unexpected and delightful visit from Father Moore of the Scarboro Foreign Mission, who has been away for three years in Santo Domingo. We were very happy to see him, especially those of us who knew him, and to hear his experiences.

Helen Craven.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA

Sept. 8—School bells at Loretto Niagara ring out once again. With happy hearts and smiling faces the students, old and new, arrive to spend a year full of fun as well as work here at beautiful Loretto.

Sept. 12—The sincere prayers of the student body and Community for a holy and successful year were offered at the Mass of the Holy Ghost.

Sept. 13—Roasted wieners, "coke" and juicy apples—these to the boarders spell the annual Queenston Picnic. Long walks through the beautiful, landscaped, spacious grounds was the chief attraction of the day (the refreshment stand not being totally forgotten!). Our journey home was made more enjoyable by the friendly and witty chatter of Jeanine Godin, that came to us through the loud-speaker of the bus.

Sept. 17—Sodality election resulted as follows: Prefect—Joanne Kelly; Assistant Prefect — Jo Anne O'Donnell; Secretary—Joan Hunter; Treasurer—Daisy McGibbon. Congratulations, girls.

The sound of merry voices and gay laughter was heard around sunset this evening—could it be that the boarders are having a corn roast?

Sept. 21—The Senior Recreation was unusually bright this evening with a merry throng of "housecoat clad" boarders—and three delicious cakes. The festivities were in honour of Joyce Luz, Maria Lacayo and Susanne Leone, all celebrating a birthday. The table was decorated with pink and blue serviettes on which were plates of daintily arranged cookies, crackers and cheese, and Trinidad "rum cake." The party was complete with dancing to the music of our great record collection.

Sept. 22—We were exceedingly honoured this afternoon in having a visit from our beloved Cardinal, Archbishop McGuigan, accompanied by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, England; Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia; Bishop Ryan of Hamilton, and Bishop Webster of Toronto.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Sept. 4-5—Registration days for Sophomores and Freshmen; Juniors and Seniors, respectively.

Sept. 8—Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in St. Mary's Church for the success of our new school year.

Sept. 9—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Feast Day of the I.B.V.M.—classes dismissed at 2 o'clock.

Sept. 16—A distinguished guest visited our classes today in the person of Mr. Davis, high

school visitor from Ann Arbor. We were especially pleased when he said he always enjoyed visiting our school.

Sept. 19—Prolonged merriment as the Freshmen, dressed in grotesque costumes, went about, always bowing low to the Seniors. In the afternoon the latter gave them a party. There was a gay programme followed by substantial refreshments.

Sept. 22—The Moral Rearmament Association from Mackinac Island visited our school today. They entertained us with several songs and we, in return, sang "Ave Maria Loretto," "Jesu Dulcis" and "Loretto School Song." Our visitors told some interesting stories, and presented a movie, "Out of the Frying Pan." This group is working for the moral rearmament of youth.

Sept. 23—A wonderful evening when our first annual party got under way. There was dancing to a new phonograph and a programme of fun galore. The proceeds went to the missions.

Sept. 24—First holiday of the year, in honour of the installations of His Excellency the Most Reverend Thomas L. Noa as the eighth Bishop of the Diocese of Marquette.

Sept. 25—Always glad to see an old friend. We were delighted to see Father MacLaughlin, former assistant at St. Joseph's Parish, when he paid us a short visit today.

Oct. 5—Our voices blend in prayer and hymns in honour of Mary. An inspiring picture is presented in the Living Rosary on the high school grounds.

There was—well—some slight confusion on the morning of September 8th, as the new Freshmen wound their way through the halls of Loretto. Our school is filled to capacity this year.

The newly tiled halls, a few new paint jobs and the enlarged typing room were welcomed more than we can say.

There are also three new members on the teaching staff this year. They are: Mother Henriette, who has one of the Freshmen home rooms; Mother John Brebeuf, who so ably handles the choral classes, and Mother Thaddea, who isn't really new to us, teaching mechanical drawing.

The Loretto band and orchestra have begun their musical studies under the direction of Mother Berenice and we're all looking forward to some top-notch musical entertainment from them this year.

As for sports, football seems now the important thing around Loretto. Our once beautiful yard has been turned into a football field and scrimmage games are played there every night. Teams are being organized now for class competition.

We can hardly wait, of course, for basketball season to begin. Loretto has seventeen games scheduled and we're all counting on a successful season this year.

The year ahead looks very promising—not only socially but spiritually, and studiously as well. We are off to a grand start and so, with parties, the living rosary, retreat, and plenty of hard work ahead, we're going to settle down and make this an all-around year of years.

Announcement was made on Monday, August 25th, of the appointment of the Most Reverend Thomas L. Noa as the eighth Bishop of Marquette.

Installation ceremonies were held on Wednesday, September 24th, with Cardinal Mooney pre-

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siding. Six priests and four nuns from Sault Ste. Marie made the trip to St. Peter's Cathedral in Marquette. The entire ceremony was announced over station WSOO so that we, here in the Sault, could also be present at the installation.

As Bishop of Marquette, Bishop Noa returns to his native State, having been born in Iron Mountain, Mich., December 18, 1892. He attended St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wisconsin; and the North American College in Rome.

He was ordained in Rome on December 23rd, 1916. Upon his return to the United States he joined the faculty of St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids.

The Clergy and Laity of the Diocese look forward to his administration and are confident that the Holy See has given to the Land of Baraga a worthy and zealous successor.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Sept. 2—Loretto welcomed her students for a new school year. Many newcomers in Grade IX.

Sept. 6—An ideal picnic down by the Avon. Swings and slides added to the attractions.

Sept. 8-12—Two feasts of Our Blessed Lady were fittingly celebrated, beginning with the singing at Mass. Some of the Stratford Alumnae, recently at Loretto Abbey, called to tell us about the Cen-

tenary celebration in Toronto. We all enjoyed the accounts.

Early dismissal on September 12th enabled us to have a get-together party in the school auditorium. Grades XI and X were hostesses. All enjoyed the games, sing-songs, square dances, and the delicious lunch.

Sept. 16—Loretto celebrates its hundredth anniversary in America. A gala day for both nuns and students. All assisted at Mass and then enjoyed a real holiday. As the Stratford Fair is being held most of the girls decided to enjoy the fun at the Fair.

A most inspiring talk on the Missions was given by Father Moore, S.F.M., who told us of his work in the South. It made us realize the difficulties of the missionaries and how we could help them by prayer.

We are enjoying the enthusiastic basketball practice.

Oct. 2—Feast of the Holy Angels. At Assembly the nominating committee presented its slate of officers for the Sodality and Students' Council; Anne Campbell, chairman, reported as follows:

President, Eileen Herron; Vice-President, Mary Culliton; Secretary, Rita White; Treasurer, Elaine Routhier.

Apostolic Committee—Dorothy McKinnon, Grace McDonald.

Publicity Committee—Dora Perrochi, Mary Lovell, Sheila Mascari.

Social Committee—Helen Boda, Bernadette Ducharme, Claire Lee.

Athletic Committee—Marion Buscher, Mary Kelly.

Loretto Rainbow Officers—Dora Perrochi, Mary Lovell, Sheila Mascari.

Oct. 2—A birthday party for our Helen Chantler. Everything was enjoyed, especially the birthday cake, ice cream and candy.

Sheila Mascari.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Sept. 2—Everyone back in happy mood. All classrooms filled.

Sept. 8—Our Lady's birthday. A holiday in honour of the Loretto Centenary.

Sept. 10—Choral class. Welcome back to Mr. Borré, our eminent choral director!

Sept. 11—The annual Mass of the Holy Ghost for our new school year was celebrated in St. Peter's Church by Very Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P., who gave us a brief but most helpful sermon.

Sept. 15—Sodality officers elected: Victoria Genovese, Prefect; Betty Baumann, Vice-Prefect; Helen Dennis, Secretary; Dorothy Necuchuk, Treasurer.

Sept. 18—A welcome addition to L.C.S. staff—our new religious instructor, Rev. Father Prenovost, C.S.P.

Sept. 19—A visit from Rev. Father Lord, S.J., who gave us most satisfying answers to the various

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questions we proposed to him in the auditorium. In the evening he is to speak in Massey Hall, where many of us will hear him again.

Sept. 21—Rosary Sunday, anticipated this year on account of the presence of two visiting Cardinals—Cardinal Gilroy from Australia and Cardinal Griffin from England—was celebrated in Maple Leaf Stadium. Very colourful was the scene as the three Cardinals advanced to the altar for Benediction, and again as they left the stadium. Loretto girls—Abbey and Loretto College School—received compliments on their appearance, their Loretto uniforms and marching.

Sept. 23—Volleyball playoffs have begun, with Grades IX to XII battling for the championship.

Sept. 26—Arrangements completed for the Sunday "Hike," in which Grades XI, XII and XIII are to participate. Under the direction of Miss MacKenzie, our P.T. instructor, a grand time is anticipated.

Oct. 2—Volleyball playoffs completed. The "best team won"—Grade XI-B. Congratulations!

Oct. 3—A half-holiday was granted in honour of Saint Thérèse, patron of our dear Principal, Mother Marie Thérèse. At one o'clock we assembled in the auditorium to express to our Principal our gratitude for all her kindness in our behalf. Roses were presented.

Oct. 5—Grade XIII's were presented with their Grades XII Christian Doctrine diplomas by His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan in St. Michael's Cathedral. Our Ruth Doherty was given her award (\$25) for obtaining highest standing in

Grade XII Archdiocesan Religion Examinations. Congratulations, Ruth!

The following Class Presidents have been elected: Mary Ewanchuk, Grade XIII; Elaine De Rose, Grade XII; Barbara Buck, Grade XI; Lyola Matvey, Grade XI-B; Beverly Burch, Grade X-A; Kathleen Murphy, Grade X-B; Marlene Franks, IX-A; Dorothy Johnson, IX-B; Elaine Shepherd, IX-C.

LORETTO CONVENT—BOLTON

Sept. 2—School, here at Marysfield, R.R. No. 5, Bolton, opened with Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Patrick's Church.

Sept. 8-12—Our Lady's Feasts heartily celebrated in Marysfield. The pupils of the Separate School and High School come long distances to attend Mass in honour of Our Lady and Patroness.

Sept. 16—Special Mass in thanksgiving for all the favours granted to our Institute.

Sept. 20—The community went to Toronto to assist at the Loretto Centenary Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral.

Sept. 26—Reverend Father Bishop, the founder of the new Religious Order, "The Home Missions of America," of Glen Mary at Glendale, Ohio, celebrated Mass in our chapel, and spoke to us on the work of the new Religious family in the Church. Father Bishop has recently returned from Rome, happy to be able to report Papal approbation of the foundation as far as it can be given at this stage of development.

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All are daily remembered in prayer.

EXCERPT

Michael Commander ! Angels are
That sound the trumpet and that bear
The banner by the Throne, where is
The King one nameth on his knees.

Angels there are of peace and prayers,
And they that go with wayfarers,
And they that watch the house of birth
And they that bring the dead from earth,

And mine own Angel. Yet, I see
Heading God's army gloriously,
Michael Archangel, like a sun
Splendid beyond comparison.

— Katherine Tynan

Loretto Centenary in America
1847 — 1947



